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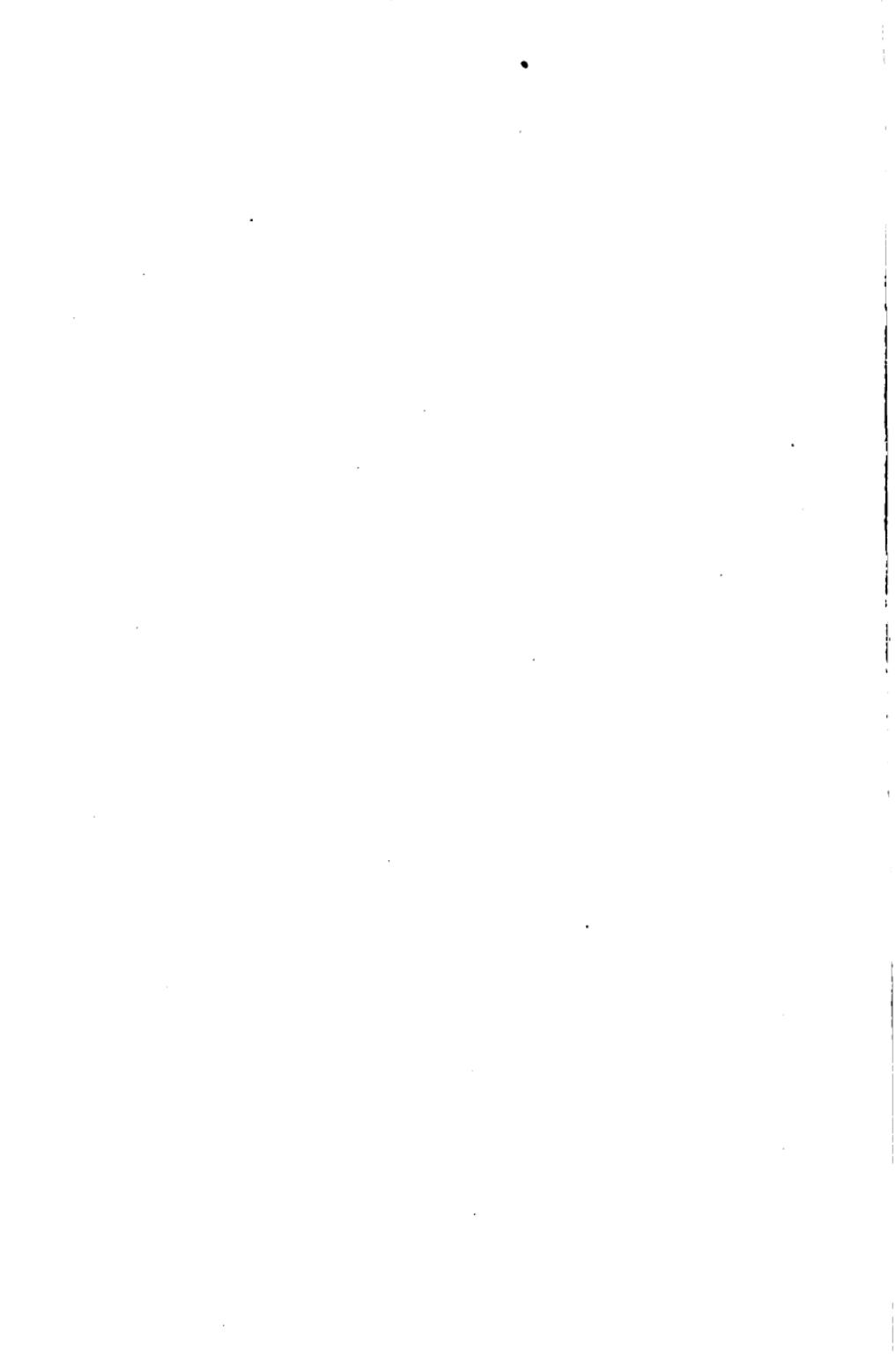


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STORIES OF THE DAY'S WORK

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ROY DAVIS

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY

AND

FREDERICK G. GETCHELL

JUNIOR MASTER IN ENGLISH, MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL
BOSTON



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PREFACE

Aim of the book. The present text is the outcome of several years' work in which the authors have examined most of the available literature that deals directly or indirectly with the industrial field. All the selections and exercises have been tested in the laboratory of the school-room and have been finally admitted because they are in line with the primary aim of the book. This aim is to bring together material that will interest and inspire the student. At the same time, if the teacher so chooses, the book may be used for extended work in English, as the text gives abundant opportunity for study in the classroom and at home.

It is believed that the book will find acceptance not only in technical, industrial, commercial, and junior high schools but also in vocational schools, night schools, and in upper grades of grammar schools. The book is also likely to meet a long-felt need in certain courses in many schools of the ordinary type. The fundamental ideas of the text have been heartily approved by so many teachers with widely diverging duties that the authors have confidence that teachers and pupils of all high schools will find in it a fresh and stimulating viewpoint.

That this viewpoint should be taken the authors do not feel called upon to demonstrate. It has long been conceded by most thoughtful teachers. The nature of the departure is, however, of such vital importance that it should be carefully outlined to avoid possible misconception at the outset.

Not a technical reader. There has been no attempt to produce a reader dealing with industrial or commercial subjects in a technical way. This is the one thing which the book most emphatically is not. A technical reader would sacrifice almost all the ethical, moral, and cultural considerations which give the study of English its greatest value.

None of these considerations have been sacrificed. The cultural appeal is strong, the moral tone is high, and the ethics of everyday living is emphasized in a way that makes the book unique.

The selections. The selections are taken from the works of well-known authors and deal with modern conditions in a way that is always within the comprehension of boys and girls. While these selections are, for the most part, industrial in character, they cover a wide range of the inspirational aspects of work, emphasizing above everything else the true dignity of all honorable labor. They are replete with action and human interest and have been found to hold closely the attention of all pupils. They cannot fail to stimulate thought and arouse ambition. They emphasize the importance of adequate preparation for life and the high standards of character needed for success.

The plan of study. Exercises upon most of the selections have been prepared in accordance with the following plan:

1. A list of words for careful study (placed at the close of the volume).
2. A list of subjects for themes and talks (one in outline).
3. Questions for class discussion or debate.
4. Lists of books for collateral reading.

5. Exercises on the context. These are partly for individual assignment.

6. Supplementary lists of collateral reading and subjects for themes and talks.

The book as a whole is not and could not be even approximately exhaustive. The selections are indicative of a kind of material that may be used effectively in almost every school. The supplementary lists indicate where additional selections may be found, and the exercises give a viewpoint from which the teacher may see an inexhaustible field of interest and value to the pupils. In some instances where the nature of a selection makes exercises inadvisable they have been omitted, and in other instances it has seemed best that the teacher should supply such additional work as is fitting from the supplementary lists at the close of the book.

It is almost impossible for the authors to express adequately their indebtedness to Mr. Clarence H. Lingham of Ginn and Company; Mr. Everett L. Getchell, Secretary of the College of Business Administration, Boston University; and H. Warren Foss, Headmaster of the Kelley School, Cambridge. These gentlemen have not only chosen a number of the selections and passed judgment on them all but have also prepared many of the exercises.

The authors are also greatly indebted to the following publishers and writers, whose generosity in permitting the use of copyrighted material has made the existence of the book possible: The Roycrofters for selections from "A Message to Garcia," by Elbert Hubbard; *Collier's Weekly* and Mr. James Francis Dwyer for "The Citizen"; Doubleday, Page & Company and Gene Stratton Porter for selections from "A Girl of the Limberlost"; Fleming H.

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STORIES OF THE DAY'S WORK

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

In all this Cuban business there is one man who stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was 5 somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba,—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do !

10

Someone said to the president, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped 15 it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no 20 special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took

the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor
5 instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing,— "carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

10 No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man,— the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy
15 indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle and sends him an angel of light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to
20 a test: You are sitting now in your office; six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

25 Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

30 Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up
yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have
answered the questions, and explained how to find the in-
formation, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and
get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia,
and then come back and tell you there is no such man. 10
Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the law of
average, I will not.

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to
your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's,
not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never 15
mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral
stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to
cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure
socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for 20
themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their
effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems
necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Sat-
urday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten 25
who apply can neither spell nor punctuate, and do not
think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter
to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in
a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up
town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all

right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be intrusted to carry a message to
5 Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizen of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard
10 words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back
15 is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times
20 are, this sorting continues; only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer; and out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best,—those who can carry a message
25 to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his
30 employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself."

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot. 5

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are 10 not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless. 15

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds,—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in 20 it,—nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all men are virtuous. 25

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly 30 takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets

"laid off" nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly,—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

My ambition in life
How I lost my job
Dowdy indifference in mathematics
Habits I ought to break
Habits I should acquire
Catching hold and lifting on the farm
(in the shop or home)
Why I am rarely late at school
My boss at the store
My opportunities for making good
How I succeeded with my garden
How I could earn a livelihood
An important errand
A Rowan on our school team
After I graduate
Why I should like to be a soldier
Studying my job
What I know about Cuba
A lesson in thrift

OUTLINE

My Ambition in Life.

1. Introduction.
2. The encouragement I have received
 - a. From my parents.
 - b. From my teachers and relatives.
 - c. From my friends.

3. The qualities that will win success.
4. The training I need.
5. The obstacles to be overcome.
6. The preparations I am now making
 - a. In school.
 - b. At home.
 - c. In leisure time.
7. The inducements it offers in
 - a. Happiness.
 - b. Wealth.
 - c. Fame.
 - d. Service.
 - e. Advancement.
8. The leaders in this field.
9. The lessons to be learned from their lives.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the army offers a better career than the navy.

CLASS EXERCISES

Explain the meaning of each term below:

Where is he at?	"Downtrodden denizen of the sweat-shop"
Cast in deathless bronze	Frowsy ne'er-do-wells
A stiffening of the vertebræ	Firebrand of discontent
Carry a message to Garcia	The toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot
Slipshod assistance	Morally deformed
Dowdy indifference	Let us drop a tear
By hook or crook	Limited by the whistle
An angel of light	Has gone a-slumming
On your life	Against great odds
A fishy eye	Nothing in it but bare board and clothes
I will lay you ten to one	Per se
The law of average	"Laid off"
Getting "the bounce"	Go on a strike
Maudlin sympathy	The world cries out for such
Carried a dinner-pail	
The men in power	

Make a list of (1) qualities that insure success; (2) things that lead to failure.

Make a list of the slang expressions in the context. Rewrite these expressions in what you consider better English, and note particularly any change in clearness or force.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Short biography of President Garcia.
2. Explain the "law of average."
3. Explain the "survival of the fittest."

COLLATERAL READING

GRENFELL, Adrift on an Ice Pan; DAVIS, Gallagher; BOK, Successward; FIELD, What is Success? LEWIS, Manhood Making; MARDEN, Success; MARDEN, Pushing to the Front; WAYNE, Building the Young Man; BEERBOWER, How to Succeed; RICE, Sandy; FOWLER, How to Get and Keep a Job; FOWLER, How to Get your Pay Raised; STODDARD and JANDERS, What Shall I Do? Fifty Profitable Occupations; LINDSAY, What is Worth While; WATERMAN, Boy Wanted; KNOWLTON, The Art of Success.

THE CITIZEN

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

The President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces, aglow with the light of a newborn patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the 5 first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at them from time to time, their faces showing pride and awe. 10

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big muscular man and stroked it softly. The big man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct: 15

You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he 20 brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America.

The big man made a curious, choking noise and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected. 25

The President continued:

No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us, but remember this, if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome.

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking through the presidential rostrum, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village that huddled on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a black bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff, Big Ivan of the Bridge.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground, and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps. Soft breezes escorted her, velvety breezes that carried the aromas of the far-off places from which they came—places far to the southward, like Kremenchug and Kerch, and more distant towns beyond the Black Sea whose people were not under the sway of the Great Czar.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov at Alma fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow hummocks that hid in the shady places, and he told his son it was the most wonderful spring he had ever seen.

5

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said, sniffing hungrily, with his face turned toward the south. "I know them, Ivan! I know them! They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we lay in the trenches at Balaklava. Praise God for the 10 warmth!"

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he plowed. It was a wonder dream. It sprang into his brain as he walked behind the plow, and for a few minutes he quivered as the big bridge quivers when the Beresina 15 sends her ice squadrons to hammer the arches. It made his heart pound mightily, and his lips and throat became very dry.

Big Ivan stopped at the end of the furrow and tried to discover what had brought the Dream. Where had it 20 come from? Why had it clutched him so suddenly? Was he the only man in the village to whom it had come?

Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He thrust his great hands into the sunbeams. He 25 reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up overnight. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers. It came from them, and it had sprung into his mind because he was young and strong. He knew! It 30 couldn't come to his father, or Donkov the tailor, or Poborino the smith. They were old and weak, and Ivan's Dream was one that called for youth and strength.

"Ay, for youth and strength," he muttered as he gripped the plow. "And I have it!"

That evening Big Ivan of the Bridge spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman, who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said, looking down at her as she stood by his side.

10 "To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Ay, a long way farther."

15 Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We—we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Ay, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan, tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

20 "We are going to America."

"To America?"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan of the Bridge lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was eight thousand versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place that was only a name to him, a place where he knew no one. He wondered in 30 the strange little silence that followed his words if the crippled son of Poborino the smith had heard him. The cripple would jeer at him if the night wind had carried the words to his ear.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big blue eyes—the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago. 5

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan of the Bridge, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and 10 saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he plowed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a wonderful dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the 15 sweet smell of the upturned sod, and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great, snaky muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who are strong and those who want—who want something 20 that they haven't got." Then in a lower voice he said, "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies even there in that little village on the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words 25 that might be construed into a reflection on the government. But she answered Ivan. She stooped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Ay," he cried, "that is what we want! You and I 30 and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we will get it. It is the country where a muzhik is as good as a prince of the blood!"

Anna stood up, took a small earthenware jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at
5 her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

10 "It is a great dream," she murmured. "Come, we will go to sleep."

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. It pounded within his brain as he followed the plow. It bred a discontent that made him hate the little
15 village, the swift-flowing Beresina, and the gray stretches that ran toward Mogilev. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

And in some mysterious way the village became aware
20 of the secret. Donkov the tailor discovered it. Donkov lived in one half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and Donkov had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino the smith and Yanansk the baker would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

25 "When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

30 "Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as Ivan went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan, angrily. "I am brave enough to want—"

"Be careful! be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Ay," he said, "I have the Dream."

10

Through the hot, languorous summer time the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. He saw visions in the smoky haze that hung above the Beresina. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look toward the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came, and the fretful, whining winds that came down from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled as it listened. Big Ivan kept out of the way of Poborino the smith and Yanansk the baker. The Dream was still with him, but autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came, and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which the industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared. Often Big Ivan would stare at the pot as he sat beside the stove. The pot was the umbilical cord which kept the Dream alive.

30

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer.
"Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It sprang upon the flanks of winter before the Ice 5 King had given the order to retreat into the fastnesses of the north. It swept up the river, escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces. A wonderful guest had come to them and found them unprepared.

10 Big Ivan of the Bridge was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. For a little while he was not aware of her arrival. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his overcoat. He turned 15 to hang the coat upon a bush, then he sniffed the air, and a puzzled look came upon his face. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. He drew in great breaths of it, and his eyes shone with a strange light. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him, 20 ten times more lusty than on the day it was born, and his limbs trembled as he drew in the hot, scented breezes that breed the *Wanderlust* and shorten the long trails of the world.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. 25 He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. "*The Spring!*"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. Standing together they sniffed the sweet breezes. In silence they 30 listened to the song of the river. The Beresina had changed from a whining, fretful tune into a lilting, sweet song that would set the legs of lovers dancing. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan; "the little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, ⁵ and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was a slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last. He stacked the coins into neat ¹⁰ piles, then he straightened himself and turned to the woman at his side.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough we would have to go because the Dream is upon me, and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of Littin the butcher will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

Poborino the smith, his crippled son, Yanansk the baker, Donkov the tailor, and a score of others were out ²⁰ upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, their faces turned toward Bobruisk, Ivan balancing ²⁵ upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a stripling with bright eyes and yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Ay, *you* know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the stripling. "I got it from the breezes. They are free; so are the birds and the little clouds and the river. I wish I could go."

5 "Keep your dream," said Ivan softly. "Nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy. "At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you, and when you have a kopeck drop it in. It is a good pot."

10 The stripling understood. He stooped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers and they understood each 15 other.

Boris Lughan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes.

20 "Versts! versts! Scores and scores of them!
Versts! versts! A million or more of them!
Dust! dust! And the devils who play in it
Blinding us fools who forever must stay in it."

25 Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. It made their hearts light and took the weary feeling from their feet. They were on their way. America was a long, long journey, but they had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

30 "I am glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna. "And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked

into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village on the Beresina, but they were not afraid. The Dream spoke to Ivan, and his big hand held the hand of Anna. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the 5 shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

And they came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan. 10

They were walking down a dark side street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of a squat, unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go, then from the corner of the street 15 came a cry of "Police!" and the twenty pedestrians ran in different directions.

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare swinging their swords as they rode at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. 20 Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding place ran a young boy who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way till the storm was over.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. 25 A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached the sidewalk, and knocked him down with a quick stroke given with the flat of his blade. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled on his face.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear and sprang from 30 his hiding place. The trooper's horse had carried him onto the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward

to strike at the giant, but Ivan of the Bridge gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from his saddle.

5 The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was a dangerous one.

10 "Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America, Ivan! *America!* Come this way! *Quick!*"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. It opened into a narrow lane, and, holding each other's hands, they hurried toward the place where they had taken lodging. From far off came screams and hoarse 15 orders, curses and the sound of galloping hoofs. The orders, curses and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as he entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in 20 the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered, "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The engineer turned a stopcock as they were passing the engine, and Anna screamed while Ivan nearly dropped the big trunk. The engineer grinned, but the giant looked up at him and the grin faded. Ivan of the Bridge was startled by the rush of hot steam, but he was afraid of no man.

30 The train went roaring by little villages and great pasture stretches. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate. They looked at each other from time to time and smiled like two children.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church of St. Catherine, and the woolen mills. Minsk would have frightened them if they hadn't had the Dream. The farther they went ⁵ from the little village on the Beresina the more courage the Dream gave to them.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America?" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you. It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that ¹⁵ keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply Anna would pat his hand and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna, on through flat stretches of ²⁰ Courland to Libau, where they saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little but watching it with wide, wondering eyes. And they stared at the great ships that came rocking in from distant ports, their sides gray with the salt from the big combers which they ²⁵ had battled with.

No wonder this America of ours is big. We draw the brave ones from the old lands, the brave ones whose dreams are like the guiding sign that was given to the Israelites of old—a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of ³⁰ fire by night.

The harbor master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

5 "Ours will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man 10 who sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen* who had eyes like yours, and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan, boldly. "A free life—"

15 "Hush!" said the harbor master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a 20 courage that surprised them. There were others going aboard, and Ivan and Anna felt that those others were also persons who possessed dreams. Anna saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come 25 true. They were a little afraid,—not two per cent of them had ever seen a ship before,—yet their dreams gave them courage.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. 30 Night came down, and the devils who, according to the Estonian fishermen, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. They whipped up white combers

that sprang on her flanks and tried to crush her, and the wind played a devil's lament in her rigging. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream, the Great 5 Dream that would become real in the land to which they were bound. Ivan of the Bridge grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. The battered old craft that carried him slouched before the waves that swept over her decks, but he was not afraid. Down amid the 10 million and one smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Paleer's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their 15 berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half gloom:

"Freedom for serf and for slave,
Freedom for all men who crave
Their right to be free
And who hate to bend knee
But to Him who this right to them gave."

20

It was well that those emigrants had dreams. They wanted them. The sea devils chased the lumbering steamer. They hung to her bows and pulled her for'ard 25 deck under emerald-green rollers. They clung to her stern and hoisted her nose till Big Ivan thought that he could touch the door of heaven by standing on her blunt snout. Miserable, cold, ill, and sleepless, the emigrants crouched in their quarters, and to them Ivan and the thin-faced 30 Livonian sang the "Song of Freedom."

The emigrant ship pounded through the Cattegat,

swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled and bit at her, and the captain and the chief officer consulted with each other. They decided to run 5 into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.

An examination was made, and the agents decided to transship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool, and Ivan and Anna 10 sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other as the third-class emigrant train from Euston raced down through the green midland counties to grimy Liverpool.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each 15 time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me much courage," she said.

"Today I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the giant. "Do you know how much 20 money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles, and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured.

25 "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into the bowels of a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks of the Mersey out into the Irish Sea. There were more dreamers now, nine hundred of them, and Anna and Ivan were 30 more comfortable. And these new emigrants—English, Irish, Scotch, French, and German—knew much concerning America. Ivan was certain that he would earn at least three rubles a day. He was very strong.

On the deck he defeated all comers in a tug of war, and the captain of the ship came up to him and felt his muscles.

"The country that lets men like you get away from it is run badly," he said. "Why did you leave it?" 5

The interpreter translated what the captain said, and through the interpreter Ivan answered.

"I had a Dream," he said, "a Dream of freedom."

"Good," cried the captain. "Why should a man with muscles like yours have his face ground into the dust?" 10

The soul of Big Ivan grew during those days. He felt himself a man, a man who was born upright to speak his thoughts without fear.

The ship rolled into Queenstown one bright morning, and Ivan and his nine hundred steerage companions 15 crowded the for'ard deck. A boy in a rowboat threw a line to the deck, and after it had been fastened to a stanchion he came up hand over hand. The emigrants watched him curiously. An old woman sitting in the boat pulled off her shoes, sat in a loop of the rope, and lifted 20 her hand as a signal to her son on deck.

"Hey, fellers," said the boy, "help me pull me muvver up. She wants to sell a few dozen apples, an' they won't let her up the gangway!"

Big Ivan didn't understand the words, but he guessed 25 what the boy wanted. He made one of a half dozen who gripped the rope and started to pull the ancient apple-woman to the deck.

They had her halfway up the side when an undersized third officer discovered what they were doing. He called 30 to a steward, and the steward sprang to obey.

"Turn a hose on her!" cried the officer. "Turn a hose on the old woman!"

The steward rushed for the hose. He ran with it to the side of the ship, with the intention of squirting the old woman, who was swinging in midair and exhorting the six men who were dragging her to the deck.

5 "Pull!" she cried. "Sure, I'll give every one of ye a rosy red apple an' me blessing with it."

The steward aimed the muzzle of the hose, and Big Ivan of the Bridge let go of the rope and sprang at him. The fist of the great Russian went out like a battering ram; it struck the steward between the eyes, and he dropped upon the deck. He lay like one dead, the muzzle of the hose wriggling from his limp hands.

The third officer and the interpreter rushed at Big Ivan, who stood erect, his hands clenched.

15 "Ask the big swine why he did it," roared the officer.

"Because he is a coward!" cried Ivan. "They wouldn't do that in America!"

"What does the big brute know about America?" cried the officer.

20 "Tell him I have dreamed of it," shouted Ivan. "Tell him it is in my Dream. Tell him I will kill him if he turns the water upon this old woman."

The apple seller was on deck then, and with the wisdom of the Celt she understood. She put her lean hand upon 25 the great head of the Russian and blessed him in Gaelic. Ivan bowed before her, then as she offered him a rosy apple he led her toward Anna, a great Viking leading a withered old woman who walked with the grace of a duchess.

30 "Please don't touch him," she cried, turning to the officer. "We have been waiting for your ship for six hours, and we have only five dozen apples to sell. It's a great man he is. Sure he's as big as Finn MacCool."

Someone pulled the steward behind a ventilator and revived him by squirting him with water from the hose which he had tried to turn upon the old woman. The third officer slipped quietly away.

The Atlantic was kind to the ship that carried Ivan 5 and Anna. Through sunny days they sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft winds. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear 10 upon the horizon, and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the mad buckjumping boat in whose timbers the sea devils of the Baltic had bored holes. Everything unpleasant was forgotten, because the Dream filled them 15 with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and he smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "Gee, he's a new white 20 hope! Ask him can he fight?"

An interpreter put the question, and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Gee!" cried the inspector. "Ask him was it for purses or what?"

"For freedom," answered Ivan. "For freedom to stretch my legs and straighten my neck!"

Ivan and Anna left the government ferryboat at the Battery. They started to walk uptown, making for the East Side, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man 30 could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who

crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a festival day. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement. They had never seen such dresses as those worn by the smiling women who passed them by ; 5 they had never seen such well-groomed men.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children they walked along the streets 10 of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray, stupid towns where the Terror waited to spring upon the cowed people. In Bobruisk, Minsk, Vilna, and Libau the people were sullen and afraid, they walked in dread ; but in the City of Wonder beside the glorious Hudson 15 every person seemed happy and contented.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the wonderful shop windows, the roaring elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers. Hours afterward they found themselves in Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and 20 there a miracle happened to the two Russian immigrants. It was a big miracle inasmuch as it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the snarl of traffic. They dodged 25 backward and forward as the stream of automobiles swept by them. Anna screamed, and in response to her scream a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. He took the arm of Anna and flung up a commanding hand. The charging autos halted. For five 30 blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the unexpected interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "Sure I can tame 'em by liftin' me hand."

Anna didn't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his Irish eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad. 5

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan good-naturedly upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had 10 been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan of the Bridge took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet. 15

"The Dream is true!" he cried. "Did you see, Anna? We are as good as they! This is the land where a muzhik is as good as a prince of the blood!"

The President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which 20 the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently:

We grow great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams 25 die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which come always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams will come true.

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down at the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan 30

of the Bridge thought that the President smiled at him. Ivan seized Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring 5 day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America, where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

10 The band started to play the national anthem, and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

My early home	A blacksmith
A childhood memory	A tailor
Seeing the president (governor, etc.)	Sticking to it
An immigrant	Why I welcome spring (autumn, etc.)
A dream	Saving for a purpose
Seasick	A pop-corn man
A storm at sea	A fruit vender
My longest railroad trip	A dream come true
A policeman I know	What I want most
A strike	Getting a raise
A sea voyage	What my country means to me
A fight	What I fear most
Laughed at	My first view of an airship
Looking for work	A kind act
An escape	A dangerous crossing
An immigrant family	Moving
A Russian	A shabby street
A feat of strength	A great speech I heard

OUTLINE

My early home.

1. Location, description, surroundings.
2. Brothers, sisters, companions.
3. Work, games, recreations.
4. School, social life.
5. Pleasant memories.

NOTE. In order that the pupil may become familiar with various forms of outline no set form is used in this book. In some instances only suggestions are offered. Pupils should be encouraged to make their own outlines. See specimen outlines by pupils on page 297.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the country offers better opportunities for the immigrant than the city.

Resolved, That no immigrant should be admitted into the United States who cannot read and write his own language.

Resolved, That immigration should be further restricted.

Resolved, That naturalization should be made more difficult.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Give reasons why you think Ivan the kind of man who is bound to be successful in America. Explain just why the officials at Ellis Island admitted him so readily.

2. Explain why "The Citizen" is a good title for the story. Can you think of a more appropriate title?

3. Explain the meaning of the following expressions :

- a. A newborn patriotism
- b. One rides on rubles
- c. A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected
- d. Autumn is a bad time for dreams
- e. A new white hope
- f. It is a feast day for certain
- g. The City of Wonder
- h. All big men are dreamers

4. Give in your own words the meaning of Boris Lughan's song beginning, "Versts! versts! Scores and scores of them!"

5. Look up the meaning of the following words:

versts ruble kopeck muzhik

6. Where and what are the following:

Dnieper Bobruisk Vilna Libau the Skaggerack

7. Read again the passage about the Spring Maiden. Write a similar one about the coming of the Ice King.

8. Make a list of (a) the things America has done for the immigrant; (b) the things the immigrant has done for America.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Look up and report on the following:

- a. Magna Charta
- b. Habeas Corpus
- c. Bill of Rights

2. Show how these three famous statutes have a bearing on Ivan's realization of his dream.

3. Explain in detail how an alien may become a citizen of the United States.

COLLATERAL READING

ANTIN, The Promised Land; ANTIN, They who Knock at our Gates; CLARK, Old Homes of New Americans; STEINER, The Immigrant Tide; RIIS, The Making of an American; RIIS, Children of the Tenements; EGAN, Little People of the Dust; HALE, The Man without a Country.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST¹

GENE STRATTON PORTER

At four o'clock next morning Elnora was shelling beans. At six she fed the chickens and pigs, swept two of the rooms of the cabin, built a fire, and put on the kettle for breakfast. Then she climbed the narrow stairs to the attic she had occupied since a very small child, and 5 dressed in the hated shoes and brown calico, plastered down her crisp curls, ate what breakfast she could, and, pinning on her hat, started for town.

"There is no sense in your going for an hour yet," said her mother.

"I must try to discover some way to earn those books," replied Elnora. "I am perfectly positive I shall not find them lying along the road wrapped in tissue paper and tagged with my name."

She went toward the city, as on yesterday. Her perplexity as to where tuition and books were to come from was worse, but she did not feel quite so bad. She never again would have to face all of it for the first time. She had been through it once and was yet living. There had been times yesterday when she had prayed to be hidden 20 or to drop dead, and neither had happened. "I guess the best way to get an answer to prayer is to work for it," muttered Elnora, grimly.

Again she took the trail to the swamp, rearranged her hair, and left the tin pail. This time she folded a couple 25

¹ Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday Page & Company. All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.

of sandwiches in the napkin and tied them in a neat, light paper parcel, which she carried in her hand. Then she hurried along the road to Onabasha and found a book-store. There she asked the prices of the list of books that
5 she needed, and learned that six dollars would not quite supply them. She anxiously inquired for secondhand books, but was told that the only way to secure them was from the last year's freshmen. Just then Elnora felt that she positively could not approach any of those she sup-
10 posed to be sophomores and ask to buy their old books. The only balm the girl could see for the humiliation of yesterday was to appear that day with a set of new books.

“Do you wish these?” asked the clerk, hurriedly, for the store was rapidly filling with school children wanting
15 anything from a dictionary to a pen.

“Yes,” gasped Elnora. “Oh, yes! but I cannot pay for them just now. Please let me take them, and I will pay for them on Friday or return them as perfect as they are. Please trust me for them a few days.”

20 The clerk looked at her doubtfully and took her name.

“I'll ask the proprietor,” he said. When he came back Elnora knew the answer before he spoke.

“I'm sorry,” he said, “but Mr. Hann doesn't recognize your name. You are not a customer of ours, and he feels that
25 he can't take the risk. You'll have to bring the money.”

Elnora clumped out of the store, the thump of her heavy shoes beating as a hammer on her brain. She tried two other houses with the same result, and then in sick despair came into the street. What could she do? She was too
30 frightened to think. Should she stay from school that day and canvass the homes appearing to belong to the wealthy, and try to sell beds of wild ferns, as she had suggested to Wesley Sinton? What would she dare ask

for bringing in and planting a clump of ferns? How could she carry them? Would people buy them? She slowly moved past the hotel and then glanced around to see if there was a clock anywhere, for she felt sure the young people passing her constantly were on their way to school. 5

There it stood in a bank window in big black letters, staring straight at her :

WANTED : CATERPILLARS, COCOONS, CHRYS-
ALIDES, PUPÆ CASES, BUTTERFLIES, MOTHS,
INDIAN RELICS OF ALL KINDS. HIGHEST
SCALE OF PRICES PAID IN CASH

10

Elnora caught the wicket at the cashier's desk with both hands to brace herself against disappointment.

"Who is it wants to buy cocoons, butterflies, and moths?" she panted.

15

"The Bird Woman," answered the cashier. "Have you some for sale?"

"I have some; I do not know if they are what she would want."

"Well, you had better see her," said the cashier. "Do 20 you know where she lives?"

"Yes," said Elnora. "Would you tell me the time?"

"Twenty-one after eight," was the answer.

She had nine minutes to reach the auditorium or be late. Should she go to school or to the Bird Woman? 25 Several girls passed her, walking swiftly, and she remembered their faces. They were hurrying to school. Elnora caught the infection. She would see the Bird Woman at noon. Algebra came first, and that professor was kind. Perhaps she could slip to the superintendent and 30 ask him for a book for the next lesson, and at noon,—

"O dear Lord, make it come true," prayed Elnora,—at noon, maybe, she could sell some of those wonderful shining-winged things she had been collecting all her life around the outskirts of the Limberlost.

5 As she went down the long hall she noticed the professor of mathematics standing in the door of his recitation room. When she came up to him he smiled and spoke to her.

"I have been watching for you," he said, and Elnora stopped bewildered.

"For me?" she questioned.

"Yes," said Professor Henley. "Step inside."

Elnora followed him into the room, and he swung the door behind them.

15 "At teachers' meeting last evening one of the professors mentioned that a pupil had betrayed in class that she had expected her books to be furnished by the city. I thought possibly it was you. Was it?"

"Yes," breathed Elnora.

20 "That being the case," said Professor Henley, "it just occurred to me, as you had expected that, you might require a little time to secure them, and you are too fine a mathematician to fall behind for want of supplies. So I telephoned one of our sophomores to bring her last 25 year's books this morning. I am sorry to say they are somewhat abused, but the text is all here. You can have them for two dollars, and pay when you get ready. Would you care to take them?"

30 Elnora sat suddenly, because she could not stand another instant. She reached both hands for the books and said never a word. The professor was silent also.

At last Elnora arose, hugging those books to her heart as a mother grasps a lost baby.

"One thing more," said the professor. "You can pay your tuition quarterly. You need not bother about the first installment this month. Any time in October will do."

It seemed as if Elnora's gasp of relief must have reached the soles of her brogans.

"Did anyone ever tell you how beautiful you are!" she cried.

As the professor was lank, tow-haired, and so near-sighted that he peered at his pupils through spectacles, no one ever had.

"No," said Professor Henley; "I've waited some time for that; for which reason I shall appreciate it all the more. Come, now, or we shall be late for opening exercises."

So Elnora entered the auditorium a second time. Her face was like the brightest dawn that ever broke over the Limberlost. No matter about the lumbering shoes and skimpy dress just now. No matter about anything; she had the books. She could take them home. In her garret she could commit them to memory, if need be. She could show that clothes were not all. If the Bird Woman did not want any of the many different kinds of specimens she had collected, she was quite sure now she could sell ferns, nuts, and a great many things. Then, too, someone moved over this morning, and several girls smiled and bowed. Elnora forgot everything save her books and that she was where she could use them intelligently—everything, except one little thing away back in her head. Her mother had known about the books and the tuition and had not told her when she agreed to her coming.

At noon Elnora took her little parcel of lunch and started to the home of the Bird Woman. She must know

about the specimens first, and then she would go out to the suburbs somewhere and eat a few bites. She dropped the heavy iron knocker on the door of the big red log cabin, and her heart thumped at the resounding stroke.

5 "Is the Bird Woman at home?" she asked of the maid.

"She is at lunch," was the answer.

"Please ask her if she will see a girl from the Limberlost about some moths?" inquired Elnora.

"I never need ask, if it's for moths," laughed the girl.

10 "Orders are to bring anyone with specimens right in. Come this way."

Elnora followed down the hall and entered a long room with high paneled wainscoting, old English fireplace with an overmantel, and closets of peculiar china filling the 15 corners. At a bare table of oak, yellow as gold, sat a woman Elnora often had watched and followed covertly around the Limberlost. The Bird Woman was holding out a hand of welcome.

"I heard!" she laughed. "A little pasteboard box, 20 or just the bare word 'specimen,' passes you at my door. If it is moths I hope you have hundreds. I've been very busy all summer and unable to collect, and I need so many. Sit down and lunch with me while we talk it over. From the Limberlost, did you say?"

25 "I live near the swamp," replied Elnora. "Since it's so cleared I dare go around the edge in daytime, though we are still afraid at night."

"What have you collected?" asked the Bird Woman, as she helped Elnora to sandwiches unlike any she ever 30 before had tasted, salad that seemed to be made of many familiar things, but you were only sure of celery and apples, and a cup of hot chocolate that would have delighted any hungry schoolgirl.

Elnora said "Thank you," and set the things before her, but her eyes were on the Bird Woman's face.

"I am afraid I am bothering you for nothing, and imposing on you," she said. "That 'collected' frightens me. I've only gathered. I always loved everything outdoors, and so I made friends and playmates of them. When I learned that the moths die so soon I saved them especially, because there seemed no wickedness in it."⁵

"I have thought the same thing," said the Bird Woman, encouragingly. Then because the girl could not eat until ¹⁰ she learned about the moths, the Bird Woman asked Elnora if she knew what kinds she had.

"Not all of them," answered Elnora. "Before Mr. Duncan moved away he often saw me near the edge of the swamp, and he showed me the box he had fixed for ¹⁵ Freckles and gave me the key. There were some books and things, so from that time on I studied and tried to take moths right, but I am afraid they are not what you want."

"Are they the big ones that fly mostly June nights?" ²⁰ asked the Bird Woman.

"Yes," said Elnora. "Great gray ones with reddish markings, pale blue-green, yellow with lavender, and red and yellow."

"What do you mean by 'red and yellow'?" asked ²⁵ the Bird Woman, so quickly that the girl almost jumped.

"Not exactly red," explained Elnora, with tremulous voice. "A reddish, yellowish brown, with canary-colored spots and gray lines on their wings."

"How many of them?" It was the same quick question.³⁰

"Well, I had over two hundred eggs," said Elnora, "but some of them didn't hatch, and some of the

caterpillars died, but there must be at least a hundred perfect ones."

"Perfect! How perfect?" cried the Bird Woman.

"I mean whole wings, no down gone, and all their legs 5 and antennæ," faltered Elnora.

"Young woman, that's the rarest moth in America," said the Bird Woman, solemnly. "If you have a hundred of them they are worth a hundred dollars according to my list. I can use all that are whole."

10 "What if they are not pinned right?" quavered Elnora.

"If they are perfect that does not make the slightest difference. I know how to soften them so that I can put them into any shape I choose. Where are they? When may I see them?"

15 "They are in Freckles's old case in the Limberlost," said Elnora. "I couldn't carry many for fear of breaking them, but I could bring a few after school."

"You come here at four," said the Bird Woman, "and we will drive out with some specimen boxes and a price 20 list and see what you have to sell. Are they your very own? Are you free to part with them?"

"They are mine," said Elnora. "No one but God knows I have them. Mr. Duncan gave me the books and the box. He told Freckles about me, and Freckles told 25 him to give me all he left. He said for me to stick to the swamp and be brave, and my hour would come. It has! I know most of them are all right, and, oh, I do need the money!"

"Could you tell me?" asked the Bird Woman, softly.

30 "You see, the swamp and all the fields around it are so full," explained Elnora. "Every day I felt smaller and smaller, and I wanted to know more and more, and pretty soon I got desperate, just as Freckles did. But

I am better off than he was, for I have his books, and I have a mother ; even if she don't care for me as other girls' mothers do for them, it's better than no one."

The Bird Woman's glance fell, for the girl was not conscious of how much she was revealing. Her eyes were 5 fixed on a black pitcher filled with goldenrod in the center of the table, and she was saying what she thought.

"As long as I could go to the Brushwood school I was happy ; but I couldn't go further, just when things got the most interesting, so I was bound I'd come to high school, 10 and mother wouldn't consent. You see there's plenty of land, but father was drowned when I was a baby, and mother and I can't make money as men do. The taxes get bigger every year, and she said it was too expensive. I wouldn't give her any rest, until at last she got me this 15 dress and these shoes, and I came. It was awful ! "

Elnora stopped short and stared into the Bird Woman's face.

"Do you live in that beautiful cabin at the northwest end of the swamp ? " asked the Bird Woman. 20

"Yes," said Elnora.

"I remember the place and a story about it now. You entered the high school yesterday ? "

"Yes."

"It was pretty bad ? "

25

"Pretty bad ! " echoed Elnora.

The Bird Woman laughed.

"You can't tell me anything about that," she said. "I once entered a city school straight from the country. My dress was brown calico, and my shoes were quite 30 heavy."

The tears began to roll down Elnora's cheeks.

"Did they—?" she faltered.

"They did!" said the Bird Woman. "All of it. I am quite sure they did not miss one least little thing."

Then she wiped away some tears that began rolling down her cheeks, and laughed at the same time.

5 "Where are they now?" asked Elnora, suddenly.

"Well, they are pretty widely scattered, but none of them have attained heights out of range. Some of the rich are poor, and some of the poor are rich. Some of the brightest died insane, and some of the dullest worked 10 out high positions. Some of the very worst to bear have gone out, and I frequently hear from others. Now I am here, able to remember it, and mingle laughter with what used to be all tears; for every day I have my beautiful work, and almost every day God sends someone like 15 you to help me. What is your name, my girl?"

"Elnora Comstock," answered Elnora. "Yesterday, on the board, it changed to Cornstock, and for a minute I thought I'd die, but I can laugh over that already."

The Bird Woman arose and kissed her. "Finish your 20 lunch," she said, "and I will get my price lists and take down a memorandum of what you think you have, so I will know how many boxes to prepare. And remember this: What you are lies with you. If you are lazy and accept your lot you may live in it. If you are willing to work 25 you can write your name anywhere you choose, among the only ones who live past the grave in this world—the people who write books that help, make exquisite music, carve statues, paint pictures, and work for others. Never mind the calico dress and the coarse shoes. Dig 30 into the books, and before long you will hear yesterday's tormentors boasting that they were once classmates of yours."

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

An interesting advertisement

How to collect and classify butterflies (moths, flowers, ferns, postage stamps, or coins)

"A gasp of relief"

A swamp I know

Conquering a hard task

A pleasant surprise

An unexpected friend

A visit I disliked to make and the outcome

A successful person whom I know

My first day in high school

OUTLINE

COLLECTING POSTAGE STAMPS

I. Extent of the subject.

1. History of stamps.
2. Vast collections.
3. Value of rare stamps.

II. Limitations of an amateur collector.

1. Cost of collecting.
2. Knowledge required.

III. Collecting stamps.

1. Sources of information.
 - a. Books.
 - b. Magazines.
2. Dealers in stamps.

IV. Methods of classification.

V. Benefits derived from the work.

1. Knowledge of geography.
2. Knowledge of exchange.
3. Value of a good collection.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That it is of more educational value to collect flowers (butterflies, postage stamps, or coins) than it is to read about them.

Resolved, That it was probably of more benefit to Elnora to study mathematics than to collect butterflies and moths.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Explain the meaning of
 - a. I shall not find them lying along the road wrapped in tissue paper
 - b. Trail to the swamp
 - c. I've waited some time for that; for which reason I shall appreciate it all the more
 - d. That "collected" frightens me. I've only gathered
 - e. You can write your name anywhere

2. Give the names of well-known collections of the following:

a. Books	f. Fish
b. Paintings	g. Birds
c. Coins	h. Relics of Indian life
d. Postage stamps	i. Historical relics
e. Animals	j. Collections of any other kind

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Report on methods of collecting and preserving

a. Moths and butterflies	d. Postage stamps
b. Ferns	e. Anything in which you
c. Flowers	are interested

2. Of what benefit are the enormous collections in museums of animals, birds, fishes, minerals, and similar things?

3. For what is each of the following persons famous?

a. Charles R. Darwin	e. Louis J. Agassiz
b. Aristotle	f. Asa Gray
c. Pliny the Elder	g. Noah Webster
d. John J. Audubon	h. Thomas H. Huxley

COLLATERAL READING

BROWN, The Country Road; BURROUGHS, Sharp Eyes; BURROUGHS, Wake-Robin; FOX, Trail of the Lonesome Pine; GARLAND, Main-Traveled Roads; HOLDEN, Real Things in Nature; INGERSOLL, Wild Neighbors; LONG, A Little Brother to the Bear; LONG, Secrets of the Woods; LONDON, The Valley of the Moon; MUIR, Boyhood of a Naturalist; STEWART, Letters of a Woman Homesteader; WRIGHT, The Great White North.

THE EMANCIPATOR OF THE FARMER

ELMER E. FARIS

On February 15, 1809, Cyrus H. McCormick was born at "Walnut Grove," his father's farm in Virginia.

While he was not born to poverty, since his father was the possessor of eighteen hundred acres of land, he was taught to work hard as soon as he was able 5 to go to the fields. As a boy he was accustomed to be up at five in the morning, in summer at an even earlier hour, and his day's work lasted until darkness drove him from his tasks. He was taught to go barefoot even in severe weather, not because this was necessary, but that 10 he might become toughened by exposure.

He had the advantage of a brief period of study at the school near his home. It is related by one who has written of his life that he one day surprised the teacher by taking to school a wooden globe, mounted so as properly to illustrate the earth's movements, with continents and seas carefully marked—his own handiwork. To his mother he owed training which supplemented the meager work of the schoolroom. But she was not content to teach him only secular things; from her he learned to read 15 from the Bible and to sing the hymns which were his comfort to the day of his death. With his parents he was a regular attendant at church. Thus habits were early formed that influenced his whole life.

The home farm was far from markets, so it was necessary for his father to take care of his own tools in his 25

own blacksmith shop. Moreover, the farm boasted a grist-mill, a sawmill, and a smelting furnace. Brought up in such surroundings, it is not strange that young Cyrus soon developed a fondness for handling tools. But it was 5 evident that he did not propose to confine his efforts to the performance of set tasks. His father had for years been an inventor, having built a thresher, a hemp-breaker, and a crude mechanical reaper. Inheriting the talent for invention, Cyrus experimented on his own account. At 10 fifteen he made for himself a harvesting cradle of such improved design that he was able to work on even terms with the best hand on the farm. A few years later he planned and built a hillside plow, which threw alternate furrows to right and left, and a self-sharpening plow, 15 which was so successful that it is thought it might have been manufactured profitably but for the fact that his attention was occupied at this time by another far more important invention.

The year he was born his father began to build a 20 reaping machine which he hoped would revolutionize the world's harvesting methods. For a number of years the work was continued. Thus it happened that one of the earliest memories of the boy Cyrus was the talk about the mysterious reaper. He saw the curious machine grow 25 under his father's hands, and he must have seen the trial of the completed implement when he was seven years old.

To Mr. McCormick's disappointment the reaper was a failure. It would cut the wheat when the grain was in perfect condition, but was useless if the grain was the least 30 bit matted or beaten down by wind or rain. Discouraged, the inventor left the machine to rust.

Cyrus could not keep away from the discarded reaper. His father's dream took possession of him. Why couldn't

he show the American farmer how to reap grain with horses? His father, noting his purpose, urged him to give up all thought of spending time on the problem which had already cost so much. But the boy was not to be turned from his purpose. He had a vision of what a reaper 5 would mean to the world; already he saw the weak points in his father's work and thought of ways to remedy them. So he said to himself, "I will!" Then, for weeks and months and years he continued his experiments, refusing to be daunted by obstacles, encouraging himself always 10 with the dream of the triumph he was sure would come. Already the marvelous power of will for which he became famous among those who knew him was showing itself.

He did not know that already several inventors had 15 tried to solve the same problem, and it was just as well; his ideas were more absolutely original than perhaps they would have been if he had read of the work of others. Discarding the unsuccessful work of his father, he began at the beginning and finally, after years of experimenting, 20 completed his machine. It was a strange-looking affair, with its wooden cogwheels and its rough castings and forgings, all his own handiwork, but in it were embodied the essential principles of the reaper as it is today. Improvements have been made, but the plans worked out 25 over seventy years ago by the Virginia farm boy, who had never seen a city or a railroad, may be traced in the machine used today in the world's harvest fields.

By this time the interest of his parents in the work was very keen. The father often worked at the shop with 30 Cyrus until late at night. Neighbors laughed at the crazy ideas of the father and son, but they went on unheeding. When the reaper was tested in the home fields the mother

would ride out on horseback to watch the performances of the creation of her boy's brain and hands.

5 A public exhibition was given to about a hundred curious neighbors. Casson, in "The Romance of the Reaper," says :

It was in the fall of 1831 that Cyrus McCormick hitched four horses to his unwieldy machine and clattered out of the barn-yard into a field of wheat near by. Horses shied and pranced at the absurd object, which was unlike anything else 10 on the face of the earth. Small boys yelled. Farmers, whose backs were bent and whose fingers were scarred from the harvest labor, gazed with contemptuous curiosity at the queer contraption which was expected to cut grain without hands. . . . A noisy crowd of white laborers followed the reaper up 15 and down the field with boisterous enmity ; for here was an invention which threatened to deprive them of the right to work—the precious right to work sixteen hours a day for three cents an hour.

That afternoon six acres of wheat were successfully 20 reaped, ordinarily the work of six men. "Your reaper is a success," Cyrus's father said to him, "and it makes me feel proud to have a son do what I could not do."

Then the dreams of the young inventor began to take 25 more definite shape. "Perhaps I may make a million dollars from this reaper," he thought one day. But he afterwards said, "The amount was so enormous that the thought seemed like a dream—like dwelling in the clouds—so remote, so unattainable, so exalted, so visionary."

30 Bancroft's "Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth" tells of an earlier vision :

In after years Mr. McCormick told of the moment when, like a revelation from heaven, the magnificent possibilities of

his invention came upon him. It was a bright summer's day, when he was riding from the homestead to a foundry in the mountains, carrying the pattern of the moldboard of his plow to be cast in iron. His way led across a stream, in the midst of which his horse stopped to drink. The mind of the young man was, as usual, filled with the difficulties of the reaper, then only in embryo. Cyrus's eye fell upon the landscape. Before him, rolling away to the horizon, lay a field of waving grain, upon which the sunlight glittered. Instantly there came to him the idea of the vast agricultural possibilities of the country, and of the fortune and fame which awaited him who would materially aid in their development. . . . At once he determined to devote himself to his invention.

Several years after the public trial already described, and a second trial the following year, when fifty acres were cut, the first patent was secured. But no attempt was made to put the machine on the market. No one realized as well as the inventor that there were a number of serious defects to be overcome before satisfactory work could be counted on. So, aided by his father, he devoted months and years to further experimenting and testing. Years later, when applying for an extension of patent rights, Mr. McCormick wrote to the Commissioner of Patents :

From the experiment of 1831 until the harvest of 1840 I did not sell a reaper, although during that time I had many exhibitions of it, for experience proved to me that it was best for the public as well as for myself that no sales were made, as defects presented themselves that would render the reaper unprofitable in other hands. Many improvements were found necessary, requiring a great deal of thought and study. I was sometimes flattered, at other times discouraged, and at all times deemed it best not to attempt the sale of machines till satisfied that the reaper would succeed.

During this long period of experimentation Cyrus built a furnace that he might make his own iron. The demand for the iron was so great that the reaper was somewhat neglected, until, in the financial panic of 1837, the inventor lost not only his furnace but his farm and all his other possessions. He might have saved something from the wreck, as his partner did,—by deeding property to his mother,—but his stern ideas of integrity would not permit any such compromise with the demands of justice.

Thus difficulties were increased. Cramped for funds and unable to hire workmen, Cyrus, his father, and two brothers began in earnest the manufacture of reapers. One was built and sold for the harvest of 1840; two years later six were disposed of; in 1844 twenty-five more found their way from the primitive shop. The following year the number was doubled and a second patent was secured.

The lack of transportation facilities made manufacture and delivery both slow and burdensome. "The sickles were made forty miles away, and the blades, six feet long, had to be carried on horseback." The first consignment sent to the West "was taken in wagons from Walnut Grove to Scottsville, then down the canal to Richmond, Virginia; thence by water to New Orleans, and then up the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Cincinnati."

Soon arrangements were made with a Brockport, New York, firm to manufacture reapers for the farmers of the Empire State, while a Cincinnati house was persuaded to fill orders secured from Ohio farmers by the young inventor, who himself scoured the country for the purpose.

But not yet was young McCormick satisfied. He pushed on to Illinois, where "he saw hogs and cattle feeding in the wheat fields, which could not be reaped for lack of laborers. Two million bushels of wheat had grown and

ripened—enough to empty the horn of plenty into every farmer's home. Men and women, children and grandmothers, toiled day and night to gather in the yellow food. But the short harvest season rushed past so quickly that tons of it lay rotting under the hoofs of cattle." Evidently there was call for more adequate production of the reaper than could be managed without a large factory. So, going to Chicago, he succeeded in interesting a capitalist, who helped him make the beginning of his great harvester works. Soon, in the city only ten years old, 10 reapers by the hundred were produced and sent forth to conquer the wheat fields. That first building, enlarged a number of times, was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. Then, already possessed of a large fortune, Mr. McCormick was tempted to retire from business; but again the 15 vision of the world's need and of the more immediate need of the men thrown out of work caused him to devote himself to active life with renewed vigor.

After conquering America the reaper was sent to Europe. In 1851, at the World's Fair in London, its exhibition called for the ridicule of the *London Times*; but after witnessing a test in the fields the editor was compelled to announce that "the reaper is the most valuable contribution to the exhibition and is of sufficient value alone to pay the whole expense of the exposition." On 25 the Continent similar triumphs were recorded.

Of the reaper's part in the development of America, William Henry Seward once said, "It has pushed the American frontier westward at the rate of thirty miles a year." Commissioner of Patents, D. P. Holloway, said: 30 "Cyrus H. McCormick is an inventor whose fame, while he is yet living, has spread throughout the world. His genius has done honor to his own country and has been

the admiration of foreign nations, and he will live in the grateful memory of mankind as long as the reaping machine is employed in the gathering of the harvest." The French Academy of Sciences declared that he had "done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man."

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

Making a fly rod	An interesting experiment
When I got up early	Special talents in our family
My longest day's work	My earliest recollections
When I went barefoot	A model that was spoiled
Making a hand sled (sawhorse)	Learning from a mistake
How I set up a wireless outfit	Why I admire my father (mother)
How I made a water-wheel	An inventor and his work

OUTLINE

Making a Fly Rod.¹

I. Principal requirements.

1. Lightness.
2. Strength and pliability.

II. Main construction.

1. Kind of wood.
2. Number of pieces to a section.
3. Shape and method of fastening together.

III. Mounting.

IV. Winding.

1. Uses of winding.
 - a. Strength.
 - b. Ornamentation.
2. Method of fastening.

V. Finishing.

DISCUSSION

1. *Resolved*, That the inventor is of greater value to the world than the teacher.
2. *Resolved*, That Cyrus McCormick rendered a greater service to his country than did J. Pierpont Morgan.

¹From Hanson's "Two Years' Course in English Composition."

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Explain the meaning of
 - a. On the Continent
 - b. Secular things
 - c. The best hand on the farm
 - d. A crude mechanical reaper
 - e. He saw the curious machine grow under his father's hands
2. Make a list of inventions that have helped
 - a. The farmer
 - b. The housewife
 - c. The traveler
 - d. The music lover
 - e. The sailor
 - f. The newspaper publisher
 - g. The teacher
 - h. The letter writer
3. What have the following world's fairs commemorated?
 - a. The Centennial Exposition, 1876
 - b. The Columbian Exposition, 1892-1893
 - c. The St. Louis Fair, 1903
 - d. The San Francisco Fair, 1915
4. Name five other world's fairs.
5. How did McCormick show his "marvelous power of will"?
6. Explain
 - a. The precious right to work sixteen hours a day
 - b. A self-sharpening plow
 - c. Rolling away to the horizon
 - d. The magnificent possibilities of his invention
7. How did the McCormick reaper conquer America?

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Report on
 - a. The life of Cyrus McCormick
 - b. The Chicago fire of 1871
 - c. The panic of 1837
 - d. Brief life of William H. Seward

2. How did the invention of the reaper "push the American frontier westward at the rate of thirty miles a year"?
3. How is a patent secured?
4. How is a patented machine usually put on the market?
5. Why was it necessary for McCormick to send his first machines to Cincinnati in such a roundabout way?
6. Describe the primitive methods of harvesting grain
 - a. In Egypt
 - b. In the Balkan states
 - c. In New England
 - d. In Indiana
7. Report on
 - a. Howe's invention of the sewing-machine
 - b. Edison's electric light and phonograph
 - c. Bell and Watson's first telephone
 - d. James Hargreaves's spinning jenny
8. Name the inventor of
 - a. The mowing-machine
 - b. The header
 - c. The thresher
 - d. The traction plow
 - e. The horse hoe
 - f. The raking-machine
9. Make a list of ten other important American inventions.
10. Describe the cotton gin.

COLLATERAL READING

DOUBLEDAY, Stories of Inventions ; DYER and MARTIN, Edison : his Life and Inventions ; MAHAN, From Sail to Steam ; MEADOWCROFT, Boy's Life of Edison ; PERRY, Four American Inventors ; FORMAN, Stories of Useful Inventions ; BAKER, The Boy's Book of Inventions ; BAKER, A Second Boy's Book of Inventions ; CLARKE, The Boy's Book of Modern Marvels ; CORBIN, The Romance of Submarine Engineering ; Life of Alexander Graham Bell, of Elias Howe, of George Westinghouse, of Guglielmo Marconi, of Nicola Tesla, of James Hargreaves, of Orville Wright.

READY FOR ANYTHING¹

S. S. McClure

When I reached Utica I went to the station master and asked him how soon there would be another train out. "Half an hour," he replied. I asked him where it went. He answered, "To Boston." So I asked him to give me a ticket to Boston. I had never in my life thought of going to Boston before, and I had no reason for going there now. I was merely going wherever the next train went, and as far as it went. Then I looked about for my valise, which contained all the clothing I had brought, as well as my stock of peddler's supplies. It was nowhere to be found, so I boarded the Boston train and went on without it.

I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station, in the midst of a terrible thunderstorm. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Malvina Bennett (now professor of elocution at Wellesley), who had taught elocution at Knox. She lived in Somerville, and I immediately set out for Somerville. If I had had my wits about me I should not, of course, have started for anybody's house at that hour of the night. The trip to Somerville took more than an hour, and I had to change cars several times on the way. When I got to Miss Bennett's house I found it open, and the members of the household, at least, were up and dressed, on account of the serious illness of Miss Bennett's mother. I was taken in and made welcome, and for several days Miss Bennett and her family did all they

¹ From "My Autobiography."

could to make me comfortable and to help me to get myself established in some way. I remained with the Bennetts Saturday and Sunday. I had only six dollars, and this hospitality was of the utmost importance 5 to me.

My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own.

Every boy in the West knew the Pope Manufacturing Company and the Columbia bicycle—the high, old-fashioned wheel which was then the only kind in general use. When I published my "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a kind of "connection." I had always noticed the Pope advertisements everywhere. 15 Everything about that company seemed to me progressive. As I learned afterwards, it was a maxim of Colonel Pope's that "some advertising was better than others, but all advertising was good."

Monday, the third of July, was one of those clear, fresh 20 days very common in Boston, where even in summer the air often has a peculiar flavor of the sea. I took the street car in from Somerville and got off at Scollay Square. From there I walked a considerable distance up Washington Street to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company at 597, near where Washington crosses Boylston. I 25 walked into the general office and said I wanted to see the president of the company.

"Colonel Pope?" inquired the clerk.

I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope."

30 I was taken to Colonel A. A. Pope, who was then an alert, progressive man of thirty-nine. He had been an officer in the Civil War when a very young man, and after he entered business had, within a few years, made a very

considerable fortune in manufacturing leather findings. Some years before this a Frenchman named Pierre Lallement had taken out a patent for wheels driven by pedals attached to the axle—the basic patent of the bicycle. Colonel Pope saw the possibilities of this patent and 5 bought it. Though his patent right was continually being contested, and he had constantly to employ several patent lawyers to protect it, he held it until it expired, and all other bicycle manufacturers had to pay Colonel Pope a tax of ten dollars on every wheel they manu- 10 factured.

I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an "ad" for a little book I had published. He said that he was sorry, but they were not giving out any more advertising that season. I replied 15 respectfully that I didn't want any more advertising; that I had been a college editor, and now was out of college and out of a job. What I wanted was work, and I wanted it very badly.

He again said he was sorry, but they were laying off 20 hands. I still hung on. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me if I had to go out of that room without a job. I had to have a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply. 25

"Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked.

I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks. "Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the down- 30 town rink?" he asked.

The clerk said he thought not.

"Very well," said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow."

The next day was the Fourth of July, and an extra man would be needed for that day.

5 I went to the bicycle rink on Huntington Avenue and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners to ride. Now, I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but I was in the predicament of the dog that had to climb a tree. In a couple of hours I had learned to ride a wheel myself and was teaching other people.

10 Next day Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He did not say anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid I would be told that I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and
15 I came back every day and went to work. I kept myself inconspicuous and worked diligently. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown rink, over the general offices of the Pope Company on Washington Street.

20 Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I had not been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He used often to say that "water would find its level," and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I
25 could edit a magazine.

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at just then—that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it; I could learn
30 to do it as I went along. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES FOR TALKS

Alone in the city	My interview
First visit to the city (country)	Learning to ride a bicycle (run an auto)
A loss I sustained	Working for the school paper
In a thunderstorm	Earning a dollar
A long hunt	Timely help
Out of money	Making myself useful
Applying for a job	When I was "boss"
A striking advertisement	
A wide-awake business house	A ready answer

OUTLINE

FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY (COUNTRY)

1. Introduction.
 - Age.
 - Circumstances.
2. Preparations.
 - Companions.
 - Plans.
3. The visit.
 - The journey.
 - The sights that impressed me.
 - The interesting things I did.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the personal appearance of an applicant for a position carries more weight than the written recommendations he may produce.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Select equivalent expressions for the following:

- a. If I had had my wits about me
- b. Water will find its level
- c. He forgot to discharge me
- d. The dog that had to climb a tree

2. Write a description of the author and Mr. Pope during the interview.
3. Write what Colonel Pope might have said had Mr. McClure replied that he could not wash windows or scrub floors.
4. Write the dialogue that you imagine took place when Mr. McClure met Wilmot and was told his duties.
5. Make a list of ten striking advertisements.
6. Make a list of five maxims that apply to business (for example, "Honesty is the best policy").
7. Explain what is meant by a patent.
8. Mr. McClure has become a successful publisher. What qualities do you think have enabled him to become successful?

COLLATERAL READING

McCLURE, My Autobiography; MARDEN, How they Succeeded; MARDEN, Pushing to the Front; FRANKLIN, Autobiography; EGGLESTON, Hoosier Schoolmaster; LARCOM, A New England Girlhood; PALMER, Life of Alice Freeman Palmer; RIS, Making of an American; TARBELL, Early Life of Abraham Lincoln; WILLIAMS, Some Successful Americans; ROOSEVELT, Autobiography; STANLEY, Autobiography; KELLER, Story of my Life; HOAR, Autobiography of Seventy Years; EASTMAN, An Indian Boyhood; GILDER, Autobiography of a Tomboy; GATES, Biography of a Prairie Girl.

YOU AND YOUR BOSS¹

GEORGE H. LORIMER

Omaha, September 1, 189—

Dear Pierrepont:

Yours of the 30th ultimo strikes me all wrong. I don't like to hear you say that you can't work under Milligan or any other man, for it shows a fundamental weakness. 5 And then, too, the house isn't interested in knowing how you like your boss, but in how he likes you.

I understand all about Milligan. He's a cross, cranky old Irishman, with a temper tied up in bowknots, who prods his men six days a week and schemes to get them 10 salary raises on the seventh, when he ought to be listening to the sermon; who puts the black snake on a clerk's hide when he sends a letter to Oshkosh that ought to go to Kalamazoo, and begs him off when the old man wants to have him fired for it. Altogether he's a hard, crabbed, gen- 15 erous, soft-hearted, loyal, bully old boy who's been with the house since we took down the shutters for the first time and who's going to stay with it till we put them up for the last time.

But all that apart, you want to get it firmly fixed in 20 your mind that you're going to have a Milligan over you all your life, and if it isn't a Milligan it will be a Jones or a Smith, and the chances are that you'll find them harder to get along with than this old fellow. And if it isn't Milligan or Jones or Smith, and you ain't a butcher, but a 25

¹From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son."

parson or a doctor, or even the president of the United States, it'll be a way-back deacon, or the undertaker, or the machine. There isn't any such thing as being your own boss in this world unless you're a tramp, and then 5 there's the constable.

Like the old man if you can, but give him no cause to dislike you. Keep your self-respect at any cost, and your upper lip stiff at the same figure. Criticism can properly come only from above, and whenever you discover that 10 your boss is no good you may rest easy that the man who pays his salary shares your secret. Learn to give back a bit from the base-burner, to let the village fathers get their feet on the fender and the sawdust box in range, and you'll find them making a little room for you in turn. Old 15 men have tender feet, and apologies are poor salve for aching corns. Remember that when you're in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and that when you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.

When you've got an uncertain cow it's all O.K. to tie 20 a figure eight in her tail if you ain't thirsty and it's excitement you're after, but if you want peace and her nine quarts you will naturally approach her from the side and say, "So, boss" in about the same tone that you would use if you were asking your best girl to let you hold her 25 hand.

Of course you want to be sure of your natural history facts and learn to distinguish between a cow that's a kicker, but whose intentions are good if she's approached with proper respect, and a hooker, who is vicious on general principles and any way you come at her. There's never any use fooling with an animal of that sort, brute or human. The only safe place is the other side of the fence or the top of the nearest tree.

When I was clerking in Missouri a fellow named Jeff Haskins moved down from Wisconsin and bought a little clearing just outside the town. Jeff was a good talker, but a bad listener, and so we learned a heap about how things were done in Wisconsin, but he didn't pick up much information about the habits of our Missouri fauna. When it came to cows he had had a liberal education and he made out all right, but by and by it got on to plowing time and Jeff naturally bought a mule—a little moth-eaten cuss with sad, dreamy eyes and droopy, wiggly-wiggly ears that swung in a circle as easy as if they ran on ball bearings. Her owner didn't give her a very good character, but Jeff was too busy telling how much he knew about horses to pay much attention to what anybody was saying about mules. So finally the seller turned her loose in Jeff's lot, told him he wouldn't have any trouble catching her if he approached her right, and hurried out of range.

Next morning at sunup Jeff picked out a bridle and started off whistling "Buffalo Gals"—he was a powerful pretty whistler and could do the "Mocking Bird" with variations—to catch the mule and begin his plowing. The animal was feeding as peaceful as a water-color picture, and she didn't budge; but when Jeff began to get nearer, her ears dropped back along her neck as if they had lead in them. He knew that symptom, and so he closed up kind of cautious, aiming for her at right angles, and gurgling, "Muley, muley, here, muley; that's a good muley," sort of soothing and caressing-like. Still she didn't stir, and Jeff got right up to her and put one arm over her back and began to reach forward with the bridle, when something happened. He never could explain just what it was, but we judged from the marks on his person

that the mule had reached forward and kicked the seat of his trousers with one of her prehensile hind feet, and had reached back and caught him on the last button of his waistcoat with one of her limber fore feet, and had 5 twisted around her elastic neck and bit off a mouthful of his hair. When Jeff regained consciousness he reckoned that the only really safe way to approach a mule was to drop on it from a balloon.

I simply mention this little incident as an example of 10 the fact that there are certain animals that the Lord didn't intend white men to fool with. And you will find that as a rule the human varieties of them are not the fellows who go after you roughshod, like Milligan, when you're wrong. It's when you come across one of 15 those gentlemen who have more oil in their composition than any two-legged animal has a right to have that you should be on the lookout for concealed deadly weapons.

I don't mean that you should distrust a man who is 20 affable and approachable, but you want to learn to distinguish between him and one who is too affable and too approachable. The adverb makes the difference between a good and a bad fellow. The bunco men aren't all at the county fair, and they don't all operate with the little 25 shells and the elusive pea. When a packer has learned all there is to learn about quadrupeds, he knows only one eighth of his business ; the other seven eighths, and the important seven eighths, has to do with the study of bipeds.

30 I dwell on this because I am a little disappointed that you should have made such a mistake in sizing up Milligan. He isn't the brightest man in the office, but he is loyal to me and to the house, and when you have been in

business as long as I have you will be inclined to put a pretty high value on loyalty. It is the one commodity that hasn't any market value, and it's the one that you can't pay too much for. You can trust any number of men with your money, but mighty few with your reputation. Half the men who are with the house on pay day are against it the other six. 5

A good many young fellows come to me looking for jobs, and start in by telling me what a mean house they have been working for, what a cuss to get along with the senior partner was, and how little show a bright, progressive clerk had with him. I never got very far with a critter of that class, because I know he wouldn't like me or the house if he came to work for us. 10

I don't know anything that a young business man ought to keep more entirely to himself than his dislikes, unless it is his likes. It's generally expensive to have either, but it's bankruptcy to tell about them. It's all right to say nothing about the dead but good, but it's better to apply the rule to the living, and especially to the house 15 that is paying your salary. 20

Just one word before I close, as old Doc Hoover used to say when he was coming into the stretch, but still a good ways off from the benediction. I have noticed you are inclined to be a little chesty and starchy around the 25 office. Of course it's good business when a fellow hasn't much behind his forehead, to throw out his chest and attract attention to his shirt front; but as you begin to meet the men who have done something that has made them worth meeting, you will find that there are no "keep off the grass" or "beware of the dog" signs around their premises, and they don't motion to the orchestra to play 30 slow music while they talk.

Superiority makes every man feel its equal. It is courtesy without condescension; affability without familiarity; self-sufficiency without selfishness; simplicity without snide. It weighs sixteen ounces to the pound without 5 the package, and it doesn't need a four-colored label to make it go.

We are coming home from here. I am a little disappointed in the showing that this house had been making. Pound for pound it is not getting nearly so much out of its 10 hogs as we are in Chicago. I don't know exactly where the leak is, but if they don't do better next month I am coming back here with a shotgun, and there's going to be a pretty heavy mortality among our head men.

Your affectionate father

John Graham

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

Why I like my boss	A shell game
A cranky old man	The brightest person I know
How to show loyalty to our school (club, etc.)	Looking for a job
When I become my own boss	An enterprising clerk
When I lost my temper	The job I like best
When tact won	A mean trick
The hardest time I ever had to keep my temper	When faultfinding didn't pay
A bad-tempered dog (goat, horse)	A letter from home
Harnessing the colt	An interesting letter
Up early	When I was overconfident
A kicking (runaway) horse	A reprimand
A courteous storekeeper	Pay day
A smooth talker	Loyalty to the boss
An affable superintendent (merchant)	A diamond in the rough
Sticking to the job	A Milligan I know
The procrastinator	A Pierrepont I know
	First impressions of my boss
	Asking for a "raise"

OUTLINE

Looking for a Job.

1. My need of work.
2. Advice from friends.
3. My letters of application.
 - a. Favorable replies.
 - b. Unfavorable replies.
4. My applications in person.
 - a. Where and why I failed.
 - b. Where I made a good impression.
5. Final success.
6. Lessons from the experience.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That John Graham's letter contains more helpful suggestions than "A Message to Garcia."

Resolved, That "push" accomplishes more than "pull."

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Explain

- a. Had lead in them
- b. Go after you roughshod
- c. Oil in their composition
- d. Too approachable
- e. The adverb
- f. The little shells and the elusive pea
- g. The important seven eighths
- h. With the house on pay day
- i. Coming into the stretch
- j. Chesty and starchy
- k. Hasn't much behind his forehead
- l. Slow music

2. Pick out and explain ten other similar expressions.
3. Select five alliterative expressions like "courtesy without condescension."
4. How did the mule's ears indicate its disposition?

5. Rewrite in your own words the paragraph beginning "Superiority makes every man feel its equal."
6. Condense into a paragraph the advice given by John Graham to his son in this letter.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Make a report on the Union Stockyards, Chicago.
2. What are the prominent meat-packing centers in this country?
3. Write a description of a country store.
4. Bring in a good business letter.
5. Write a letter on loyalty to your school.
6. Imagine that you received John Graham's letter. Write an answer.
7. Write a letter of advice to a chum, telling him how to succeed in his line.
8. Write a letter to your teacher, suggesting ways in which the class work may be improved.

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT, MASTER DIVER

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

What I am about to relate is not fiction. I stood by and saw it all ; it is true, word for word. There are half a dozen men yet alive who held their breath, as I did, in fear. They have never forgotten what they saw, and never will.

"Hung on like a terrier to a rat!" one old salt told me last winter, in speaking of the event. "Seemed to shake 'er too, same's if he had his teeth in 'er. Gosh! but I was skeered till I saw him come up and get his wind after that big sea hit him! Beat all what Captain Tom would do in them days!"

It all occurred years before, when the old salt now bent and grizzled was as hale and hearty as Captain Scott himself.

We were at the time, the old salt included, watching the movements of a sloop loaded with stone for the Light, — the property of an old man and his wife who could ill afford its loss. Owing to the bad seamanship of her captain, a man by the name of Baxter, the sloop had slipped her moorings from a safety buoy anchored within a hundred yards of the Rock, had been sucked in by the eddy of the Race, and with sail up was plunging bow on toward the lighthouse foundation. The error meant the sinking of the sloop and perhaps the drowning of some of her crew. It meant, too, hopeless poverty for the old man and his wife.

The weather had puzzled some of us since sunrise; little lumpy clouds showed near the horizon line, and sailing above these was a dirt spot of vapor, while aloft glowed some prismatic sun dogs, shimmering like opals.

5 Etched against the distance, with a tether line fastened to the safety buoy, lay Baxter's sloop—her sails furled, her boom swinging loose and ready, the smoke from her hoister curling from the end of her smoke pipe thrust up out of the forward hatch.

10 Below us on the concrete platform rested our big air pump, and beside it stood Captain Scott. He was in his diving dress, and at the moment was adjusting the breast-plates of lead, weighing twenty-five pounds each, to his chest and back. His leaden shoes were already on his feet.

15 With the exception of his copper helmet, the signal line around his wrist, and the life line about his waist he was ready to go below.

This meant that pretty soon he would don his helmet and, with a last word to his tender, would tuck his chin 20 whiskers inside the opening, wait until the faceplate was screwed on, and then with a nod behind the glass, denoting that air was coming all right, would step down his rude ladder into the sea to his place among the crabs and seaweed.

25 Suddenly my ears became conscious of a conversation carried on in a low tone around the corner of the shanty. "Old Moonface (Baxter) 'll have to git up and git in a minute," said a derrick man to a shoveler—born sailors these; "there'll be a rip-roarin' time 'round here 'fore night."

30 "Well, there ain't no wind."

"Ain't no wind, ain't there! See that bobble waltzing in?" Seaward ran a ragged line of silver, edging the horizon towards Montauk.

"Does look soapy, don't it?" answered the shoveler.
"Wonder if the cap'n sees it."

The captain had seen it,—fifteen minutes ahead of anybody else,—had been watching it to the exclusion of any other object. That was why he hadn't screwed on 5 his faceplate. He knew the sea, knew every move of the merciless, cunning beast. The game here would be to lift the sloop on the back of a smooth under-roller and with a mighty lunge hurl it like a battering-ram against the shore rocks, shattering its timbers into kindling wood. 10

The captain called to one of his men—another shoveler.

"Billy, go down to the edge of the stone pile and holler to the sloop to cast off and make for home. And, say,—"
this to his pump tender—"unhook this breastplate;
there won't be no divin' today. I've been mistrustin' the 15
wind would haul ever since I got up this mornin'."

The shoveler sprang from the platform and began clambering over the slippery, slimy rocks like a crab, his red shirt marked with the white X of his suspenders in relief against the blue water. When he reached the outer- 20 most edge of the stone pile, where the ten-ton blocks lay, he made a megaphone of his fingers and repeated the captain's orders to the sloop.

Baxter listened with his hands cupped to his ears.

"Who says so?" came back the reply. 25

"Cap'n Scott."

"What fur?"

"Goin' to blow; don't ye see it?"

Baxter stepped gingerly along the sloop's rail; when he reached the foot of the bowsprit this answer came over 30 the water: "Let her blow! this sloop's chartered to deliver this stone. We've got steam up and the stuff's going over the side; git your divers ready. I ain't shoving no

baby carriage, and don't you forgit it. I'm comin' on ! Cast off that buoy line, you—" (this to one of his men).

Captain Scott continued stripping off his leaden breast-
5 plate. He had heard his order repeated and knew that it had been given correctly, and the subsequent proceedings did not interest him. If Baxter had anything to say in answer, it was of no moment to him. His word was law on the Ledge ; first, because the men daily trusted their
10 lives to his guidance, and, second, because they all loved him with a love hard for a landsman to understand, especially today, when the boss and the gang never, by any possibility, pull together.

"Baxter says he's coming on, sir," said the shoveler,
15 when he reached the captain's side, the grin on his sun-burnt face widening until its two ends hooked over his ears. The shoveler had heard nothing so funny for weeks.

"Comin' on ! "

"That's what he hollered. Wants you to git ready to
20 take his stuff, sir."

I was out of the shanty now. I came in two jumps. With that squall whirling in from the eastward and the tide making flood, any man who would leave the protection of the spar buoy for the purpose of unloading
25 was fit for a lunatic asylum.

The captain had straightened up and was screening his eyes with his hand when I reached his side, his gaze riveted on the sloop, which had hauled in her tether line and was now drifting clear of the buoy. He was still
30 incredulous.

"No, he ain't comin'. Baxter's all right ; he'll port his helm in a minute, but he'd better send up his jib,—" and he swept his eye around,— "and that quick, too."

At that instant the sloop wavered and lurched heavily. The outer edge of the insuck had caught her bow.

Minds work quickly in times of great danger,—minds like Captain Scott's. In a flash he had taken in the fast-approaching roller, froth-capped by the sudden squall, 5 the surging vessel, and the scared face of Baxter, who, having now realized his mistake, was clutching wildly at the tiller and shouting orders to his men, none of which could be carried out. The captain knew what would happen—what had happened before, and what would 10 happen again with fools like Baxter—now, in a minute, before he could reach the edge of the stone pile, hampered as he was in a rubber suit that bound his arms and tied his great legs together. And he understood the sea's game and that the only way to outwit it would be to use 15 the beast's own tactics. When it gathered itself for the thrust and started in to hurl the doomed vessel the full length of its mighty arms, the sloop's safety lay in widening the space. A cushion of backwater would then receive the sloop's forefoot in place of the snarling teeth of the 20 low, crunching rocks.

He had kicked off both leaden-soled shoes now and was shouting out directions to Baxter, who was slowly and surely being sucked into the swirl: "Up with your jib! No, no! let that mainsail alone! UP! Do ye want 25 to git her on the stone pile, you—! Port your helm! PORT!! GOD! LOOK AT HIM!!

Captain Scott had slid from the platform now and was flopping his great body over the slimy, slippery rocks like a seal,—falling into water holes every other step, 30 crawling out on his belly, rolling from one slanting stone to another, shouting to his men every time he had the breath: "Man that yawl and run a line as quick as

God'll let ye out to the buoy! Do ye hear! Pull that fall off the drum of the h'ister and git the end of a line on it. She'll be on top of us in a minute, and the mast out of her! **QUICK!!**

5 The shoveler sprang for a coil of rope. The others threw themselves after him, while half a dozen men working around the small eddy in the lee of the diminutive island caught up the oars to man the yawl.

10 All this time the sloop, under the uplift of the first big Montauk roller,—the skirmish line of the attack,—surged bow-on to destruction. Baxter, although shaking with fear, had sense enough left to keep her nose pointed to the stone pile. The mast might come out of her, but that was better than being gashed amidships and sunk in

15 thirty fathoms of water.

The captain—his rubber suit glistening like a tumbling porpoise, his hair matted to his head—had now reached the outermost rock opposite the doomed craft and stood near enough to catch every expression that crossed Baxter's face, who, white as chalk, was holding the tiller with all his strength—cap off, his blowsy hair flying in the increasing gale, his mouth tight shut; no orders now would have done any good. Go ashore she must and would, and nothing could help her. It would be every 20 man for himself then; no help would come, no help could come. Captain Scott and his men would run for shelter as soon as the blow fell and leave them to their fate. Peanut men like Baxter are built to think that way.

25 30 All these minutes—seconds, really—the captain stood bending forward, watching where the sloop would strike, his hands outstretched in the attitude of a ball player awaiting a ball. If her nose should hit on the sharp,

square edges of one of the ten-ton blocks, God help her ! She would split wide open like a gourd. If by any chance her forefoot should be thrust into one of the many gaps between the enrockment blocks,—spaces from two to three feet wide,—and her bow timbers thus take the 5 shock, there was a living chance to save her.

A cry from Baxter, who had dropped the tiller and was scrambling over the stone-covered deck to the bowsprit, now reached the captain's ears, but he never altered his position. What he was to do must be done surely. Baxter didn't count, wasn't in the back of his head ; there were plenty of willing hands to pick Baxter and his men out of the suds.

Then a thing happened, which, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed possible. The water cushion 15 of the outsuck helped ; so did the huge roller which, in its blind rage, had underestimated the distance between its lift and the wide-open jaws of the rock, as a maddened bull often underestimates the length of its thrust, its horns falling short of the matador. 20

Whatever the cause, Captain Scott saw his chance, sprung to the outermost rock, and, bracing his snubbing posts of legs against its edge, reversed his body, caught the wavering sloop on his broad shoulders, close under her bowsprit chains, and pushed with all his might. 25

Now began a struggle between the strength of man and the lunge of the sea. With every succeeding onslaught, and before the savage roller could fully lift the staggering craft to her destruction, Captain Tom, with the help of the outsuck, would shove her back from the waiting rocks. 30 This was repeated again and again, the men in the rescuing yawl meanwhile bending every muscle to carry out the captain's commands. Sometimes his head was free

enough to shout his orders, and sometimes both man and bow were smothered in suds.

“Keep that fall clear !” would come the order. “Stand ready to catch the yawl ! Shut that—” (here a souse 5 would stop his breath) “shut that furnace door ! Do ye want the steam out of the b’iler—” etc., etc.

That the slightest misstep on the slimy rocks on which his feet were braced meant sending him under the sloop’s bow, where he would be caught between her forefoot and 10 the rocks and ground into pulp, concerned him as little as did the fact that Baxter and his men had crawled along the bowsprit over his head and dropped to the island without wetting their shoes, or that his diving suit was full of water and he soaked to the skin. Little things like these 15 made no more difference to him than they would have done to a Newfoundland dog saving a child. His thoughts were on other things—on the rescuing yawl speeding towards the spar buoy ; on the stout hands and knowing ones who were pulling for all they were worth to that anchor of 20 safety ; on two of his own men who, seeing Baxter’s cowardly desertion, had sprung like cats at the bowsprit of the sloop in one of her dives, and were then on the stern ready to pay out a line to the yawl. No ; he’d hold on.

A hawser now ripped suddenly from out the crest of 25 a roller. The two cats, despite the increasing gale, had succeeded in paying out a stern line to the men in the yawl, who, in turn, had slipped it through the snatch block fastened in the spar buoy and had then connected it with the line they had brought with them from the island, its 30 far end being around the drum of our hoister.

A shrill cry now came from one of the crew in the yawl alongside the spar buoy, followed instantly by the clear, ringing order, “GO AHEAD !”

A burst of feathery steam plumed skyward, and then the slow chuggity-chug of the shore-drum cogs rose in the air. The stern line straightened until it was as rigid as a bar of iron; sagged for an instant, under the slump of the staggering sloop; straightened; and then, slowly, 5 foot by foot, the sloop, held by the stern line, crept back to safety.

And this to save a friend and his old wife from loss and, perhaps, poverty!

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

A timely act	A successful boss
A sudden storm	Preventing an accident
A lighthouse I have seen	A dangerous job
A dangerous dive	Learning to swim
When we capsized	How I fell in
A man I admire	A fool stunt
How it happened	A cowardly act
A fight with the current	The cost of disobedience
A swim for life	A spring freshet
Saving a dog	A trip in a motor boat
A close call	How Binns saved the <i>Republic</i>
A daring rescue	The first time I saw the ocean
A poor man's loss	Man overboard

OUTLINE

A SUCCESSFUL BOSS

1. Who he is.
2. How I came to know him.
3. His personal appearance.
4. How he manages his men.
5. Qualities that help him win success.
6. What I most admire in him.
7. Lessons I can learn from him.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That a sailor runs more risks than does a miner.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Make a list of

- a. The fine qualities shown by Captain Scott
- b. Words used in connection with the sea
- c. Slang words and expressions

2. Explain the meaning of

- a. Old salt
- b. A dirt spot of vapor
- c. A ragged line of silver
- d. The merciless, cunning beast
- e. The boss and gang never pull together
- f. A cushion of backwater
- g. The snarling teeth
- h. Man that yawl
- i. In its blind rage
- j. His snubbing posts of legs

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Draw a diagram showing the position of the island, spar buoy, sloop, yawl, drum, and connecting hawser.
2. Tell briefly, but exactly, how Captain Scott saved the schooner.
3. Make a list of the characters.
4. Describe how the foundation for the lighthouse was laid.
5. Tell the class how Captain Scott saved the loaded ferryboat.
6. Write a short biography of F. Hopkinson Smith, showing his varied career.
7. Make a list of the interesting stories that the author has written.
8. Give an outline of the story of Caleb West.
9. Give a brief account of our lighthouse service.
10. Tell of the work of divers in the submarine E 4 tragedy (May, 1915).

11. Describe briefly the work of diving for one of the following:

- a. Pearls
- b. Coral
- c. Sunken treasure

12. Explain the idiomatic use of the following words:

a. Salt	e. Peanut
b. Bobble	f. Skeered
c. Flopping	g. Cats
d. Blowsy	h. Ten-ton

COLLATERAL READING

GRENFELL, Adrift on an Ice Pan; WALLACE, The Lure of the Labrador Wild; DANA, Two Years before the Mast; SMITH, Caleb West; CRANE, The Red Badge of Courage; COOPER, The Pilot; PAYNE, The Book of Buried Treasure; HOLLAND, Historic Adventures; DUNCAN, Doctor Luke of the Labrador; LODGE and ROOSEVELT, Hero Tales from American History; MOFFATT, Careers of Danger and Daring; COE, Heroes of Everyday Life; SMITH, The Fortunes of Oliver Horn.

FINANCING A PANIC

HENRY M. WOOLEY

I went down into the Wall Street district one day, when my store at Junction Square was two years old, and climbed the granite steps of a bank building. There is something about a bank that makes one feel solemn—
5 perhaps a bit gloomy. I did feel gloomy that day.

I was received in the private office of the president, Mr. Ashton Fillmore, then a leading financier among the commercial banks of Manhattan. He was a tall, portly old man, well fed and groomed like a Chesterfield. One
10 could scarcely meet him without a sense of awe, which was enhanced by the ponderous magnificence of his office furnishings.

“I am Addison Broadhurst, the Junction Square merchant,” I said, introducing myself without preamble. I
15 had never met Banker Fillmore.

“Be seated, sir,” said he.

I sat down in a cavernous leather chair.

“Mr. Fillmore,” I began,—with a directness I had acquired from repeated practice during the last two days,—
20 “Mr. Fillmore, I need money. I wish to borrow twenty thousand dollars for sixty days.”

Fillmore sat tapping with something like impatience on the polished surface of his great mahogany desk. He did not look at me. Indeed, his whole air was that of a
25 man who wished to get an unpleasant affair over with as quickly as possible.

"You are not the only merchant from Junction Square who has been here on the same errand, Mr. Broadhurst," he returned. "To all of them I have given the same answer. Money is not to be had at any price. In all my experience as a banker I have never before seen a 5 time when money was practically a retired commodity, so far as loans were concerned."

"I have a rapidly growing business," said I. "Up to the time the panic set in, my sales were increasing 50 per cent or more a month. I have the location, the organization, and the goods the people need. I lack money to tide me over this depression. The sudden check in trade has left me with an expensive plant; the charges must be met, sir. I have a fortune in sight at Junction Square, but I haven't quite connected with it. Now if 15 your bank will make this loan, at whatever rate of interest you please, I am willing to place my deposit account with you. It will develop into a most valuable account, I am sure."

"It is useless to talk about it," said Fillmore.

20

"I should like to demonstrate to you the truth of my assertions," I insisted. "I should be most pleased to go over with you my financial affairs, my opportunities, and my plan of operation. I am doing business on a thoroughly sound basis—a basis I worked out through careful 25 analysis and a thorough study of conditions. I am catering chiefly to the necessities of the people of New York; I am selling the things they must buy, to a large extent, even in hard times. If I had not been exceedingly conservative and farseeing I might have branched out 30 during the last year or two and loaded up my business with a regular department-store stock. In fact, I had planned to do this, but I foresaw the financial troubles

that have come at last. You will give me credit, I hope, for extreme caution—even wisdom. I claim to be a specialist in reading the markets, present and future. On that, sir, I have staked the success of my store."

5 "If I recollect right," he observed quietly, "you were in business somewhere before."

"At Lost River," I admitted.

"What became of that business? I have forgotten."

"That business," said I, "is no criterion by which to 10 judge me today. I was a beginner then, and I failed because I undertook a thing without knowing how. If you can disabuse your mind of any possible prejudice that may be there—wipe Lost River off the slate absolutely, as I myself have done—I can demonstrate to you the 15 soundness of my present undertaking. I have laid my foundations deeply; they will support one of the largest stores in New York some day. I am positive of it."

I saw a faint smile come on the face of this astute old financier. He had heard such talk often, no doubt; every 20 banker does. But not every man who makes such statements can back them up with facts and figures. I could, but Ashton Fillmore would not give me the chance.

"Mr. Broadhurst," said he, with finality, "our bank cannot lend you twenty thousand dollars nor even a thousand dollars. Without regard to your record at Lost River, we must refuse your application. There are certain of our regular patrons that we are taking care of, so far as we can; but outsiders are impossible—utterly hopeless—at a time like the present. You will excuse me, 30 please; I am very much engaged."

I got up, and I am sure the angry blood was in my face. However, I had learned the value of self-control, and I merely said, "Good day, Mr. Fillmore" and walked out.

Now this was the tenth time I had repeated scenes of this sort, one after another in rapid succession. I relate the Fillmore conversation merely because it is typical of them all. It illustrates two things: first, the desperate financial situation that confronted not only New York 5 but the whole country; second, the taint left on a man's career by one unsuccessful and poorly managed undertaking. There is nothing that hurts a man more than failure—in the eyes of the world; there is nothing that helps him more than success. Thus I need not emphasize 10 further the great importance of building up a successful structure brick by brick from the start.

Yet my own history should be worth while to men who have tried and failed, as I did down at Lost River. No matter how many Bunker Fillmores there are in your 15 town, it may not be necessary to throw up the sponge.

If I had possessed the limited grit of some merchants I know, these Fillmores of New York would have counted me out during that panic. And I admit they would have been justified in so doing. Banks handle other people's 20 money, and when they let it get out of their fingers they must be sure it goes to men who will not lose it. If you wish a bank to finance you, it is necessary to demonstrate that you are out of the primary grade in business—a long way out of it. 25

Let me say, too, that the time to do this demonstrating is before a panic, not during one. This was a point I had neglected. My banking connections had not been properly gauged and established with a view to my future needs. There are times when it is advisable for most 30 concerns to borrow money, sometimes heavily. I know great business houses that boast of never borrowing a dollar, and I grant them the right to that policy if they

can operate successfully and economically on such basis. As for me, I have found it more profitable to borrow than to sustain an enormous cash capital, part of which must lie idle at times in order to be available when needed.

5 Grant, then, that the banks are established for a legitimate double purpose: caring for deposits and lending money. This being the case, the important problem for the merchant or manufacturer is to discover why banks lend to some individuals or business houses and refuse 10 others.

Fillmore and all the other bankers in New York refused to lend me money at the time of which I now speak. It was up to me to establish my credit so that no matter how great the money stringency of the nation I could walk 15 into one bank or another and say, with confidence, "I need twenty thousand dollars."

I was downhearted, I confess, after two days of interviews with iron men like Ashton Fillmore. I had started out with the belief that money certainly must be available for a business such as mine. It seemed incredible, now that I had tried to get it and failed, that a going concern with brilliant prospects should be denied the working funds it needed temporarily. That the crisis was merely temporary, I knew. The world was not going to 25 pieces because a few groups of speculators had frightened the cash into hiding.

Yet here I was, apparently at the end of my string. The situation confronting me was similar, in a way, to that other situation when I came up to New York from 30 Lost River to seek cash for my unfortunate department store down there. Yet, in reality, there could be no comparison between one of these crises and the other. On the former occasion I sought to finance a concern that failed

in every way to meet banking requirements ; on the latter occasion I was prepared to withstand the severe tests of the shrewdest old bankers in Manhattan.

So you see there are times even with the most ably managed business when its salvation depends, not on the 5 banks but on the resource and ingenuity of its owners.

When I finally abandoned the bankers I went up to see Higgins in the office of his employers, the silk importers. Of course I did not expect to get money from him, for he had little, at best. What I wanted was merely 10 a confidential discussion of a certain plan that had flashed across my mind the night previous. Higgins, like myself, had become a close student of business. Lost River had thoroughly sobered him and made an analytical chemist of him. Many a concern needs a chemist more 15 than anything else—not a pharmaceutical chemist, but one who is versed in the reagents, reactions, and equations of the making and marketing of goods.

“You’re on the right track, as usual,” Higgins said, when I told him what I intended doing. “Go ahead, 20 Broadhurst, and play the game for all there is in it. The time will come when no banker in New York will show you the door ; mark my word ! ”

“Thanks ! ” said I ; “hereafter one of my ambitions will be to get the bankers coming after me and then to 25 tell them I don’t need them. Of course banks are a convenience, Hig, and a few days ago it seemed as if their help in this present juncture were absolutely indispensable. But I believe now that I can get along without them.”

“There are always more ways than one to do a thing,” 30 opined Higgins. “Most men lay too much stress on cash and too little on their own inventive ability. Now that

I think of it, a great many of the world's most important achievements have been accomplished in the face of poverty. In fact, I believe the lack of cash often acts as the stimulus to achievement. With money coming along ⁵ readily and easily from some comfortable annuity, a man isn't so apt to get down to brass tacks and make things hum."

I had occasion to remember this observation not a great while later. Higgins never spoke truer words. Had I ¹⁰ been able to borrow that twenty thousand dollars it isn't likely I'd have turned disaster into opportunity.

I bade Higgins good day and went over to Great Jones Street to see Joel Langenbeck. Before taking any important step I usually consulted him. His judgment was ¹⁵ unerring.

I think I have said already that the great secret of Langenbeck's remarkable success was his push. No panic ever daunted him. And now, as we sat talking together, he told me some stirring incidents about former troubles ²⁰ of this sort he'd been through. I wish I had time and space to repeat them here, but can merely quote a part of his advice to me.

"The way to beat out a panic," he said, "is to get out and hustle. It's just the time to hustle, Broadhurst, ²⁵ when most of the other fellows have gone back and lain down. I've made more money during depressions than during many a so-called prosperous spell. No, I don't say it's easy to do it, but it can be done very often. It takes science, and knowledge of the people, and that sort ³⁰ of thing. Above all, it takes mighty hard work and a heap of detailed thinking. Some men will tell you that it takes unlimited capital. In some kinds of business this is true, no doubt. Indeed, there are many forms of business

that can't be pushed in hard times. Take a rolling-mill for example. All the push in the world wouldn't sell steel to a railroad that was clawing off a receiver. But if a man has only one horse in his barn, of course he can't ride when the beast gets the glanders. Unless a man has 5 capital enough to live on during a time of general disaster, he should plan to have more than one angle to his business. If he can't sell broadcloth he should be able to turn over cheap basket cloth, for instance. If he can't sell oranges he can at least make a drive on prunes. No, 10 sir; a poor man should not invest all his capital in a steel plant. The rich fellows can stand a shutdown once in a while. They can take their vacations then and go to Europe."

"Well," said I, "I sell many kinds of goods, but Fate has 15 been trying to retire me on a long vacation, nevertheless."

"Then get Fate on the run, Broadhurst; an able-bodied young chap like you should be able to do it. Many an older man is doing it right along. There's old Mallett, with his big shoe factory over in Brooklyn. 20 Why, Mallett nearly went broke before he discovered how to handle a panic. Now he regards dull times as his chance. He owns a lot of steel stock, too, and part of a silverware plant. When times are booming he makes big 25 money out of these latter enterprises, but when the slump comes he chuck's his stock away in a safe-deposit vault and doesn't bother his head over it. He gets busy with shoes. He knows that people must buy shoes, even if they refuse point-blank to buy silver and steel. It's a cinch that they're not going barefoot."

"Other manufacturers make shoes, too," I suggested.

"Yes, but Mallett sells his shoes by pure push. He fits the market out with just the sort of shoe it will stand, and

then his organization gets down to real work. You'll find his goods in every nook of the land. If you want to know what push means, talk to Mallett."

"Thanks for the hint as to shoes," said I. "I'll hitch 5 shoes to this present scheme of mine."

CASH, BUT NOT FROM BANKERS

I had expanded my selling space up at Junction Square, under the pressure of the good times preceding the panic, but now I had almost double the space I needed. Space is expensive when it isn't being used profitably, but unfortunately a merchant can't chop his store in the middle, as he can his pay roll.

After talking with Joel Langenbeck I took a little trip up into New England and visited a lot of manufacturers. They were a mixed lot, too. Some of them made under- 15 wear; some household utensils like frying pans, clothes wringers, ash shovels, and so on indefinitely; some made wearing apparel of the less expensive variety. I'll not enumerate all the kinds of manufactories I visited, for the list is a long one. Every one of them, however, turned out 20 some article of necessity, not of luxury. I skipped all the luxury plants for the time being.

Wherever I went I found the same story. For example, up in Providence I introduced myself to a big, sad-looking man named Maloney—of the Maloney Scarf & Knitting 25 Works.

"Hang it all," said he, "the country has gone plumb to the dogs! Look out there in the shop! You don't see any hum of industry, do you?"

I confessed that I didn't. I saw a lot of machines, but 30 they were all silent.

"Well," he went on, "come take a look in our stock rooms."

I went upstairs with him, where I saw a lot of stuff stacked up to the ceiling. He'd been caught long on it when the panic hit his concern.

5

"Can't sell it for love or money!" he snapped. "If I had the cash that is tied up in that stuff, Mr. Broadhurst, I'd be able to pay my grocery bills, at least. As it is, I'm standing off a hundred little creditors at my house, to say nothing of the big ones that swoop down on me ¹⁰ here at the office."

At the period of which I am talking just now, people were strong on jerseys—women and children especially. A jersey was a necessity then, just as much as a pair of mittens or a cap. These garments took the place of ¹⁵ coats to quite an extent, and they were gorgeous with color.

Well, Maloney had heaps of these knitted jerseys—expensive, medium, and cheap. He had counted on a fine winter's business.

20

"Send the medium-priced and cheap ones down to me at New York," said I. "I'll take them off your hands, if you'll give me a chance to sell them before you send down any sight drafts. I want a rock-bottom price, however—the very lowest. If I sell these jerseys, Maloney, they've ²⁵ got to go cheap. I'm getting ready for the biggest 'economy' sale Junction Square ever saw. There's to be no snide about it, remember. I mean to scale down my own profit to the lowest possible figure that will let me out; and if I take your stuff, you must do the same. My ³⁰ aim is to make a lightning turnover of the biggest volume of merchandise ever handled there at the Square in a month. Every article or piece of goods that goes to make

up that sale is to be an absolute necessity—no oil paintings, pianos, or brass inkstands, remember. What do you say, Maloney? Do you want me to get rid of those goods for you?"

5 "Yes," said he emphatically; "take 'em quick!"

Similar conversations took place at most of the other plants I visited, and thus I came into possession of a huge quantity of merchandise that filled the spaces of my store to their utmost capacity. We had a mighty heap of soap,
10 of the laundry variety chiefly; we had scores of little glass lamps that would cheapen the gas bills of customers; we had cotton blankets that would do very well in place of wool during hard times; we had calico, challis, muslin, and serges—not all of them the cheapest, by any means,
15 but every yard priced at a most emphatic bargain. I remember one tricot in particular that I got at cost and featured heavily.

It was at this time, too, that I inaugurated the manufacturing end of my business. In following out my plan
20 to give the people the best line of necessities I could handle at low prices, I studied, in turn, all the various articles in common use and viewed them in the critical light of the customers themselves. In the course of this procedure I reached women's hats and bonnets. But when I tried to
25 find headgear that met the standard of quality and inexpensiveness I had set, I found myself unable to do it.

"Why not make up a lot of hats yourself?" suggested Higgins.

"Done!" I exclaimed on the instant.

30 That was the beginning of my varied manufacturing industry of today, which runs into big figures. It includes at the present time many kinds of apparel, and other things as well.

My panic hats had no silk velvet or aigrettes on them, I assure you, but they made an instant hit. The women had to have hats despite the hard times. And my millinery establishment produced distinctive goods that were far below the usual prices. It was my aim to discover 5 the lowest price for which I could sell them; thus I reversed the policy of many merchants then and now. I can put my fingers on establishments that are going broke because they are trying to extract the last dollar from a shy, backward public. 10

All these things I did quickly. I had no money for time-consuming maneuvers or for hesitating manufacturers. My whole campaign was based on speed. Speed in selling, you know, is often the keynote to success. I shortened my time schedule all through, like a railroad. 15 I put on some fliers, as it were, and cut out a lot of the stops.

My funds did not permit me to advertise through expensive mediums, so I fell back on spectacularism. I was after the common people, remember, and I went after 20 them hard. I hired two brass bands, one with a drum major; I placarded the exterior of my store and draped the building from top to bottom; I flooded my zone with flaming circulars. All through, the theme was opportunity due to the panic. I made capital out of disaster. 25

In my advertising I told the story of my trip through New England and dwelt on the huge stocks of unsalable merchandise I had seen. I gave some of the conversations I'd had with desperate manufacturers and jobbers. I took the people into my confidence and showed them how 30 I had undertaken to place within their immediate reach the goods they must buy anyhow, sooner or later. If they bought now of me they would save from 10 to 50 per cent.

Then I conducted some rather lurid advertising at the store itself. I did many spectacular things that centered attention upon me. Once get the attention of the public, and half the battle is won.

5 Yes, I would do all these things over again today if I found it necessary. To escape bankruptcy and get on the upgrade again a merchant is justified in any advertising that isn't fraudulent. I have small patience with those cultured gentlemen who sit back and let their establishments die because they don't like undignified advertising. Neither do I. It displeases me and rubs my sense of the artistic. I am an art adviser today so far as possible. But I tell you I meant to pull through that panic if I had to turn art into a daub of purple ink with BROADHURST 15 written across it in red. I didn't give a whoop for harmony of colors just then. I wanted cash.

One thing I did was to organize a chorus of twenty voices, made up from my store organization, and every morning, exactly when the doors were unlocked, this 20 chorus sang—standing on a platform at the back of the store. The novelty of this opening song was heralded all over New York. Large crowds came to hear it, and there was scarcely anybody for a mile around who wasn't talking about it.

25 One of the bands played at noon and from four to six every day. The other band paraded the streets for an hour or two in the afternoon, accompanied by suitable advertising announcements.

Then for the children I had a dog and cat show, and we 30 had hard work handling the crowds that came to see it.

As Christmas approached, many were the holiday selling plans I put through. I'll not attempt to go into detail. It's the main theme I want to make clear, not the incidents.

Higgins came up one December day to see the fun, and he found it hard to get through the store to my office.

"I thought these were panic times," he observed, when he finally reached me, somewhat disheveled. "I've understood from the financial columns of the newspapers that there was absolutely no money in circulation. Why, there was a list of business troubles in the *Sun* this morning half a column in length. In practically every instance the cause was given as lack of ready cash. Yet up here in ⁵ your store, Broadhurst, I see the money pouring over the counters in a thousand rivulets, like a spring freshet."

"That's it, exactly," I returned. "No matter how hard times may be, Hig, there are always a million springs within reach that will flow with real cash if they are ¹⁵ skillfully tapped. I've demonstrated that, and hereafter I know how to handle a panic scare when it comes sneaking around my doors trying to dodge in. The way to frighten off a panic is to make things everlastinglly lively. Panics don't like vim and activity and noise. The food ²⁰ they feed on is made up of croaks, discouragement, and lonesome places of business."

"I just saw Pillsbury across the street," said Higgins. "I came past his store, and he was standing outside, watching the crowd over here. His own store was nearly empty. ²⁵ That's a fine store of his, too. He's got better fixtures than you have, Broadhurst; and when it comes to style and atmosphere you don't come up to his patella. He's got as good a store as we had down at Lost River."

"Yes," I agreed, "Pillsbury & Piper have a splendid ³⁰ establishment, true enough. You know they've branched out a whole lot since they started. Piper didn't like the cheap merchandise; it rubbed him the wrong way to

mix with ordinary people. He thought his firm ought to go out after the swells. That's what they've been doing over there during the last year, you know. Yes, and they got quite a lot of swells coming their way. I used 5 to see a whole string of carriages lined up afternoons, and one of the last enterprises Pillsbury put through before the panic was to hire a colored man and rig him up in crimson velvet. He wore a waistcoat of corded silk, and his knickerbockers had buckles below the knees. I understand 10 he made quite a hit with the people who came in their equipages. His job was to show his teeth to them and open the doors of their carriages."

"What's become of him?" asked Higgins. "I didn't see him there when I came past."

15 "I hear he's got a job shoveling snow for the city. When the hard times settled down he suffered from ennui out there on Pillsbury's sidewalk. Now I don't mean to deprecate the rich as customers, Hig. When the time comes I'm going after them myself. But until a fellow 20 gets established, crimson-velvet flunkies should be kept off the staff."

"Why doesn't Pillsbury hire a brass band?" Higgins inquired.

25 "Because Piper doesn't care for any music except Wagner's, so I've heard. Besides, swell customers won't come when a brass band plays. It's only the common people who respond to 'Marching through Georgia.' That's another advantage of having the great bulk of mankind on your customers' list. Oh, this game of selling 30 is an intricate one," I added; "it's a game with all sorts of curious kinks. It's as deep a study as medicine, and a lot of fellows fail at it because they are simply quacks. They haven't studied it at all."

Well, to be brief, Pillsbury & Piper hung on until after Christmas ; then they gasped a few times and quit. It was just about this time that the panic showed signs of abating.

In my store, however, the panic had abated weeks previous. In fact, I had more than twenty thousand dollars on hand, and I didn't have to use it in payment of any promissory note.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

An interview	Exercising self-control
Borrowing money	Showing "grit"
Saving money	My bank account
A growing business	Starting a bank account
When I needed money	How I lost money
What I would do with a thousand dollars	How I made money
My failure in business	Marketing goods
A blunt refusal	A hustler
Why I was angry	A piece of good advertising
	Finding customers

OUTLINE

- My Bank Account.
 - 1. The bank.
 - a. Location.
 - b. Rate of interest.
 - c. Why selected.
 - 2. Regulations.
 - a. Application.
 - b. Pass book.
 - c. Withdrawals.
 - 3. Advantages.
 - a. Savings at interest.
 - b. Safety.
 - c. Inculcates habits of thrift.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That it is better for a boy to put his money in a savings bank than to invest it himself.

Resolved, That it is better to put money in a savings bank than to put it into life insurance.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. State the strongest argument advanced by Mr. Broadhurst when he tried to borrow money at the bank.
2. Give the principal reason why the banker refused to lend him the money he wanted.
3. In the sentence "There are certain of our regular patrons that we are taking care of, so far as we can; but outsiders are impossible—utterly hopeless—at a time like the present," explain "regular patrons," "taking care of," "outsiders," "a time like the present."
4. Discuss the statement "There is nothing that hurts a man more than failure—in the eyes of the world; there is nothing that helps him more than success." Is the statement true?
5. "Banks are established for a legitimate double purpose: caring for deposits and lending money."

Explain more fully the business of a bank.

6. Mention "some important achievements that have been accomplished in the face of poverty."

7. Explain the following business terms:

a. Financier	f. Panic
b. Retired commodity	g. Speculator
c. Depression	h. Receiver
d. Plant	i. Capital
e. Deposit account	j. Sight draft

8. In what ways did Broadhurst show good judgment in conducting his business?

9. What were some of the best features of Broadhurst's advertising scheme?
10. Why did Pillsbury & Piper fail?

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Report on one of the following:
 - a. The panic of 1873
 - b. The panic of 1896
2. Explain the difference between a savings bank and a national bank.
3. Explain the working of a coöperative bank.

WHY I BELIEVE IN POVERTY

EDWARD W. BOK

A number of my very good readers cherish an opinion that often I have been tempted to correct, a temptation to which I now yield. My correspondents express the conviction variously, but this extract from a letter is a 5 fair sample :

It is all very easy for you to preach economy to us when you do not know the necessity for it : to tell us how, as, for example, in my own case, we must live within my husband's income of eight hundred dollars a year, when you have never 10 known what it is to live on less than thousands. Has it ever occurred to you, born with the proverbial silver spoon in your mouth, that theoretical writing is pretty cold and futile compared to the actual hand-to-mouth struggle that so many of us live, day by day and year in and year out—an experience 15 that you know not of ?

"An experience that you know not of" ! Now how far do the facts square with this statement ? Whether or not I was born with the proverbial "silver spoon in my mouth" I cannot say. It is true that I was born of well-20 to-do parents. But when I was six years old my father lost all his means and faced life at forty-five, in a strange country, without even necessaries. There are men and their wives who know what that means—for a man to try to "come back" at forty-five, and in a strange country !

25 I had the handicap of not knowing one word of the English language. I went to a public school and learned

what I could. And sparse morsels they were ! The boys were cruel, as boys are. The teachers were impatient, as tired teachers are.

My father could not find his place in the world. My mother, who had always had servants at her beck and call, faced the problems of housekeeping that she had never learned nor been taught. And there was no money.

So, after school hours, my brother and I went home, but not to play. After-school hours meant for us to help a mother who daily grew more frail under the burdens that she could not carry. So, not for days but for years, we two boys got up in the gray, cold winter dawn, when the bed feels so snug and warm to growing boys, and we sifted the cold ashes of the day before's fire for a stray lump or two of unburned coal, and with what we had or could find we made the fire and warmed up the room. Then we set the table for the scant breakfast, went to school, and directly after school we washed the dishes, swept, and scrubbed the floors. Living in a three-family tenement, each third week meant that we scrubbed the entire three flights of stairs from the third story to the first, as well as the doorsteps and the sidewalk outside. The latter work was the hardest, for we did it on Saturdays with the boys of the neighborhood looking on none too kindly, or we did it to the echo of the crack of the ball and bat on the adjoining lot !

In the evening, when other boys could sit by the lamp or study their lessons, we two boys went out with a basket and picked up wood and coal in the neighboring lots, or went after the dozen or so pieces of coal left from the ton of coal put in that afternoon by one of our neighbors, with the spot hungrily fixed in mind by one of us during the

day, hoping that the man who carried in the coal might not be too careful in picking up the stray lumps!

"An experience that you know not of"! Don't I?

At ten years of age I got my first job: washing the windows of the baker's shop at fifty cents a week. In a week or two I was allowed to sell bread and cakes behind the counter after school hours for a dollar a week—handing out freshly baked cakes and warm, deliciously smelling bread, when scarcely a crumb had passed my mouth that day!

Then on Saturday mornings I served a route for a weekly paper and sold my remaining stock on the street. It meant from sixty to seventy cents for that day's work.

I lived in Brooklyn, New York, and the chief means of transportation to Coney Island at that time was the horse car. Near where we lived the cars would stop to water the horses, the men would jump out and get a drink of water, but the women had no means of quenching their thirst. Seeing this lack I got a pail, filled it with water and a bit of ice, and, with a glass, jumped on each car on Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday and sold my wares at a cent a glass. And when competition came—as it did very quickly when other boys saw that a Sunday's work meant two or three dollars—I squeezed a lemon or two in my pail, my liquid became "lemonade," and my price two cents a glass, and Sundays meant five dollars to me.

Then, in turn, I became a reporter evenings, an office boy daytimes, and learned stenography at midnight!

My correspondent says she supports her family of husband and child on eight hundred dollars a year, and says I have never known what that means. I supported a

family of three on six dollars and twenty-five cents a week—less than one half of her yearly income. When my brother and I, combined, brought in eight hundred dollars a year we felt rich !

I have for the first time gone into these details in print ⁵ so that my readers may know, at first hand, that the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is not a theorist when he writes or prints articles that preach economy or reflect a hand-to-hand struggle on a small or an invisible income. There is not a single step, not an inch, on the road of ¹⁰ direst poverty that I do not know or have not experienced. And having experienced every thought, every feeling, and every hardship that come to those who travel that road, I say today that I rejoice with every boy who is going ¹⁵ through the same experiences.

Nor am I discounting or forgetting one single pang of the keen hardships that such a struggle means. I would not today exchange my years of the keenest hardship that a boy can know or pass through for any single experience that could have come to me. I know what it means, not ²⁰ to earn a dollar but to earn two cents. I know the value of money as I could have learned it or known it in no other way. I could have been trained for my life work in no surer way. I could not have arrived at a truer understanding of what it means to face a day without a ²⁵ penny in hand, not a loaf of bread in the cupboard, not a piece of kindling wood for the fire—with nothing to eat, and then be a boy with the hunger of nine and ten, with a mother frail and discouraged !

“An experience that you know not of”! Don’t I, my ³⁰ friend?

And yet I rejoice in the experience, and I repeat: I envy every boy who is in that condition and going through

it. But—and here is the pivot of my strong belief in poverty as an undisguised blessing to a boy—I believe in poverty as a condition to experience, to go through and then to get out of—not as a condition to stay in. "That's 5 all very well," some will say, "easy enough to say, but how can you get out of it?" No one can definitely tell another that. No one told me. No two persons can find the same way out. Each must find his way for himself. That depends on the boy. I was determined to get out of 10 poverty because my mother was not born in it, could not stand it, and did not belong in it. This gave me the first essential—a purpose. Then I backed up the purpose with effort and a willingness to work, and to work at anything that came my way, no matter what it was so 15 long as it meant "the way out." I did not pick and choose; I took what came and did it in the best way I knew how, and when I didn't like what I was doing I still did it well while I was doing it, but I saw to it that I didn't do it any longer than I had to do it. I used 20 every rung in the ladder as a rung to the one above. It meant effort, of course,—untiring, ceaseless, and unsparing,—and it meant work, hard as nails. But out of the effort and the work came the experience, the upbuilding, the development, the capacity to understand and sympathize,—the greatest heritage that can come to a boy. And nothing in the world can give that to a boy, so that it 25 will burn into him, as will poverty.

That is why I believe so strongly in poverty, the greatest blessing in the way of the deepest and fullest experience that can come to a boy; but, as I repeat, always as 30 a condition to work out of, not to stay in.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

A heavy handicap	My hardest study, and why
After-school work	I should master it
Helping at home	Practicing economy
A cold morning	Seizing an opportunity
Early-morning work	A struggle for a living
Sifting ashes	A magazine I like
Saturday jobs	My plan for home study
Working for a purpose	When I was hungry
My paper route	A self-made man
Starting a business	A successful business woman

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the public school is better for a boy or girl than the private school.

Resolved, That the average boy can work out of poverty as the author did.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Make a list of the things which the author did to earn money.
2. Make a list of the things you have done to earn money.
3. Write a theme on your most successful scheme for making money.
4. Make a list of famous men
 - a. Who began life in poverty
 - b. Who began life rich
 - c. Who began life in ordinary circumstances
 - d. Who never became wealthy
5. In one sentence tell why the author believes in poverty.
6. What is the first essential in getting out of poverty?
7. What opportunities does your neighborhood offer to a poor boy?
8. Explain the meaning of the famous saying "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

9. Explain the following expressions :
 - a. Born with the proverbial silver spoon in your mouth
 - b. Hand-to-mouth struggle
 - c. Beck and call
 - d. A hand-to-hand struggle on a small or an invisible income
 - e. Work hard as nails
10. Make a list of
 - a. Your necessities
 - b. Your luxuries
 - c. Define necessities and luxuries

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. How a foreigner learned English.
2. Poverty : what I understand by being really poor.
3. A famous American who rose from poverty (a brief sketch).
4. A famous American who remained poor (a brief sketch).
5. A famous American who was born rich (a brief sketch).
6. Give a brief account of the life of a successful man whom you know personally. Precede your account by an outline.

COLLATERAL READING

FARIS, Men who made Good ; FARIS, Making Good ; FIELD, What is Success? KNOWLSON, The Art of Success ; LEW, Manhood Making ; LINDSAY, What is Worth While? BOK, Successward ; BOLTON, Lives of Girls who became Famous ; BOLTON, Lives of Poor Boys who became Famous.

COLUMBUS¹

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules ;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said : "Now must we pray, 5
For lo ! the very stars are gone ;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say ?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on ! sail on ! and on !'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak." 10

The stout mate thought of home ; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn ?"

"Why, you may say, at break of day, 15
'Sail on ! sail on ! sail on ! and on !'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said :
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead. 20

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said, "Sail on ! sail on ! and on !"

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They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;

He curls his lip, he lies in wait

With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

5 Brave Admiral, say but one good word,

What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leaped like a leaping sword,

"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

10 Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck

And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—

"A light! A light! A light! A light!"

It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

15 He gained a world; he gave that world

Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

What the poem teaches me

When my courage failed

Things I admire in Columbus

When my chums deserted me

A discovery I made (in geography, physics, etc.)

My childhood fears

What perseverance will help me do (in algebra, shopwork, etc.)

How I won the medal (prize, etc.)

When I was homesick

My first trip away from home

Lost in the dark

When I almost gave up

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That perseverance has accomplished more than genius.

Resolved, That poetry is more inspiring than prose.

Resolved, That a statue of Columbus would be more appropriate in New York Harbor than the statue of "Liberty enlightening the World."

CLASS EXERCISES

1. "The gray Azores." Why "gray"?
2. What are the "Gates of Hercules"?
3. Why were they so called?
4. Explain the expression "the ghost of shores."
5. What does "shoreless seas" mean?
6. Explain "mutinous."
7. Put in your own words "A spray of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek."
8. Explain "as winds might blow."
9. Why "blanched" mate?
10. What is implied in lines 19-20, p. 105?
11. What winds are referred to in line 21, p. 105?
12. Explain the use of the dash in line 23, p. 105.
13. How does the repetition in line 1, p. 106, strengthen the impression?
14. What is meant by "shows his teeth," line 2, p. 106?
What figure of speech is here used?
15. Explain "leaped," line 7, p. 106.
16. Who speaks in line 12, p. 106?
17. What is meant by "flag," line 13, p. 106?
18. Explain "Time's burst of dawn."
19. Make a list of the forceful verbs and adjectives in the poem.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Give a brief sketch of the life of Columbus.
2. Make a list of the most famous works of Joaquin Miller.
3. Describe the poet's life in the Muir Woods.
4. Give the story of "The Revenge," by Lord Tennyson.
5. Make a list of the contrasted words and expressions used in this poem.
6. What strange notions of the sea did the sailors of the fifteenth century have?

7. Who was in command of each of the other three ships under Columbus?
8. Who was "the good mate"?
9. How did Columbus try to explain the variation in the compass?
10. What other men have given the world a great example of perseverance?

COLLATERAL READING

TENNYSON, The Revenge ; TENNYSON, Ulysses ; TENNYSON, Sir Galahad ; TENNYSON, The Voyage ; TENNYSON, The Voyage of Maeldune ; TENNYSON, The Defense of Lucknow ; BROWNING, How They Brought the Good News ; BROWNING, An Incident of the French Camp ; BROWNING, Hervé Riel ; BROWNING, Saul ; BROWNING, Count Gismond ; BROWNING, Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came ; BROWNING, Pheidippides ; BROWNING, Clive ; WHITTIER, The Angels of Buena Vista ; WHITTIER, My Psalm ; WHITTIER, Barbara Frietchie ; WHITTIER, Abraham Davenport ; WHITTIER, The Eternal Goodness ; HARTE, John Burns at Gettysburg ; SILL, Opportunity ; MACAULAY, Horatius ; HALLECK, Marco Bozzaris ; KIPLING, The Explorer ; KIPLING, If ; KIPLING, The English Flag.

THE LITTLE WOMAN AND THE BUSY MAN

ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

There was never a man so besottedly in love, so firmly convinced of his wife's shining virtues, that down in his secret soul he didn't believe half her fussing over domestic matters to be quite unnecessary, and wasn't convinced that he could handle the servant problem without trouble 5 if it came within his province.

And there's seldom a married man who doesn't sooner or later say, with a greater or less degree of forbearance, according to his temperament and training: "My dear, there's no sense in putting up with such things. I wouldn't 10 stand it for a moment. If she isn't satisfactory discharge her and get someone else. I have no such trouble in the office. If a boy or man isn't what he should be I simply fire him and hire another. That's the way to run things. The moment you truckle to your employees, that moment 15 you get poor service and impertinence. They don't respect an employer who isn't masterful. You must make your maid understand that you are mistress in your own house, instead of cringing before her and humoring her and sacrificing the family comfort to her whims." 20

A very young wife is likely to argue the question: to point out that the situation in the office and the one in the home are totally different; that the supply of office boys and the supply of competent general-housework servants do not balance; that the loss of a cook means more se- 25 rious discomfort than the changing of a bookkeeper; that

every mortal has the defects of his qualities; and that when a servant has a host of good qualities, allowances must be made for faults and she must be handled diplomatically for the sake of her virtues.

5 The Little Woman achieved positive eloquence along this line during the first year of married life. Then, being a sensible Little Woman, she realized that irrefutable logic and incontrovertible fact left her liege lord of the same opinion still, so she gave up argument. When the
10 Busy Man was moved to hold forth upon the subject of servant management she smiled amiably and thought about other and pleasanter things. The hardy perennial border which she intended to plant in her garden, whenever they should acquire the farm of her dreams, furnished a most
15 delectable retreat at such moments and gave her grace to say none of the truthful but unflattering things which she might have thought of if she had not been busy planting phlox and delphinium.

Every wife would do well to cultivate a hardy border
20 of one kind or another, and a tired husband might find a reclaimed orchard or a model stable a pleasant refuge in time of trouble.

The one subject which usually precipitated the Busy Man's discussion of the servant problem was a pleading
25 request that he should try to be at home in time for dinner. In spite of all the Little Woman's knowing theories about mutual understanding and her appreciation of a workingman's trials, she did cling to the purely feminine idea that dinner should be served at a given
30 hour, and shrewdly suspected that a lack of conviction in regard to the sanctity of the dinner hour frequently had as much to do with the Busy Man's tardiness as pressure of office work.

So once in a while, when the deity presiding over the kitchen showed signs of profound disgruntlement, the Little Woman made her plea, and the Busy Man was invariably surprised and hurt.

"Do you suppose, my dear, that I stay at the office 5 late by way of self-indulgence?" he would ask with over-emphasized politeness, his halo showing a reprehensible inclination to tip over sidewise.

"Why, of course not, dear; but sometimes, perhaps, you don't realize how late it is and go on working at 10 something that can't be finished before the next day, anyway—and ten or fifteen minutes does make such a difference in Emmeline's temper. When you don't get home till eight or half past, you see, she can't get out in the evening at all, and—" 15

"If Emmeline doesn't like our meal hours, discharge her and get a girl who will be reasonable over accidental delays. Just have it understood from the first that dinner is often late and that you won't stand for any bad temper." 20

He was started.

The Little Woman wandered off along the hardy border, and the man, seeing the absent look in her eyes, pulled himself up and apologized.

"Of course you manage beautifully, Honey, and Em- 25 meline certainly can cook; but you're such a duck and so good-hearted that anybody can impose upon you. You mustn't let a servant bully you. Just assert yourself and lay down the law. Tell her what's what, and if she doesn't like it tell her to pack and go." 30

The Little Woman decided to plant the Canterbury bells just in front of the Madonna lilies. White and blue were so lovely together in a garden.

The Busy Man's hours continued to be most erratic, and Emmeline was soothed, placated, bribed, into serenity. The household ran with apparent smoothness. When the Busy Man came home a good dinner and a cheerful wife were waiting, and all was outwardly serene, although there were times when the Little Woman looked fagged and showed faint signs of quivering nerves.

It was in January that the looking fagged became a habit and that her eyes began to look so big and her face so white; and it was on the first of February that she was taken to the hospital for an operation, the Busy Man for once forgetting his office and given over to blind, helpless panic, although outwardly he kept up a pathetic, white-lipped pretense of manly self-control and wide-spreading cheerfulness.

All that last day at home she was planning for his comfort during her absence and holding long conferences with Emmeline—a softened, sympathetic Emmeline, furiously wiping tears from her black cheeks and divided 'twixt distress over the Little Woman's danger and awful joy in the dramatic situation.

When the doctor came with the carriage the Busy Man went with him into the Little Woman's room. She was writing at her desk and looked up, smiling.

"I'm all ready except my coat and hat. Give these to Emmeline, will you, Dick? They're the menus for two weeks. I'll be back by that time."

The Man went hastily toward the kitchen with a mist over his eyes and something clutching at his heart.

She'd be back by that time if—

"Don't worry, darling," she said later, as she bade him good-by before the operation. "It's coming out

all right. I'm not a bit afraid. I'll be back home again before you know I'm gone, and Emmeline will take splendid care of you—and Dick, do be just a little careful about her, won't you? She's such a good maid I'd hate to lose her." 5

When he went home, five hours later, limp and shaken, Emmeline gathered him in and fed him the things he liked best and praised the Lord the "bressed lamb" was "gettin' on so fine," until he caught a little of her buoyant optimism, and grim fear relaxed its merciless grip on his 10 heart.

For a week all went well at hospital and home. Then the tension began to relax and life to resume its normal values. The Little Woman was practically out of danger. The call of business made itself heard more insistently. 15 There was much to be done in the office, and there was no wife waiting at home to greet him.

He stayed a little later than usual one night. The next night he was later still. The thing went on for a week, and Emmeline's face began to lengthen. Her mistress was getting well, her sympathy declined, and the memory of the Little Woman's entreaties before leaving home grew fainter and fainter. The "two weeks" lengthened into three, seemed likely to lengthen into four or five, and the third week Emmeline's temper burst the 25 bonds of her loyalty.

When the Busy Man came home to dinner at eight o'clock on one Friday evening, she served him an excellent dinner with quiet skill, but he noticed that she did not lend herself readily to cheerful conversation, as had 30 been her custom since the Little Woman's absence had thrown upon her shoulders the responsibility of "chirking the master up."

After the dinner dishes were washed and the kitchen put in order, Emmeline made her appearance in the living room, where the Busy Man sat reading the evening paper.

5 He looked up at her, smiling, but the smile died a violent death as he saw her face.

Here was an Emmeline he did not know—an Emmeline with lips set and a deep furrow between her eyes, with shoulders resolutely squared and arms akimbo.

10 Determination was writ large upon her. Even her well-starched apron crackled defiantly.

“If you please, suh, I’ve come to give notice.”

She was respectful but firm.

15 To find the enemy heaving solid shot across his bows without any preliminaries threw the Busy Man into helpless confusion.

He tried a mild joke upon her. It fell feebly away from her majestic dignity.

“Of co’se I’ll not go befoh the madam comes home,”
20 she explained. “I wouldn’t leave her in a fix that way—an’ her sick; but she’ll be comin’ along right soon now, and I’m givin’ notice so’s you-all can get somebody else in as soon’s she’s home an’ settled.”

The Busy Man put down his paper and stared at the
25 disturber of his peace in consternation.

“But you mustn’t go that way, Emmeline. Mrs. Randolph wouldn’t know what to do—she mustn’t be worried—I really don’t see—why, what in the deuce is the matter, anyway?”

30 Even as he spoke a sense of guilt sent the blood to his face, and he cast a furtive look at the clock.

“Yes, suh,” said Emmeline, following his eyes. “An’ I can’t stay nowhere where I can’t have my evenin’s.”

He recognized an ultimatum when he met one. This was an ultimatum.

"Well, of course, I was a little late this evening. A man dropped in and delayed me, but that was an accident. It doesn't happen often, I—" 5

"You've been late every night this week."

"Oh, not every night."

"Yes, suh. I didn't get to church, an' I didn't get to my lodge, an' I missed a party I was goin' to an' had a new blue dress for, an' I jes' natch'ly can't stan' it. I wouldn't mind missin' an evenin' once in a while,—I allus told the madam so,—but I can't get along this way nohow, so I'd better go."

Now here was a heaven-sent chance to demonstrate his capacity for handling labor crises and employees. 15

The Busy Man realized his opportunity, but in some way or other his system did not seem to fit the case. He had never had an office boy just like Emmeline. Office boys did not deliver ultimatums. They did not put their hands on their hips and calmly propose shattering the 20 peace and comfort of a home.

Of course the thing to do was to carry out the program he had so often outlined to his wife—to say, "You may go at once; here is your money," and close the interview with a majestic wave of the hand; but he had 25 a sudden vision of the Little Woman's face when she would hear that Emmeline was going, and his heart sank within him.

The Scotts had had six cooks since Christmas. Three of them drank, and one stole Mrs. Scott's silk stockings, 30 and one had ten callers in a single evening, and one gave paregoric to the baby. And the Wilsons—well, Wilson had been obliged to take most of his meals at

the club all winter because they couldn't get a servant who could boil water without a recipe.

And Courtney never dared take a friend home to dinner unexpectedly—and then the Little Woman was still so 5 white and weak. She wouldn't be strong for a long time yet, and every little thing would worry her. Why, she cried now at the drop of a hat.

"I don't think you ought to leave this way, Emmeline," he said with a heroic effort to be calmly judicial. "Mrs. 10 Randolph will come home far from well, and she won't feel equal to training a new maid. I should think you'd have some consideration for her."

Emmeline looked at him without the slightest symptom of relenting. She had this futile man creature where she 15 wanted him, and she realized that this was the time for a demonstration that would make her pathway smoother in the future.

"I ain't got nothin' against the madam. She's allus treated me white. Many a time I'd a' left if she hadn't 20 been so nice; but I'm a workin' woman, an' I've got to think about myself."

The Busy Man quite lost hold upon the curt dismissal and the majestic hand wave and cast about him for a life preserver. The idea common to all men that the 25 blackest of grievances can be settled on a money basis came to his rescue, and he temporized weakly.

"If your wages aren't satisfactory, Emmeline,—"

A gleam of inspiration lighted the gloomy eyes.

"Well, I'd ought to have thirty dollars anywhere."

30 "That will be all right. I'll raise your wages to thirty."

"Yes, suh. Thank you, suh. But I've got to have my evenin's, an' you can't get home at seven, an' so I'm sorry, but I'll have to go."

He looked at her helplessly. She was so big, so unyielding, so competent, so essential.

A sudden appreciation of the Little Woman's trials and of her surpassing diplomatic skill flooded his brain. After all, women knew how to cope with domestic problems. For a moment he hesitated, ashamed to strike his colors, afraid to flaunt them. Then he surrendered unconditionally.

"I guess I can arrange about the dinner hour, Emmeline. You can count on my being here at seven." 10

"Yes, suh. That'll be all right. Thank you kindly for the raise, suh."

She swept out of the room like a galleon under full sail, but in the kitchen she gave way to subdued chuckles.

"Ain't I allus said the madam wuz too easy with him?" 15 she said gayly to the teakettle. "You've suah got to be masterful with them men—an' that five a month wuz jes' velvet, jes' silk velvet. I never would a' thought of it."

The next morning, at the hospital, the Busy Man led 20 the conversation adroitly around to household matters.

"By the way," he said carelessly, "I raised Emmeline's wages yesterday. She's taken awfully good care of things since you've been away."

The Little Woman beamed upon him. "Why, Dick! 25 how sweet of you! But can we afford it?"

"Oh, well, good servants are scarce. I guess we can stand it."

She lay looking at him from behind drooping lashes, and the ghost of a smile hovered around her lips. 30

"Now I wonder what really happened at home, and what Emmeline did to him," she said to herself. But because, as has been said before, she was a wise little

woman and knew that when a man is struggling, in Chinese parlance, to "save his face," it is a foolish thing to let him know he is not accomplishing the feat, she asked him no embarrassing questions.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

A busy man (woman)	The party
An office boy	A labor crisis
My flower garden	Taking care of the baby
In the hospital	How I saved my face
When I was sick	My housework
Washing dishes	Getting dinner
My kitchen work	A cooking experiment
An ultimatum	How I cared for a sick person
An accident	A lesson in promptness

OUTLINE

MY FLOWER GARDEN

1. The Plot.
 - a. Location.
 - b. Area.
2. Preparation of soil.
 - a. Cultivation.
 - b. Fertilizer.
3. Planting seeds and bulbs.
 - a. Time.
 - b. Method.
4. Care of plants.
 - a. Protection from insects.
 - b. Watering.
5. Success attained.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the woman who cares for a home has a harder time than the man who manages an office.

Resolved, That women who engage in domestic service should receive as high wages as those who do office work.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Explain the following:

a. Truckle	d. Irrefutable
b. Liege lord	e. Reprehensible
c. Perennial	f. Placated

2. "The situation in the office and the one in the home are totally different." In what respects are they different?
3. "The loss of a cook means more serious discomfort than the changing of a bookkeeper." Is that true? Explain.
4. What are the qualities of a good servant?
5. What are the most common faults of a servant?
6. If you were a housekeeper what measures would you take to make your servants contented?
7. In what instances was the Busy Man tactful?
8. In what situations did the servant show tact?

BILLY TOPSAIL

NORMAN DUNCAN

What befell old Tom Topsail and his crew came in the course of the day's work. Fishermen and seal hunters, such as the folk of Ruddy Cove, may not wait for favorable weather: when the fish are running, they must fish; when the seals are on the drift-ice offshore in the spring, they must hunt.

So on that lowering day, when the seals were sighted by the watch on Lookout Head, it was a mere matter of course that the men of the place should set out to the hunt.

10 "I s'pose," Tom Topsail drawled, "that we'd best get under way."

Bill Watt, his mate, scanned the sky in the northeast. It was heavy, cold, and leaden—fluffy gray towards the zenith, and black where the clouds met the barren hills.

15 "I s'pose," said he, catching Topsail's drawl, "that 'twill snow afore long."

"Oh, ay," was the slow reply, "I s'pose 'twill."

Again Bill Watt faced the sullen sky. He felt that the supreme danger threatened—snow with wind.

20 "I s'pose," he said, "that 'twill blow, too."

"Oh, ay," Topsail replied indifferently, "snow 'n' blow. We'll know what 'twill do when it begins," he added. "Billy, b'y!" he shouted.

In response Billy Topsail came bounding down the 25 rocky path from the cottage. He was stout for his age, with broad shoulders, long thick arms, and large hands.

There was a boy's flush of expectation on his face and the flash of a boy's delight in his eyes. He was willing for adventure.

"Bill an' me'll take the rodney," Topsail drawled. "I s'pose you might's well fetch the punt, an' we'll send 5 you back with the first haul."

"Hooray!" cried Billy; and with that he waved his cap and sped back up the hill.

"Fetch your gaff, lad!" Topsail called after him. "Make haste! There's Joshua Rideout with his sail up. 10 'Tis time we was off."

"Looks more'n ever like snow," Bill Watt observed while they waited. "I'm thinkin' *'twill* snow."

"Oh, maybe 'twon't," said Topsail, optimistic in a lazy way. 15

The ice floe was two miles or more off the coast; thence it stretched to the horizon—a vast, rough, blinding white field, formed of detached fragments. Some of the "pans" were acres in size; others were not big enough to bear the weight of a man; all were floating free, rising and falling 20 with the ground swell.

The wind was light, the sea quiet, the sky thinly overcast. Had it not been for the threat of heavy weather in the northeast, it would have been an ideal day for the hunt. The punt and the rodney, the latter far in the lead, 25 ran quietly out from the harbor with their little sails all spread. From the punt Billy Topsail could soon see the small, scattered pack of seals—black dots against the white of the ice.

When the rodney made the field the punts of the harbor 30 fleet had disappeared in the winding lanes of open water that led through the floe. Tom Topsail was late. The nearer seals were all marked by the hunters who had

already landed. The rodney would have to be taken farther in than the most venturesome hunter had yet dared to go—perilously far into the midst of the shifting pans.

5 The risk of sudden wind—the risk that the heavy fragments would “pack” and “nip” the boat—had to be taken if seals were to be killed.

“We got to go right in, Bill,” said Topsail, as he furled the rodney’s sails.

10 “I s’pose,” was Watt’s reply, with a backward glance to the northeast. “An’ Billy?”

“‘Tis not wise to take un in,” Topsail answered hastily. “We’ll have un bide here.”

15 Billy was hailed and, to his great disappointment, warned to keep beyond the edge of the floe. Then the rodney shot into the lane, with Topsail and Bill Watt rowing like mad. She was soon lost to sight. Billy shipped his sail and paddled to the edge of the ice, to wait, as patiently as might be, for the reappearance of the rodney.

20 Patience soon gave way to impatience, impatience to anxiety, anxiety to great fear for the lives of his father and the mate, for the offshore gale was driving up; the blue-black clouds were already high and rising swiftly.

At last there came an ominous puff of wind. It swept 25 over the sea from the coast, whipping up little waves in its course—frothy little waves, that hissed. Heavy flakes of snow began to fall. As the wind rose they fell faster, and came driving, swirling with it.

With the fall of the first flakes the harbor fleet came 30 pell-mell from the floe. Not a man among them but wished himself in a sheltered place. Sails were raised in haste, warnings were shouted; then off went the boats, beating up to harbor with all sail set.

"Make sail, lad!" old Elisha Bull shouted to Billy, as his punt swung past.

Billy shook his head. "I'll beat back with father!" he cried.

"You'll lose yourself!" Elisha screamed, as a last 5 warning, before his punt carried him out of hail.

But Billy still hung at the edge of the ice. His father had said, "Bide here till we come out," and "bide" there he would.

He kept watch for the rodney, but no rodney came. 10 Minute after minute flew by. He hesitated. Was it not his duty to beat home? There was still the fair chance that he might be able to make the harbor. Did he not owe a duty to his mother—to himself?

But a crashing noise from the floe brought him in- 15 stantly to a decision. He knew what that noise meant. The ice was feeling the force of the wind. It would pack and move out to sea. The lane by which the rodney had entered then slowly closed.

In horror Billy watched the great pans swing together. 20 There was now no escape for the boat. The strong probability was that she would be crushed to splinters by the crowding of the ice; that, indeed, she had already been crushed; that the men were either drowned or cast away on the floe. 25

At once the lad's duty was plain to him. He must stay where he was. If his father and Bill Watt managed to get to the edge of the ice afoot, who else was to take them off?

The ice was moving out to sea, Billy knew. The pans were crunching, grinding, ever more noisily. But he let 30 the punt drift as near as he dared, and so followed the pack towards the open, keeping watch, ever more hopelessly, for the black forms of the two men.

Soon, so fast did the sea rise, so wild was the wind, his own danger was very great. The ice was like a rocky shore to leeward. He began to fear that he would be wrecked.

5 Time and again the punt was nearly swamped, but Billy dared not drop the oars to bail. There was something more. His arms, stout and seasoned though they were, were giving out. It would not long be possible to keep the boat off the ice. He determined to land on
10 the floe.

But the sea was breaking on the ice dead to leeward. It was impossible to make a landing there, so with great caution he paddled to the right, seeking a projecting point behind which he might find shelter. At last he came to a
15 cove. It narrowed to a long, winding arm which apparently extended some distance into the floe.

There he found quiet water. He landed without difficulty at a point where the arm was no more than a few yards wide. Dusk was then approaching. The wind was
20 bitterly cold, and the snow was thick and blinding.

It would not be safe, he knew, to leave the boat in the water, for at any moment the shifting pans might close and crush it. He tried to lift it out of the water, but his strength was not sufficient. He managed to get the bow
25 on the ice; that was all.

"I'll just have to leave it," he thought. "I'll just have to trust that 'twill not be nipped."

Near by there was a hummock of ice. He sought the lee of it, and there, protected from the wind, he sat
30 down to wait.

Often, when the men were spinning yarns in the cottages of Ruddy Cove of a winter night, he had listened, open-mouthed, to the tales of seal hunters who had been

cast away. Now he was himself drifting out to sea. He had no fire, no food, no shelter but a hummock of ice. He had the bitterness of the night to pass through—the hunger of tomorrow to face.

“But sure,” he muttered with characteristic hopefulness, “I’ve a boat, an’ many a man has been cast away without one.”

He thought he had better make another effort to haul the boat on the ice. Some movement of the pack might close the arm where it floated. So he stumbled towards the place.

He stared round in amazement and alarm; then he uttered a cry of terror. The open water had disappeared.

“She’s been nipped!” he sobbed. “She’s been nipped—nipped to splinters! I’ve lost meself!”

15

Night came fast. An hour before, so dense was the storm, nothing had been visible sixty paces away; now nothing was to be seen anywhere. Where was the rodney? Had his father and Bill Watt escaped from the floe by some new opening? Were they safe at home? Were they still on the floe? He called their names. The swish of the storm, the cracking and crunching of the ice as the wind swept it on—that was all that he heard.

For a long time he sat in dull despair. He hoped no longer.

25

By and by, when it was deep night, something occurred to distract him. He caught sight of a crimson glow, flaring and fading. It seemed to be in the sky, now far off, now near at hand. He started up.

“What’s that?” he muttered.

30

Meanwhile, under the powerful strokes of old Tom Topsail and Bill Watt, the rodney had followed the open leads into the heart of the floe. From time to time

Watt muttered a warning; but the spirit of the hunt fully possessed Tom, and his only cry was: "Push on! Push on!"

5 Seal after seal escaped, while the sky darkened. He was only the more determined not to go back empty handed.

"I tells you," Watt objected, "we'll not get out. There's the wind now. And snow, man—snow!"

10 The warning was not disregarded. Topsail thought no more about seals. The storm was fairly upon them. His only concern was to escape from the floe. He was glad, indeed, that Billy had not followed them. He had that, at least, to be thankful for.

15 They turned the boat. Bending to the oars, they followed the lane by which they had entered. Confusion came with the wind and the snow. The lay of the pans seemed to have changed. It was changing every moment, as they perceived.

20 "Tom," gasped Watt, at last, "we're caught! 'Tis a blind lead we're in."

That was true; the lane had closed. They must seek another exit. So they turned the boat and followed the next lane that opened. It, too, was blocked.

25 They tried another, selected at random. In that blinding storm no choice was possible. Again disappointment; the lane narrowed to a point. They were nearly exhausted now, but they turned instantly to seek another way. That way was not to be found. The lane had closed behind them.

30 "Trapped!" muttered Watt.

"Ay, lad," Topsail said solemnly, "trapped!"

They rested on their oars. Ice was on every hand. They stared into each other's eyes.

Then for the second time Watt ran his glance over the shores of the lake in which they floated. He started, then pointed in the direction from which they had come. Topsail needed no word of explanation. The ice was closing in. The pressure of the pack beyond would soon obliterate the lake. They rowed desperately for the nearest shore. 5

The ice was rapidly closing in. In such cases, as they knew, it often closed with a sudden rush at the end, crushing some pan which for a moment had held it in check. 10

When the boat struck the ice Watt jumped ashore with the painter. Topsail, leaping from seat to seat, followed instantly. At that moment there was a loud crack like a clap of thunder. It was followed by a crunching noise. 15

"It's comin'!" screamed Topsail.

"Heave away!"

They caught the bow, lifted it out of the water, and with a united effort slowly hauled it out of harm's way.

A moment later there was no sign of open water. 20

"Thank God!" gasped Topsail.

By this time the storm was a blizzard. The men had no shelter, and they were afraid to venture far from the boat in search of it. Neither would permit the other to stumble over the rough ice, chancing its pitfalls, for 25 neither cared to be lost from the other.

Now they sat silent in the lee of the upturned boat, with the snow swirling about them; again they ran madly back and forth; yet again they swung their arms and stamped their feet. At last, do what they would they 30 shivered all the time. Then they sat quietly down.

"I'm wonderful glad Billy is safe home," Watt observed.

"I wisht I was sure o' that," said Topsail. "It looks bad for us, Bill, lad. The ice is drivin' out fast, an' I'm thinkin' 'twill blow steady for a day. It looks wonderful bad for us, an' I'd feel—easier in me mind—about the lad's mother—if I knowed he was safe home."

Late in the night Topsail turned to Watt. He had to nudge him to get his attention. "It's awful cold, Bill," he said. "We got the boat, lad. Eh? We got the boat."

"No, no, Tom! Not yet! We'd be sure doomed without the boat."

Half an hour passed. Again Topsail roused Watt.

"We're doomed if we don't," he said. "We can't stand it till mornin', lad. We can't wait no longer."

Watt blundered to his feet. Without a word he fumbled in the snow until he found what he sought. It was the ax. He handed it to Topsail.

"Do it, Tom!" he said thickly. "I'm near gone."

Topsail attacked the boat. It was like murder, he thought. He struck blow after blow, blindly, viciously; gathered the splinters, made a little heap of them, and set them afire. The fire blazed brightly. Soon it was roaring. The ice all around was lighted up. Above, the snow reflected the lurid glow.

Warmth and a cheerful light put life in the men. They crept as close to the fire as they could. Reason would shut out hope altogether, but hope came to them. Might not the storm abate? Might not the wind change? Might not they be picked up? In this strain they talked for a long time; and meanwhile they added the fuel, splinter by splinter.

"Father! 'tis *you*!"

Topsail leaped to his feet and stared.

"'Tis Billy!" cried Watt.

Billy staggered into the circle of light. He stared stupidly at the fire. Then he tottered a step or two nearer and stood swaying, and again he stared at the fire in a stupid way.

"I seed the fire!" he mumbled. "The punt's nipped, 5 sir—an' I seed the fire—an' crawled over the ice. 'Twas hard to find you."

Tom Topsail and Bill Watt understood. They, too, had traveled rough ice in a blizzard, and they understood.

Billy was wet to the waist. That meant that, blinded 10 by the snow or deceived by the night, he had slipped through some opening in the ice, some crack or hole. The bare thought of that lonely peril was enough to make the older men shudder. But they asked him no questions. They led him to the fire, prodigally replenished it, and set him down between them. By and by he was so far recovered that he was able to support his father's argument that the wind had not changed.

"Oh, well," replied Watt, doggedly, "you can say what you likes, but I tells you that the wind's veered to the 20 south. 'Twould not surprise me if the pack was drivin' Cape Wonder way."

"No, no, Bill," said Topsail, sadly; "there's been no change. We're drivin' straight out. When the wind drops the pack'll go to pieces, an' then—" 25

Thus the argument was continued, intermittently, until near dawn. Of a sudden, then, they heard a low, far-off rumble. It was a significant, terrifying noise. It ran toward them, increasing in volume. It was like the bumping that runs through a freight train when the engine 30 comes to a sudden stop.

The pack trembled. There was then a fearful confusion of grinding, crashing sounds. Everywhere the ice

was heaving and turning. The smaller pans were crushed ; many of the greater ones were forced on end ; some were lifted bodily out of the water, and fell back in fragments, broken by their own weight. On all sides were noise and awful upheaval. The great pan upon which the seal hunters had landed was tipped up—up—up—until it was like the side of a steep hill. There it rested. Then came silence.

Bill Watt was right : the wind had changed ; the pack ⁵ had grounded on Cape Wonder. The three men from Ruddy Cove walked ashore in the morning.

Billy was the first to run up to the house. He went through the door like a gale of wind.

"We're safe, mother!" he shouted.

¹⁵ "I'm glad, dear," said his mother, quietly. "Breakfast is ready."

When Billy was older he learned the trick his mother had long ago mastered—to betray no excitement, whatever the situation.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

In the day's work	When danger threatened
My friend the fisherman	A rough adventure
Country people I know	A wild sea
Good fishing	Breakers
How I caught a deep-sea fish	In a sailboat
A day on the ice	A fishing vessel
When the ice breaks up	Rowing a boat
A lowering day	Making a landing
An ideal day	Left alone
A hunting trip	An anxious moment
A blizzard	Lost
Common weather signs	A cool head
Below zero	A laconic friend

OUTLINE

A Blizzard

1. Introduction (place, circumstances, indications of an approaching storm, preparations for meeting the storm).
2. Description of storm (appearance of sky, wind, snowflakes, muffled sounds, changes in landscape, drifts).
3. After the storm (beauties of the landscape, shoveling paths, clearing away the snow, difficulties of travel).

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the life of a deep-sea fisherman gives more opportunity for bravery than does that of a railroad engineer.

Resolved, That the life of a fisherman is more hazardous than that of a lumberman.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Explain
 - a. The fish are running
 - b. Billy slipped his sail
 - c. A blind lead
 - d. Dead to leeward
2. Make a list of five expressions which show that Norman Duncan knows sea life well and is a close observer; for example: "it stretched to the horizon—a vast, rough, blinding white field, formed of detached fragments"; "frothy little waves, that hissed."
3. Select five good examples of description.
4. Why did Tom Topsail and Billy Watt discuss the direction of the wind?
5. State in writing what saved Billy's life.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. The Banks of Newfoundland.
2. The fur-seal fisheries.
3. A fishing dory (description).
4. A deep-sea fishing schooner (description).

5. Common nautical words and expressions.
6. The government's care of fisheries.
7. Dr. Grenfell and his work in Labrador.

COLLATERAL READING

DICKENS, David Copperfield (chap. iv); COOPER, The Pilot (chap. v); DANA, Two Years before the Mast; KIPLING, Captains Courageous; SPEARS, The Story of New England Whalers; PHELPS, A Singular life; PHELPS, Jack the Fisherman; GRENFELL, Adrift on an Ice Pan; CONNOLLY, Out of Gloucester; DUNCAN, Doctor Luke of the Labrador; DUNCAN, Adventures of Billy Topsail; DUNCAN, Billy Topsail and Company; HUBBARD, A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador.

BRICKLEY'S KICKS

HARRY E. CROSS¹

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, November 22.—He is a short, chunky youngster of twenty-one summers. His black hair is curly, and there is always a smile on his boyish face. He has a nerve of chilled steel, and is so cool that he could face the jaws of destruction without a quiver. This is Charley Brickley, whose name was engraved in football history at Soldiers Field this afternoon as one of the greatest individual gridiron heroes who ever wore the flaming crimson of Harvard. Brickley was the whole Harvard team against Yale this afternoon, and with his talented toe he booted the pigskin over Eli's goal post five times, scoring all the points, which buried the Blue in a 15 to 5 defeat.

The "newsies" here tonight are not screaming about Harvard triumph. They are yelling "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! All about the New Haven Wreck!" The New Haven Wreck is Captain Ketcham's team, exhausted, played out to the last ounce of human strength, and beaten decisively by Percy Haughton's big Crimson team, which showed itself to be one of the best-drilled football machines which ever trod on a gridiron.

"Fair Harvard," all her sons, young and old, are delirious with joy tonight. It is the first time Harvard has ever defeated Yale in the huge Greek stadium, and it is

¹This excellent specimen of newspaper English appeared in the New York *Times*.

the first time since away back in the gray past of 1875 that Harvard has ever defeated Yale two years in succession. Arm in arm Harvard parades the streets of Boston town; they crowd the hotels and restaurants; 5 they jam the theaters; and create the greatest turmoil this city has known for years.

Yale, with all its fighting spirit, all its grit, and bulldog tenacity, was no match for Harvard. Guernsey kicked one field goal, and O'Brien of Harvard made a 10 stupid play, which scored a safety against his own team.

The field goal of three points and the safety of two points was the total of Yale's effort against this irrepressible eleven. Perhaps never before on a college gridiron 15 has anything ever been seen like Brickley's work this afternoon. Wisely the Crimson team has been constructed around this marvelous drop-kicker. With a snappy aggressiveness which would not be denied, Harvard rushed the ball within striking distance of the Eli 20 goal. Then they called on Brickley. He booted over four goals from the field and kicked one from placement, and one of the marvelous incidents of the day was that Brickley tried another kick from placement. One was on the 45-yard line, and he missed. How he missed it no 25 one knows.

The game was one of the most picturesque football spectacles ever seen in this country. More than forty-four thousand people jammed the colossal cement amphitheater. A day as warm as an early September afternoon, 30 a gleaming sun, and a cloudless sky made a perfect day for the game. All the girlish beauty of the land mingled with the student thousands who crowded tier upon tier in the great colosseum.

When the Yale rush was smothered, when Charley Brickley had made his last plunge, and when the last fatigued Eli warrior limped away from the howling pandemonium which reigned on Soldiers Field, the big copper disk of the November sun, like a great splash 5 of crimson color, dipped from behind the horizon back of the serpent-like Charles River. The crimson rays cast a shadow over the field. The shadow from the goal posts fell upon the soft green turf in the shape of a huge letter "H." Truly it was Harvard's day. Then the outburst 10 of song:

"See where the Crimson banners fly,
Hark to the sound of trampling feet,
There is a host approaching nigh,
Harvard is marching up the street."

15

It rang out like a roar of thunder. The strains of the band were lost. The raucous outburst of jubilant students, the tumult, and the shouting of "grads" will never be forgotten in football annals. Again the deep bass song of happy young men rolled and echoed across the stadium: 20

"The sun will set in Crimson,
As the sun has set before,
For this is Harvard's Day."

Best of all, it was a great football game. There was plenty of rushing, plenty of punting, dazzling end-runs, 25 and spectacular drop-kicking. When the first half ended, the score was 6 to 5 in Harvard's favor. Up to that time it was anybody's game.

In the first period Harvard had shown that their team could score at any time they could bring the ball near 30 enough to Yale's goal to give Brickley a chance to kick. In the second period Yale awoke to an outburst of

football that carried Harvard off its feet. The Yale line rose as one man and pushed back the heavy Crimson forwards. The Eli backs hurled themselves into the fray with undeniable intensity.

5 For once Harvard was slipping. Yale, in the heat and fury of the strife, was going ahead with Herculean strength. The pounding and the punching at the Harvard line had the latter groggy when the first half ended.

10 The ten minutes' intermission was just what Harvard needed. The bruised and battered line had time to collect its wits. And when the third period came Yale found that in that turbulent second period the team had shot its bolt.

15 No team ever fought more fiercely or more earnestly than Yale did. The Elis knew they had a chance, and they were making the most of it, but they tried so hard in that second period, when their proud march toward triumph was interrupted by intermission, that they were about tired out. With gameness and undying nerve they fought it out to the end. They struggled like madmen to
20 break through and smother Brickley as he made his kicks.

Stubborn to the last degree, the Harvard defense wound itself around the talented Brickley so compactly that no one could get near him. Surrounded by the sturdy wall of Crimson players, Brickley was as safe from interference
25 as if he had been in a safety-deposit vault.

Brickley kicking his field goals was a picture. As cool as an arctic winter he was at all times. He invariably chose a smooth place on the lawnlike gridiron. He held the ball in his hands, and his keen blue eyes measured
30 the distance perfectly. He waited and waited. To the crowd in the Yale stands it seemed like ages. No hurry or flurry, no nervousness, Brickley's mind was on his task. He took his own sweet time and smiled at the Yale

players as they battled to get at him. Not a kick was blocked, as a defense had been built around the Crimson kicker that could not be broken. His unerring toe always caught the ball right and sent it spinning like a top over the crossbar. 5

Except for Yale's game rally in the second period the Blue was outplayed by a far superior team. But it was not beaten until the last minute, and Harvard had to watch the Yale players every second. Alexander Wilson was threatening to break loose, and Martin, the center ¹⁰ rush, and Avery, the plucky Yale end, were forever smashing to swing through in a way that had Harvard scared.

Ketcham, with fierce aggressiveness, was playing the game of his life; he played so hard that he was inexcus- ¹⁵ ably rough, and twice Referee Langford had to warn the Yale captain. Once Ketcham was so bad that Yale was penalized ¹⁵ yards, and this penalty put Harvard in position to have Brickley kick his first field goal.

In the third period Yale became wobbling in the face of ²⁰ the Crimson assault. Two more field goals in that period put Harvard on easy street. It was not until then that the hope of the Yale crowd began to fade. The great horde of Yale men in the east stood up and with bared heads broke into that impressive college chant. 25

With tremendous volume the song rolled over the field : "For God, for country, and for Yale."

That was the finish. The fast-tiring players on the field heard it. It rang in their ears; their fatigue was forgotten; once again they braced against the Crimson, ³⁰ and they tried for all they were worth. But it was too late; they couldn't stop the Harvard rushes and hold their own in punting, and they could not get at Brickley.

Brickley was everywhere. When every scrimmage unraveled itself on the gridiron and a Yale man came out of the heap, he found himself looking at Brickley. Brickley was wonderful on the defense and tore through time and again and stopped the Yale backs.

He intercepted forward passes with uncanny ease. Football seemed second nature to him. He knew where every Yale play was going and was always in the way. Yale wasn't fighting a football team. They were gamely carrying on a hopeless fight against one man. Ketcham and Warren and Knowles tackled him and buried his nose in the grass. They hurled him down with fury, but they could not hurt him. Every time Brickley came up smiling. When they threw him he bounded up again as if on springs. He wouldn't quit. He took his medicine like a soldier and was always ready to make a drop-kick when called upon.

Most of Harvard's game was Brickley. It was Brickley this, and Brickley that, and Brickley the other thing. No man had ever meant quite so much to a football team. An irresistible, irrepressible terror was Brickley. And yet it was the wonderful well-drilled Harvard machine that made it possible for the Harvard wonder to beat Yale single handed—or, rather, single footed. It was a Harvard team perfectly taught in the fundamentals of football that kept the enemy away while he kicked goal after goal, each one of which meant a deeper humiliation for Yale.

This Harvard team made no mistakes. It handled the ball without a muff. It carried its campaign through without an error. Another surprise of Harvard's game was the punting of Eddy Mahan. From the start he had the edge on Knowles of Yale. His kicks were high and

far, and the Harvard ends were down under them like rockets. Wilson got few chances to run back punts. Harvard's ends outplayed and outgeneraled the Blue wings from the start.

Mahan caught Knowles's first punt after the kick-off, 5 and like a frightened deer he rushed the ball back 25 yards before Ketcham buried him. Brickley and Bradlee hurled themselves into the line, but found it stiff. Then Mahan kicked; Knowles kicked back, and Mahan kicked again; and Harvard gained on the kicks. 10

Yale, with confidence in Knowles, kept on kicking. Mahan, early in the first period, broke loose and rushed the ball back 23 yards. Then he hurled a forward pass at O'Brien, but it was intercepted. It was third down, so Brickley, with a nerve that must be reckoned with, 15 tried a drop-kick from the 50-yard line, and it failed. No wonder.

Logan mixed another forward pass into the attack, and that also failed. Yale got the ball on the 20-yard line, and Knowles tried a line plunge, but was abruptly halted. 20 Knowles had to kick. Brickley caught the ball, and two or three Yale players were on him at once. Ketcham came tearing along and jumped into the fray. For this Ketcham was warned, and Yale was penalized 15 yards. Mahan took the ball and rushed to Yale's 20-yard line, 25 but the Yale defense stiffened, and Brickley dropped back to the 25-yard line and put over the field goal. It was easy for him.

The picture which followed this score will never be forgotten. The whole stand was on its feet. Every student 30 brought forth a crimson handkerchief, and the Stadium became a riot of resplendent color. The man behind the bass drum did his best to break it, but he couldn't. The

horns blared forth like a peal of thunder. The noise became ear-splitting, and the roar of approval of Mr. Brickley's feat became deafening. Harvard had started. From that time they went on with renewed energy.

5 On the kick-off after this play, the ball from Guernsey's toe hit the goal post and bounded back onto the field. O'Brien, the Harvard end, became sadly confused in the excitement. He picked up the ball, for some unaccountable reason, and planted it behind his own goal line.

10 There was a long wrangle between the players, and Referee Langford finally decided that it was a safety. After the first period, with the score 3 to 2, the Yale stand began to sing "Good Night, Harvard," which is the best college song that has been sung in years, and maybe Yale 15 couldn't sing it, too. In fact, the singing and cheering at today's game by both sides was the best that has ever been heard at a football game.

Shortly after play was resumed Mahan got off a kick, which sailed over Wilson's head and netted Harvard about 20 75 yards. It was a beauty.

Early in the second period Knowles punted to Yale's 37-yard line, where Mahan made a fair catch, and from that line Brickley made a kick from placement.

After Mahan had punted to Wilson, the Yale quarter 25 back fumbled the ball, but recovered it and then pulled off the best run of the game, dodging up the field for a run of 35 yards and planting the ball on Harvard's 35-yard line. Knowles and Ainsworth, in two vicious rushes, carried the ball to the 25-yard line. Guernsey dropped 30 back to the 35-yard line and kicked a field goal, and then it was Yale's time to yell. And they did.

With renewed encouragement Yale awoke to the best outburst of football of the game. After Mahan, Brickley,

and Bradlee had smashed through for 15 yards, Yale showed a wonderful brace and took the ball away from Harvard on downs. Knowles, on a fake-kick formation, made a pretty run of 25 yards, and Yale's chances looked bright.

Ainsworth skirted the end for 15 yards, and Harvard was falling back in an alarming way. Time was nearly up, and Yale cohorts implored Guernsey to try a field goal. He fell back. With only a few seconds of time left, he seemed an hour getting the ball. Captain Ketcham patted his men on the back and told them to hold as they never held before. A silence fell over the Stadium as Guernsey dropped back to the 35-yard line. He made a pretty try at the goal, but missed the crossbar by a few inches. The first half was over.

The Yale crowds were in high spirits between halves, and began to sing "Bulldog, Bulldog, Wow, Wow, Wow—Eli, Eli, Yale." Wilson opened the third period with a 15-yard run through the line.

Knowles followed this up with a break of 30 yards through the Harvard team, and then Yale was through. Harvard came back like a raging storm, and the Crimson began to batter down the Yale backs. Yale fought gamely, but it was a losing fight.

"Red" Brann, Yale's promising end, was sent into the strife. He began to tackle like a fiend, and for a while Yale picked up hope.

But Harvard's attack became overwhelming. The Crimson began to ride over them roughshod. Dana at end for Harvard started to skirt the Yale ends, and they couldn't stop him. Yale was slipping. Brickley broke loose on a plunge through the line and went along on a revolving run of 30 yards. He brought the ball again

within kicking distance of Yale's goal, and from the 31-yard line kicked another field goal.

In the last period Brickley, Mahan, and Dana all made splendid rushes and pushed the Yale line back. Yale was 5 penalized 15 yards for holding in the line, and Brickley and Mahan brought the ball down to Yale's 10-yard line. The Harvard people yelled for a touchdown. The Crimson backs in a furious attack assaulted the sturdy Blue line, and it was like a rock. Yale 10 wouldn't budge.

"Hold 'em," yelled the Yale stands, and they were firm. But Brickley walked coolly back to the 20-yard line and booted over another field goal.

When the game was over, Harvard stormed onto the 15 gridiron; every student in Cambridge was there, and behind the band the Crimson boys, frenzied with joy, went through the dazzling mazes of the serpentine dance in a way that has never been seen before on Soldiers Field. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Every student in the 20 parade threw his hat over the goal posts, and few of them got their hats back. The jubilation lasted for an hour after the game, and then the throngs of victorious students moved on to Boston. They took the old town by storm. The streets became alive with roistering young 25 men. Dignity was forgotten. Boston blue laws were obliterated; all restraint was lost; and at midnight in street, avenue, and alley Harvard's victory was being sung to a starlit sky.

Way down Washington Street comes the echo of a 30 dying song:

"Glory, glory for the Crimson,
For this is Harvard's day."

It grows fainter and fainter and is finally lost, and then comes along a new horde of Crimson Indians taking up the song.

It was a great victory for a great team. Boston's head aches from the noise and the revelry.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

Our football team (you may in this and the following exercises substitute any other athletic sport)	What athletics has done for me
A good football player	The qualities of a good player
A clever play	A level head wins the game
A championship game	Playing well a losing game
Celebrating a victory	In the grandstand
Training	Celebrating a victory
A game we lost	Our school trophies
Cheer leaders	A trip with the team
The crowd at a game	Entertaining a visiting team
Selling tickets	Being a "sub"
A bad day for a game	A fluke play
Our school songs	Raising money for athletics
Our athletic field	Our business manager
Athletics in our school	Supporting the team
Too much athletics	A good captain
Team play	An all-round boy
	Winning my letter
	The play that won
	For the honor of the team

OUTLINE

Make an outline on "Raising Money for Athletics."

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That football is a more interesting game to watch than baseball.

Resolved, That football is of more benefit to the player than baseball.

Resolved, That the track meet is of more benefit to our student body than either football or baseball.

Resolved, That the student is more likely to succeed in life than the athlete.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. (a) Make a list of the qualities ascribed to Brickley ;
(b) write a description and character sketch of him.
2. In the eyes of a good sportsman was the defeat of Yale any disgrace to the Yale boys? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Make a list of the qualities displayed (a) by the Harvard team ; (b) by the Yale team.
4. Examine carefully the descriptions in the sixth, seventh, and eighth paragraphs. Write a similar description to fit some game you have seen.
5. Write a careful description and character sketch of some athlete you know.
6. Write for the school paper an account of some athletic contest you have witnessed. Make a careful outline before beginning to write.
7. Make a list of the football terms used in the story and be prepared to explain them.
8. Be prepared to explain the following expressions :

a. A nerve of chilled steel	g. Dazzling end-runs
b. Jaws of destruction	h. Herculean strength
c. Football machine	i. Uncanny ease
d. Colossal cement amphitheater	j. A riot of resplendent color
e. Howling pandemonium	k. Boston blue laws
f. Harvard's day	l. Horde of Crimson Indians
9. (a) Make a list of the school and college colors that you know. (b) Why should a school have school colors?
10. Make a list of the different things that develop school spirit.
11. Explain the saying "We should play hard and work hard."

12. Write a letter to a friend giving some account of a game which you have attended.
13. Describe an athletic field. Before writing the description make a brief outline of the theme.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Give an account of the origin of football.
2. Explain the difference between the American game of football and the English game.
3. Contrast and compare Rugby and Association football.
4. Make a list of the different ball games.
5. Make a complete list of the games or sports which you can play. Choose the one you think has benefited you most and give reasons for your choice.
6. Make a list of (a) prominent athletes of modern times ; (b) famous athletes of ancient times.

THE KINGFISHER'S KINDERGARTEN

WILLIAM J. LONG

Koskomenos the kingfisher still burrows in the earth like his reptile ancestors ; therefore the other birds call him outcast and will have nothing to do with him. But he cares little for that, being a clattering, rattle-headed, 5 self-satisfied fellow who seems to do nothing all day long but fish and eat. As you follow him, however, you note with amazement that he does some things marvelously well—better, indeed, than any other of the Wood Folk. To locate a fish accurately in still water is difficult enough 10 when one thinks of light refraction ; but when the fish is moving, and the sun glares down into the pool, and the wind wrinkles its face into a thousand flashing, changing furrows and ridges, then the bird that can point a bill straight to his fish and hit him fair just behind the gills 15 must have more in his head than the usual chattering gossip that one hears from him on the trout streams.

This was the lesson that impressed itself upon me when I first began to study Koskomenos ; and the object of this little sketch, which records those first strong impressions, is not to give our kingfisher's color or markings or breeding habits—you can get all that from the bird books—but to suggest a possible answer to the question of how he learns so much and how he teaches his wisdom to the little kingfishers.

25 Just below my camp, one summer, was a trout pool. Below the trout pool was a shaded minnow basin, a kind

of storehouse for the pool above, where the trout foraged in the early and the late twilight, and where, if you hooked a redfin delicately on a fine leader and dropped it in from the crotch of an overhanging tree, you might sometimes catch a big one. 5

Early one morning, while I was sitting in the tree, a kingfisher swept up the river and disappeared under the opposite bank. He had a nest in there, so cunningly hidden under an overhanging root that till then I had not discovered it, though I had fished the pool and seen the 10 kingfishers clattering about many times. They were unusually noisy when I was near, and flew upstream over the trout pool with a long, rattling call again and again—a ruse, no doubt, to make me think that their nest was somewhere far above. 15

I watched the nest closely after that, in the intervals when I was not fishing, and learned many things to fill one with wonder and respect for this unknown, clattering outcast of the wilderness rivers. He has devotion for his mate and feeds her most gallantly while she is brooding. 20 He has courage, plenty of it. One day, under my very eyes, he drove off a mink and almost killed the savage creature. He has well-defined fishing regulations and enforces them rigorously, never going beyond his limits and permitting no poaching on his own minnow pools. 25 He also has fishing lore enough in his frowsy head—if one could get it out—to make Izaak Walton's discourse like a child's babble. Whether the wind be south or northeast, whether the day be dull or bright, he knows exactly where the little fish will be found and how to 30 catch them.

When the young birds came the most interesting bit of Koskomenos's life was manifest. One morning as I sat

watching, hidden away in the bushes, the mother kingfisher put her head out of her hole and looked about anxiously. A big water snake lay stretched along a stranded log on the shore. She pounced upon him instantly and 5 drove him out of sight. Just above, at the foot of the trout pool, a brood of shelldrake were croaking and splashing about in the shallows. They were harmless, yet the kingfisher rushed upon them, clattering and scolding like a fishwife, and harried them all away into a quiet bogan.

10 On the way back she passed over a frog, a big, sober, sleepy fellow, waiting on a lily pad for his sun bath. Chigwooltz might catch young trout and even little birds as they came to drink, but he surely never would molest a brood of kingfishers; yet the mother, like an irate 15 housekeeper flourishing her broom at every corner of an unswept room, sounded her rattle loudly and dropped on the sleepy frog's head, sending him sputtering and scrambling away into the mud as if Hawahak the hawk were after him. Then with another look all around to see that 20 the stream was clear, and with a warning rattle to any Wood Folk that she might have overlooked, she darted into her nest, wiggling her little tail like a satisfied duck as she disappeared.

After a moment a wild-eyed young kingfisher put his 25 head out of the hole for his first look at the big world. A push from behind cut short his contemplation, and without any fuss whatever he sailed down to a dead branch on the other side of the stream. Another and another followed in the same way, as if each one had been told just 30 what to do and where to go, till the whole family was sitting a-row, with the rippling stream below them and the deep-blue heavens and the rustling world of woods above.

That was their first lesson, and their reward was near. The male bird had been fishing since daylight; now he began to bring minnows from an eddy where he had stored them, and to feed the hungry family, and assure them, in his own way, that this big world, so different from the 5 hole in the bank, was a good place to live in and furnished no end of good things to eat.

The next lesson was more interesting—the lesson of catching fish. The school was a quiet, shallow pool with a muddy bottom, against which the fish showed clearly, 10 and with a convenient stub leaning over it from which to swoop. The old birds had caught a score of minnows, killed them, and dropped them here and there under the stub. Then they brought the young birds, showed them their game, and told them by repeated examples to dive 15 and get it. The little fellows were hungry and took to the sport keenly; but one was timid, and only after the mother had twice dived and brought up a fish—which she showed to the timid one and then dropped back in a most tantalizing way—did he muster up resolution to 20 take the plunge.

A few mornings after, as I prowled along the shore, I came upon a little pool quite shut off from the main stream, in which a dozen or more frightened minnows were darting about, as if in strange quarters. As I stood 25 watching them and wondering how they got over the dry bar that separated the pool from the river, a kingfisher came sweeping upstream with a fish in his bill. Seeing me, he whirled silently and disappeared round the point below.

The thought of the curious little wild kindergarten occurred to me suddenly as I saw the minnows again, and I waded across the river and hid in the bushes. After an 30

hour's wait Koskomenos came stealing back, looked carefully over the pool and the river, and swept downstream with a rattling call. Presently he came back with his mate and the whole family; and the little ones, after 5 seeing their parents swoop, and tasting the fish they caught, began to swoop for themselves.

The first plunges were usually in vain, and when a minnow was caught it was undoubtedly one of the wounded fish that Koskomenos had placed there in the 10 lively stream to encourage his little ones. After a try or two, however, they seemed to get the knack of the thing and would drop like a plummet, bill first, or swoop down on a sharp incline and hit their fish squarely as it darted away into deeper water. The river was wild and difficult, 15 suitable only for expert fishermen. The quietest pools had no fish, and where minnows were found the water or the banks were against the little kingfishers, who had not yet learned to hover and take their fish from the wing. So Koskomenos had found a suitable pool and stocked it 20 himself to make his task of teaching more easy for his mate and profitable for his little ones. The most interesting point in his method was that in this case he had brought the minnows alive to his kindergarten instead of killing or wounding them, as in the first lesson. He knew 25 that the fish could not get out of the pool and that his little ones could take their own time in catching them.

When I saw the family again, weeks afterward, their lessons were well learned; they needed no wounded or captive fish to satisfy their hunger. They were full of the 30 joy of living and showed me one day a curious game—the only play I have ever seen among the kingfishers.

There were three of them, when I first found them, perched on projecting stubs over the dancing riffles

which swarmed with chub and "minnies" and samlets and lively young redfins. Suddenly, as if at the command Go! they all dropped, bill first, into the river. In a moment they were out again and rushed back to their respective stubs, where they threw their heads back and wiggled 5 their minnows down their throats with a haste to choke them all. That done, they began to dance about on their stubs, clattering and chuckling immoderately.

It was all blind to me at first, till the game was repeated two or three times, always starting at the same instant 10 with a plunge into the riffles and a rush back to the goal. Then their object was as clear as the stream below them. With plenty to eat and never a worry in the world, they were playing a game to see which could first get back to his perch and swallow his fish. Sometimes one or two 15 of them failed to get a fish and glided back dejectedly; sometimes all three were so close together that it took a great deal of jabber to straighten the matter out, and they always ended in the same way—by beginning all over again. 20

Koskomenos is a solitary fellow, with few pleasures and fewer companions to share them with him. This is undoubtedly the result of his peculiar fishing regulations, which give to each kingfisher a certain piece of lake or stream for his own. Only the young of the same family 25 go fishing together, and so I have no doubt that these were the same birds whose early morning training I had watched and who were now enjoying themselves in their own way, as all other Wood Folk do, in the fat, careless, happy autumn days. 30

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

An outcast	Losing a good one
Early one morning	Building a nest
Watching an animal (bird)	How birds feed their young
An intelligent animal (bird)	In the deep woods
Their first lesson	A fishing trip
Learning to dive (swim)	Catching minnows
On the lake shore	Along the river
A day on the pond	A wild river
A trout pool	On a new stream
Following a trout stream	A bit of wild life
A good catch	Landing a big one

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That birds show more intelligence than animals.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Make a list of adjectives descriptive of the kingfisher.
2. Enumerate the evidences of the kingfisher's skill.
3. How did the kingfishers protect their young?
4. What was the kingfishers' first lesson? How were they rewarded?
5. What was the second lesson?
6. Describe the kingfishers' game.
7. Make an outline of this selection.
8. Make a list of (a) apt and unusual adjectives; (b) apt and unusual adverbs.
9. Select ten words or expressions that are striking and appropriate.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Give examples of remarkable intelligence in the following animals:

rabbit fox bear beaver

(See Collateral Reading for stories of these animals.)

2. Make a report regarding the migration of birds in your district.
3. Explain why birds are of great importance to the farmer.
4. Give characteristics of some of our most common native birds.
5. Narrate incidents you have heard or observed showing the intelligence of birds and animals.
6. Report on some measures that are being taken to protect birds from extermination.

COLLATERAL READING

ROBERTS, Kindred of the Wild; SETON, Lives of the Hunted; LONG, Beasts of the Field; LONDON, Call of the Wild; MILLS, In Beaver World; HAWKES, Shaggy Coat; MUIR, Stickeen; ROBERTS, Haunters of the Silences; ROBERTS, House in the Water; SETON, Wild Animals I have Known; SETON, Trail of the Sand Hill Stag; SETON, Animal Heroes; SETON, Biography of a Silver Fox; SETON, Biography of a Grizzly; LONG, Little Brother to the Bear; LONG, School of the Woods; LONG, Fowls of the Air; LONG, Northern Trails; LONG, Ways of Wood Folk; LONG, Wilderness Ways; ROOSEVELT, African Game Trails; WARNER, A-hunting the Deer; KIPLING, Jungle Books; OUIDA, A Dog of Flanders; OLLIVANT, Bob, Son of Battle; MORGAN, American Beaver and his Works; TAYLOR, Beavers: their Ways; HULBERT, Forest Neighbors; VAN DYKE, Fisherman's Luck; VAN DYKE, Little Rivers; BURROUGHS, Wake-Robin; ROMANES, Animal Intelligence.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD¹

SAM WALTER FOSS

He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road.—HOMER

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content ;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament ;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran ;
But let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban ;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.

¹ From "Dreams in Homespun." Copyright, 1897, by Lee and Shepard; used by special permission, of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan ;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead 5
And mountains of wearisome height ;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan, 10
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, 15
Wise, foolish ; so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban ?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man. 20

BELOW THE CURVE

ALVAH MILTON KERR

No true record of railroad hazards can be made that fails to give room to the causes and consequences of trains running away. This peril is present at every step of rail movement, especially in the hill regions. When 5 the fact is remembered that throughout every moment of night and day the whole breast of the land, from ocean to ocean, is ateem with speeding trains,—hundreds of thousands of cars and coaches rushing forward on flying wheels,—the marvel is that men are able to make the 10 loosened forces behave so well.

Wheels, millions of wheels, harnessed in iron bands, bridled with brakes of steel and grit, yet turning on oiled bearings and spurred to flight by scalding steam—these are the little slaves that bear man and his belongings to 15 and fro ; these and their treachery are the trainmen's deepest care. The molders have a grave concern when casting them, and there is close inspection when the wheels are driven on the axles by hydraulic pressure. Moreover, the division car "tinks" are always sounding 20 them for flaws.

The tinks are the smutted chaps who tinker the little slaves and their strap-steel harness. You hear them rapping on the wheels with their hammers during the day, when, perhaps, you sit chatting in the parlor car, or maybe 25 at night when you wake or doze in your berth. As they smite the wheels, they are always listening for the clear,

musical note which says the sturdy disks are perfect. If the voice of a wheel is hoarse and flat, then the wheel is cracked, and the car is thrown in on the station siding and left behind.

Davie Holme's father was a car tink. The fact has not 5 overmuch to do with the matter of this record. Davie's Uncle Alex was an engineer. That was of greater moment in the making of the story, for it was his train that ran away and wrought peculiar havoc at Banquo Bend. As for Davie himself, he was hardly a common boy; but 10 whether he was an uncommon dunce or was possessed of uncommon talent was not wholly clear to the inhabitants of Banquo Bend. However, the Alex Holme runaway solved the problem.

The region of the runaway and the scene of Davie 15 Holme's peculiar activities lay in a notched and ragged angle of the Sangre de Cristo Range in Colorado. The village sprawled in a green basin where Silver Creek, bringing sweet water from the springs of the inner range, pitches itself down like a big bright horseshoe on the floor 20 of the fertile basin, just before the stream pushes out of the bench lands into the great valley of the Arkansas.

The transportation business of the Southern Central was largely freight, a deal of this being crude ores from the mines of the range going down to the smelters at 25 Pueblo. There were also trains of spruce and cedar, telegraph poles, lumber and divers sorts of goods, and two passenger-trains each way.

From Banquo Bend all loaded trains had to be helped northward up the range, and for this work three engines 30 were stationed at the Bend. The trains could come down easily enough; indeed, the main labor was to govern their descent sufficiently to keep them on the rails. Three

times during the comparatively brief history of the road a train had broken loose on the upper-range grade.

One of these trains piled up on a curve two miles above the Bend; the others clung to the steel and came down 5 through the village like wind-splitting comets, one to end in collision on the edge of the plain, the other to be side-tracked twenty miles south.

In view of this never-ceasing menace of trains falling down from the range, it seemed a bit worse than foolish to 10 erect buildings for human habitation directly below the elbows of sharp curves at the base of the mountains.

But at Banquo Bend there was a signal instance of this lack of judgment, and that—of all things!—in the erection of the schoolhouse.

15 There had been critical whisperings that interested motives had caused the purchase of the site in order to enhance land values at that end of the town. To be just, the spot was exceedingly pretty—a green slope pitching softly toward Silver Creek at the north edge of the village; but putting its beauty aside, the situation was 20 atrocious.

Just here was an acute curve, lying at the foot of the long stairway of grades that with tortuous twistings lifted trains over the range. Should a train get beyond control 25 in the descent, its speed and driving momentum would inevitably reach the maximum at this curve above the Bend schoolhouse. Should such a train escape from the rails and hurl itself down the slope forty feet in a direct line, it would—well, one may fancy with a shudder what 30 would result should a heavy train and locomotive, running probably one hundred miles an hour, strike a frail wooden building containing three teachers and one hundred and fifty children!

There had been occasional murmurings about this danger. The railroad people had been concerned, but a longer and softer curve could not well be made except at great expense; so the roadmaster had contented himself by causing the outer rail of the tangent to be sharply elevated and both rails solidly anchored from beneath with steel clutches, so that the liability of the rails turning under pressure should be minimized. Besides, a threat which continues long comes ultimately to be regarded with indifference; and had not trains passed and repassed 10 this curve through seven years without disaster, even including two trains that ran away?

Davie Holme was not precisely eccentric, for he was normally full of boyish pranks, but he had a sort of fever for making unheard-of things. He invented a vehicle, the 15 motive power of which was a system of coiled springs and which was to perform wonders. It did; for upon its first trial it ran away and smashed itself, and would have smashed Davie also but that he landed in Silver Creek.

Davie then turned his ingenuity to the better control 20 of the horse. He contrived an electrical bit, the purpose of which was to control and restrain fractious or runaway horses. This bit consisted of a small steel bar, to be placed in the animal's mouth, with insulated wires leading back to a battery in the carriage. When a driver 25 felt that his horse was becoming unmanageable he was to turn on the battery and charge the bit by a simple movement of his foot. Davie contended that the shock to the animal in the region of the mouth would cause the brute to recoil and thus bring it to a standstill. 30

This contrivance proved rather too effective, for the first horse to which it was applied promptly rose upon its hind feet in terror at the sensation of having its mouth

full of electric needles, and sat down in the front part of the carriage, to the consternation of the driver and the injury of the vehicle.

It would hardly be courteous or merciful, however, to 5 enumerate all the queer things the boy's brain evolved. But a hint of things that he did or did not do while attending the Banquo Bend school is necessary. To say that he was a perplexing mystery to his teacher is stating the case mildly. He was singularly swift in the mastery of 10 his lessons, but his mind was so set on extraneous tasks that he often lost sight of his lessons altogether.

"You will have to leave off the attention you are giving to outside projects and study and keep up with your classes," said the teacher, "or I shall have to put you 15 back in the infant class or expel you from school. It is not fair to the other pupils to allow you to demoralize them by your present course."

Davie saw the justice of this and made a brave effort to correct his ways. But habits of mind or strong mental 20 tendencies are not easily controlled, and presently Davie began a series of inventive pranks that brought him to disaster.

It would not be wise to describe in detail the process by which the teacher was electrically shocked in his chair, 25 why those who took hold of the faucet of the water cooler suddenly screamed and jumped, or how the bell in the cupola on top of the house was made to break out ringing at the most unexpected and untimely moments. But Davie Holme knew, and the principal and the members 30 of the school board found out, and then—well, then Davie was expelled.

Clearly the boy was humiliated and sorry. By nature he was too honest to affect an unconcern or bravado that

he did not feel. His mother wept but did not upbraid him. His father rapped the wheels angrily and predicted sad things for Davie.

In his disgrace the young offender kept much by himself, but he was far from idle. The tinks had an odd 5 little repair shop beside the track at Banquo Bend, a shop fashioned of two old box cars set end to end upon the ground. In a corner of one of these cars Davie had his study and his "works." His father growled and wished him back at school, but the Bend school was 10 closed against him. He had brought disgrace upon himself and must establish himself anew in the favor of those who loved him by the only known process—the doing of meritorious deeds.

Davie wanted a scientific education,—that was a part 15 of his dream,—to go at last to a polytechnic school and become a great civil engineer and inventor. But he seemed very far indeed from this as he sat in disgrace at his workbench in the corner of the old box car. Still, dreams are often converted into realities by hard work, 20 and Davie was surely busy.

Davie knew that by laying the ear against the rail one may often hear the approach of a train while the wheels are yet half a mile or more distant. This simple phenomenon set the youth thinking, with the re- 25 sult that he secured several telephone receivers and secretly stole off up the range grade some six or seven miles. There he took from a bag a number of little boxes, in each of which was one of the telephone receivers, connected to a single dry-battery cell. Digging a hole 30 between the ties, he placed the tiny apparatus beneath the rail, with the mouth of the receiver close to the iron. Then he soldered one of the connecting wires to the side

of the rail and carried the other wire across and soldered it fast to the opposite rail.

Following the track down the mountain, he fastened these little contrivances under one or the other of the 5 rails, at distances of a mile or more. At the repair shop in Banquo Bend he laid two insulated wires to the track from his corner of the cars, burying the wires from view in a wooden trough and soldering them fast, one to the right and the other to the left rail of the track. These 10 wires he then attached to a battery and a telephone receiver by his workbench, and the metallic circuit was complete. The rails, joined continuously by fishplates and lying on seasoned ties, which, for the most part, lay in broken stone, formed an excellent conductor, save when 15 rain or wet snow conveyed the electric current to the ground. In that dry and high region the circuit was usually good.

The installation of the Banquo Bend end of Davie's strange "plant" took place at night. Old Tim Morgan, 20 the night wheel tink, shared the secret alone with Davie. He was enthusiastic and interested.

"Sure, if it works, me lad," said the old Irishman, "it will be nice t' have. Thin we'll know if th' byes are slidin' th' wheels, if there's any flat tires or brakes down, 25 an' we'll know where th' thrains are an' whin 'twill be safe t' take a snooze. An' should they be runnin' away—sure, we'd be able t' get out of th' yard afore they struck us."

That last intimation expressed the fear which for a long time had been in Davie's mind—a runaway, the 30 anchored curve, the schoolhouse, and his father in the yard at Banquo Bend.

The first time he held the receiver against his ear he looked cool, but his heart was quivering. For a time

the telephone was silent. Then there came a soft purring sound that grew into a heavy murmur, as if a bass string in some mighty instrument was being rubbed by a finger. This was followed by a continuous roar of mingled noises that lapsed slowly away and sank again into half-musical purring. Mail train Number Two was coming down the mountain! It had passed over the first receiver some six miles away!

Davie's brown eyes shone, his fingers trembled. He handed the receiver to old Tim. "Listen!" he said. "In about two and a half minutes you will hear them cross the second phone."

When the minutes had passed and the old tink had listened to the strange sound record of the coming train, he grabbed Davie and hugged him. "Ye'll be prisident o' the United States wan o' these days!"

Davie laughed. He did not sleep that night, but sat listening to the coming and going of trains on the slope of the range. The next morning he showed his father the device and for once was enthusiastically praised. That was on a Saturday at the beginning of June. On the following Monday occurred the Alex Holme runaway.

Alex's engine was a "six-driver" and weighed nearly one hundred tons. She was built for pulling and pushing. With her huge body and low-hanging, tremendously powerful frame, she looked that day a mighty bulldog of force as she set her iron nose against the rear of freight Number Seven and started up the mountain. Nine miles up the range Alex found southbound ore train Number Ten on a siding with her engine crippled. He hooked his engine in ahead and started to bring the huge cripple and the train down the mountain. A mile down the grade from the siding Alex's engine, holding hard

against the enormous load, blew out a cylinder head, and in two minutes more the train and the two engines were rushing down the mountain, lost to all control.

Wild work was done on the runaway. Brakes were 5 twisted until fire jetted from the wheels; such steam as could be used was thrown on; but the tremendous weight of the whole mass drove downward inexorably. The little slaves under the cars were bent on destruction. In despair 10 Alex and his peril-encompassed comrades at last abandoned the train, and the avalanche of wheeled matter swept downward toward Banquo Bend.

In the schoolhouse below the anchored curve children were studying and teachers were listening to classes. Down in his corner, under a tiny window of the box car, 15 Davie was figuring on an electrical problem. At times he lifted the receiver to his ear. Alex was up the mountain. Would he come down ahead of Number Ten or behind it? Davie wondered if he could tell by listening.

At last, as he held the receiver against his ear, there 20 burst in it sounds like a roar of drumming thunder; then a flood of hissing, grinding, pounding noises; then a dwindling echo and sudden silence. A train had crossed the first receiver with awful noise and startling brevity of time. Davie leaped to his feet, and a pale ring closed 25 about his lips. Number Ten was running away!

It was quite one mile and a half to the next receiver. He snatched the telephone again, pressed it against his ear, and fastened his gaze on a little clock above his work-bench. In a few seconds less than one minute and a half 30 a wild storm of sound clashed in the receiver. Davie dropped the instrument and leaped through the door into the sunshine with a scream on his lips. His father was working under a car. The boy shouted to him the news

of the runaway, and turned and fled straight up the main street of Banquo Bend toward the schoolhouse. He went as only one may go who leaps with every cord and muscle straining to outfoot approaching death. He had on no hat or coat, and as he flew forward passers-by 5 heard a peculiar crooning, suffering noise coming from his parted lips, prayer unsyllabled and involuntary welling up from his laboring heart.

He went into the doorway of the schoolhouse like a living bolt and with a cry of warning on his lips. 10

"Out! out! out!" he shouted. "Number Ten is running away! The train will jump the curve and go straight through the house! Get out! get out!" and he went bounding up the stairs to the second floor, shrilling the cry at the top of his voice. He burst into the room 15 like a whirlwind. "The train! the train! The runaway! I hear it! I hear it! It will jump the curve! Run for your lives!" he cried.

The teachers saw his blanched face and wild eyes but a moment, for Davie caught up a little tot from one of 20 the front seats and rushed out and down.

The next moment pupils and teachers, thrilled and mastered by they scarce knew what, rushed panic-stricken from the house. They poured across a little gully and up the side of a hill, with Davie at their head. There they 25 turned and waited, panting and paling with terror.

In less than a minute the train came, enveloped in a clamor of thunder—two great engines and eighteen cars of heavy ore, rushing downward in smoke and dust, without a human hand to guide or control them. 30

As the train struck the sharp curve above the schoolhouse, the group on the hillside saw it rise and plunge headlong down the bank. The great engines swept

through the track at the sharp point of the curve as if the rails were straw. There was a cloud of smoke and dirt and spurting sheets of fire, great strips of sward curled in the air, tons of ore-bearing rock bounded upward.

5 Then the iron avalanche smote the school building. There was an appalling crash, a vision of bursting timbers and flying plaster and mingling objects, and the train plunged onward, careening, buckling upward, and falling into silence in wild disorder at the bottom of the slope.

10 The schoolhouse lay in ruin. The watchers on the hillside turned with drawn faces to one another. Through the efforts of one whom they had half despised and never wholly understood, death had passed them by.

To set down all the tender things which were said, to
15 tell of all the kindnesses that were done for Davie, would make this record overlong. But a few things may well be noted: the Banquo Bend schoolhouse was built in a safe place, and the Southern Central straightened the acute curve. In due time Davie, owing to the Southern
20 Central's gratitude and generous aid, went away to a scientific school; and when the years shall have brought him manhood and larger knowledge worthy and even great achievements may be expected of him.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

The "car tink"	A wreck
A successful dunce	Beyond control
A runaway	A danger signal
A runaway I stopped	My invention
A mountain village	Driving a horse
A picturesque spot	An incident I regret
In a mine	In disgrace
Loads of freight	In the shop

My workshop	Around the curve
My dream	In danger
Listening for the train	Giving the alarm
An experiment I made	In a panic
A clever device	A crash

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the school board should have found some better way of dealing with Davie than to expel him from school.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Which part of the story do you consider is the introduction?
2. Write an imaginary description of Banquo Bend.
3. Select five apt adjectives (for example, "wind-splitting").
4. Explain how trains were "lifted" over the range.
5. Write an imaginary description of Davie Holme.
6. Point out five good descriptive expressions (for example, "the village sprawled").
7. Write a dialogue you imagine may have taken place between the teacher and Davie after the school children had been saved.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Explain the device by which Davie was able to hear the train.
2. Explain the process of soldering.
3. Explain how runaway trains are now stopped.
4. Explain with diagram the essential parts of a locomotive.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

RUSSELL H. CONWELL

When going down the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers many years ago with a party of English travelers I found myself under the direction of an old Arab guide whom we hired up at Bagdad, and I have often thought how that 5 guide resembled our barbers in certain mental characteristics. He thought that it was not only his duty to guide us down those rivers and do what he was paid for doing, but also to entertain us with stories curious and weird, ancient and modern, strange and familiar. Many 10 of them I have forgotten, and I am glad I have, but there is one I shall never forget.

The old guide was leading my camel by its halter along the banks of those ancient rivers, and he told me story after story, until I grew weary of his story-telling and 15 ceased to listen. I have never been irritated with that guide when he lost his temper as I ceased listening. But I remember that he took off his Turkish cap and swung it in a circle to get my attention. I could see it through the corner of my eye, but I determined not to look straight 20 at him for fear he would tell another story. But although I am not a woman, I did finally look, and as soon as I did he went right into another story.

Said he, "I will tell you a story now which I reserve for my particular friends." When he emphasized the 25 words "particular friends," I listened, and I have ever been glad I did. I really feel devoutly thankful that there

are 1674 young men who have been carried through college by this lecture who are also glad that I did listen. The old guide told me that there once lived not far from the River Indus an ancient Persian by the name of Ali Hafed. He said that Ali Hafed owned a very large farm; 5 that he had orchards, grain fields, and gardens; that he had money at interest and was a wealthy and contented man. He was contented because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented. One day there visited that old Persian farmer one of those ancient Buddhist 10 priests, one of the wise men of the East. He sat down by the fire and told the old farmer how this world of ours was made. He said that this world was once a mere bank of fog, and that the Almighty thrust his finger into this bank of fog and began slowly to move his finger around, 15 increasing the speed, until at last he whirled this bank of fog into a solid ball of fire. Then it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog, and condensed the moisture without until it fell in floods of rain upon its hot surface and cooled the outward crust. 20 Then the internal fires bursting outward through the crust threw up the mountains and hills, the valleys, the plains and prairies, of this wonderful world of ours. If this internal molten mass came bursting out and cooled very quickly it became granite; less quickly, gold; and, 25 after gold, diamonds were made.

Said the old priest, "A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight." Now that is literally scientifically true—that a diamond is an actual deposit of carbon from the sun. The old priest told Ali Hafed that if he had one diamond 30 the size of his thumb he could purchase the county, and if he had a mine of diamonds he could place his children upon thrones through the influence of their great wealth.

Ali Hafed heard all about diamonds, how much they were worth, and went to his bed that night a poor man. He had not lost anything, but he was poor because he was discontented, and discontented because he feared he 5 was poor. He said, "I want a mine of diamonds," and he lay awake all night.

Early in the morning he sought out the priest. I know by experience that a priest is very cross when awakened early in the morning, and when he shook the old priest 10 out of his dreams Ali Hafed said to him, "Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?"

"Diamonds! What do you want with diamonds?"

"Why, I wish to be immensely rich."

"Well, then, go along and find them. That is all you 15 have to do; go and find them, and then you have them."

"But I don't know where to go."

"Well, if you will find a river that runs through white sands, between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds."

20 "I don't believe there is any such river."

"Oh, yes, there are plenty of them. All you have to do is to go and find them, and then you have them."

Said Ali Hafed, "I will go."

So he sold his farm, collected his money, left his family 25 in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds. He began his search, very properly to my mind, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterward he came around into Palestine; then wandered on into Europe; and at last, when his money was all spent and he was in 30 rags, wretchedness, and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay at Barcelona, in Spain, when a great tidal wave came rolling in between the pillars of Hercules, and the

poor, afflicted, suffering, dying man could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise in this life again.

When that old guide had told me that awfully sad 5 story he stopped the camel I was riding on and went back to fix the baggage that was coming off another camel, and I had an opportunity to muse over his story while he was gone. I remember saying to myself, "Why did he re-serve that story for his 'particular friends'?" There 10 seemed to be no beginning, no middle, no end, nothing to it. That was the first story I had ever heard told in my life, and would be the first one I ever read, in which the hero was killed in the first chapter. I had but one chapter of that story, and the hero was dead. 15

When the guide came back and took up the halter of my camel, he went right ahead with the story, into the second chapter, just as though there had been no break.

The man who purchased Ali Hafed's farm one day led his camel into the garden to drink, and as the camel 20 put its nose into the shallow water of that garden brook Ali Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. He pulled out a black stone having an eye of light reflecting all the hues of the rainbow. He took the pebble into the house and 25 put it on the mantel which covers the central fires, and forgot all about it.

A few days later this same old priest came in to visit Ali Hafed's successor, and the moment he opened that drawing-room door he saw that flash of light on the 30 mantel, and he rushed up to it and shouted: "Here is a diamond! Has Ali Hafed returned?"

"Oh, no, Ali Hafed has not returned, and that is not a diamond. That is nothing but a stone we found right out here in our own garden."

"But," said the priest, "I tell you I know a diamond 5 when I see it. I know positively that is a diamond."

Then together they rushed out into that old garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and lo! there came up other more beautiful and valuable gems than the first. "Thus," said the guide to me,—and, 10 friends, it is historically true,—"was discovered the diamond mine of Golconda, the most magnificent diamond mine in all the history of mankind, excelling the Kimberly itself. The Kohinoor and the Orloff, of the crown jewels of England and Russia, the largest on earth, came from 15 that mine."

When that old Arab guide told me the second chapter of his story, he then took off his Turkish cap and swung it around in the air again to get my attention to the moral. Those Arab guides have morals to their stories, 20 although they are not always moral. As he swung his hat he said to me: "Had Ali Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation, and death by suicide in a strange land he would have had 'acres of diamonds.' For every acre of that 25 old farm, yes, every shovelful, afterward revealed gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs."

When he had added the moral to his story I saw why he reserved it for his "particular friends." But I did not tell him I could see it. It was that mean old Arab's way 30 of going around a thing like a lawyer, to say indirectly what he did not dare say directly, that "in his private opinion there was a certain young man then traveling down the Tigris River that might better be at home in

America." I did not tell him I could see that, but I told him his story reminded me of one, and I told it to him quick, and I think I will tell it to you.

I told him of a man out in California in 1847 who owned a ranch. He heard they had discovered gold in southern 5 California, and so with a passion for gold he sold his ranch to Colonel Sutter, and away he went, never to come back. Colonel Sutter put a mill upon a stream that ran through that ranch, and one day his little girl brought some wet sand from the raceway into their home and 10 sifted it through her fingers before the fire, and in that falling sand a visitor saw the first shining scales of real gold that were ever discovered in California. The man who had owned that ranch wanted gold, and he could have secured it for the mere taking. Indeed, thirty-eight 15 millions of dollars have been taken out of a very few acres since then. About eight years ago I delivered this lecture in a city that stands on that farm, and they told me that a one-third owner for years and years had been getting one hundred and twenty dollars in gold every 20 fifteen minutes, sleeping or waking, without taxation. You and I would enjoy an income like that—if we didn't have to pay an income tax.

But a better illustration really than that occurred here in our own Pennsylvania. There was a man living in 25 Pennsylvania, not unlike some Pennsylvanians you have seen, who owned a farm, and he did with that farm just what I should do with a farm if I owned one—he sold it. But before he sold it he decided to secure employment collecting coal oil for his cousin, who was in 30 business in Canada, where they first discovered oil on this continent. They dipped it from the running streams at that early time.

So this Pennsylvania farmer wrote to his cousin asking for employment. You see, friends, this farmer was not altogether a foolish man. No, he was not. He did not leave his farm until he had something else to do. Of all the simpletons the stars shine on I don't know of a worse one than the man who leaves one job before he has got another. When he wrote to his cousin for employment, his cousin replied, "I cannot engage you because you know nothing about the oil business."

Well, then the old farmer said, "I will know," and with most commendable zeal he set himself at the study of the whole subject. He began away back at the second day of God's creation, when this world was covered thick and deep with that rich vegetation which since has turned to the primitive beds of coal. He studied the subject until he found that the drainings really of those rich beds of coal furnished coal oil that was worth pumping, and then he found how it came up with the living springs. He studied until he knew what it looked like, smelled like, tasted like, and how to refine it. Now said he in his letter to his cousin, "I understand the oil business." His cousin answered, "All right; come on."

So he sold his farm, according to the county record, for \$833 (even money, "no cents"). He had scarcely gone from that place before the man who purchased the spot went out to arrange for the watering of cattle. He found the previous owner had gone out years before and put a plank across the brook back of the barn, edge-wise into the surface of the water just a few inches. The purpose of that plank at the sharp angle across the brook was to throw over to the other bank a dreadful-looking scum through which the cattle would not put their noses. But with that plank there to throw it all over to one side,

the cattle would drink below, and thus that man who had gone to Canada had been himself damming back for twenty-three years a flood of coal oil which the state geologists of Pennsylvania declared to us ten years later was even then worth a hundred millions of dollars to 5 our state, and four years ago our geologist declared the discovery to be worth to our state a thousand millions of dollars. The man who owned that territory on which the city of Titusville now stands, and those Pleasantville valleys, had studied the subject from the 10 second day of God's creation clear down to the present time. He studied it until he knew all about it, and yet he is said to have sold the whole of it for \$833, and again I say, "no sense."

A. T. Stewart, a poor boy in New York, had \$1.50 15 to begin life on. He lost 87½ cents of that on the very first venture. How fortunate that young man who loses the first time he gambles! That boy said, "I will never gamble again in business," and he never did. How came he to lose 87½ cents? You prob- 20 ably all know the story how he lost it—because he bought some needles, threads, and buttons to sell which people did not want, and had them left on his hands a dead loss. Said the boy, "I will not lose any more money in that way." Then he went around, first, to the doors 25 and asked the people what they did want. Then, when he had found out what they wanted, he invested his 62½ cents to supply a new demand. Study it wherever you choose,—in business, in your profession, in your house- 30 keeping,—whatever your life, that one thing is the secret of success. You must first know the demand. You must first know what people need, and then invest yourself where you are most needed. A. T. Stewart went on that

principle until he was worth what amounted afterward to forty millions of dollars, owning the very store in which Mr. Wanamaker carries on his great work in New York. His fortune was made by his losing something, which
5 taught him the great lesson that he must only invest himself or his money in something that people need. When will you salesmen learn it? When will you manufacturers learn that you must know the changing needs of humanity if you would succeed in life? Apply yourselves, all you
10 Christian people, as manufacturers or merchants of workmen to supply that human need. It is a great principle, as broad as humanity and as deep as the Scripture itself.

The best illustration I ever heard was of John Jacob Astor. You know that he made the money of the Astor
15 family when he lived in New York. He came across the sea in debt for his fare. But that poor boy with nothing in his pocket made the fortune of the Astor family on one principle. Some young man here tonight will say, "Well, they could make those fortunes over in New York, but
20 they could not do it in Philadelphia!" My friends, did you ever read that wonderful book of Riis (his memory is sweet to us because of his recent death) wherein is given his statistical account of the records taken in 1889 of 107 millionaires of New York. If you read the account
25 you will see that out of 107 millionaires only seven made their money in New York. Out of the 107 millionaires worth ten million dollars in real estate then, 67 of them made their money in towns of less than 3500 inhabitants. The richest man in this country today, if you read the
30 real-estate values, has never moved away from a town of 3500 inhabitants. It makes not so much difference where you are as who you are. But if you cannot get rich in Philadelphia you certainly cannot do it in New York.

Now John Jacob Astor illustrated what can be done anywhere. He had a mortgage once on a millinery store, and they could not sell bonnets enough to pay the interest on his money. So he foreclosed the mortgage, took possession of the store, and went into partnership with 5 the very same people, in the same store, with the same capital. He did not give them a dollar of capital. They had to sell goods to get any money. Then he left them alone in the store just as they had been before, and he went out and sat down on a bench in the park in the 10 shade. What was John Jacob Astor doing out there, and in partnership with people who had failed on his own hands? He had the most important and, to my mind, the most pleasant part of that partnership on his hands. For as John Jacob Astor sat on that bench he was watch- 15 ing the ladies as they went by, and where is the man who would not get rich at that business? As he sat on the bench, if a lady passed him with her shoulders back and head up, and looked straight to the front as if she did not care if all the world did gaze on her, then he studied 20 her bonnet, and by the time it was out of sight he knew the shape of the frame, the color of the trimmings, and the crinklings in the feather. I sometimes try to describe a bonnet, but not always. I would not try to describe a modern bonnet. Where is the man that could describe 25 one—this aggregation of all sorts of driftwood stuck on the back of the head, or the side of the neck, like a rooster with only one tail feather left? But in John Jacob Astor's day there was some art about the millinery business, and he went to the millinery store and said to 30 them: "Now put into the show window just such a bonnet as I describe to you, because I have already seen a lady who likes such a bonnet. Don't make up any more

until I come back." Then he went out and sat down again, and another lady passed him, of a different form, of different complexion, with a different shape and color of bonnet. "Now," said he, "put such a bonnet as that 5 in the show window." He did not fill his show window uptown with a lot of hats and bonnets to drive people away, and then sit on the back stairs and bawl because people went to Wanamaker's to trade. He did not have a hat or a bonnet in that show window but what some 10 lady liked before it was made up. The tide of custom began immediately to turn in, and that was the foundation of the greatest store in New York in that line. It still exists as one of three stores. Its fortune was made by John Jacob Astor, after the owners had failed in business, 15 not by giving them any more money but by finding out what the ladies liked for bonnets before wasting any material in making them up. I tell you if a man could foresee the millinery business he could foresee anything under heaven!

20 There was a poor man out of work living in Hingham, Massachusetts. He lounged around the house until one day his wife told him to get out and work, and as he lived in Massachusetts he obeyed his wife. He went out and sat down on the shore of the bay and whittled a 25 soaked shingle into a wooden chain. His children that evening quarreled over it, and he whittled another one to keep peace. While he was whittling the second one a neighbor came in and said: "Why don't you whittle toys and sell them? You could make money 30 at that."

"Oh," he said, "I would not know what to make."

"Why don't you ask your own children, right here in your own house, what to make?"

"What is the use of trying that?" said the carpenter. "My children are different from other people's children." (I used to see people like that when I taught school.) But he acted upon the hint, and the next morning when Mary came down the stairway he asked, "What do you 5 want for a toy?" She began to tell him she would like a doll's bed, a doll's washstand, a doll's carriage, a little doll's umbrella, and went on with a list of things that would take him a lifetime to supply. So consulting his own children, in his own house, he took the firewood 10 (for he had no money to buy lumber) and whittled those strong, unpainted Hingham toys that were for so many years known all over the world. That man began to make those toys for his own children, and then made copies and sold them through the boot-and-shoe store next 15 door. He began to make a little money, and then a little more, and Mr. Lawson, in his "Frenzied Finance," says that man is the richest man in Massachusetts, and I think it is the truth. And that man is worth a hundred millions of dollars today, and has been only thirty-four years 20 making it on that one principle—that one must judge that what his own children like at home other people's children would like in their homes, too; to judge the human heart by oneself, by one's wife, or by one's children. It is the royal road to success in manufacturing. "Oh," 25 but you say, "didn't he have any capital?" Yes, a penknife, but I don't know that he had paid for that.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

A guide's yarn	Seizing an opportunity
A story I heard	An ambitious boy
Seeking a fortune	My ambition
A fortunate strike	Moving to a distance
An unexpected discovery	Common sense
A disappointment	The richest man I know
A man who made money in his home town	The poorest man I know
A man who made money after he left home	A department store
A lost opportunity	A visit to a mine
A far voyage	A visit to a farm
	A quick eye
	An ingenious person

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That Andrew Carnegie has been of more service to this country than Henry W. Longfellow.

Resolved, That this city (town, village, or state) offers as good opportunity for achieving success as does any other place.

Resolved, That an uneducated rich man has more opportunities for enjoyment than an educated poor man.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. (a) Define "anecdote"; (b) mention several told in the lecture and show why they are introduced.
2. Tell in your own words some anecdote.
3. (a) What is meant by the "moral of a story"? (b) Give in your own words the story of some well-known fable and state its moral.
4. Why did the guide tell Mr. Conwell the story of Ali Hafed?
5. Make a list of six common proverbs and be ready to show how each may be used.
6. Explain what is meant by common sense and illustrate by an anecdote.

7. In your own words express the meaning of the following sentence: "You have 'acres of diamonds.'"

8. Does Mr. Conwell attribute success in many instances to luck? What part do you think luck plays in success? Illustrate your answer by examples from real life.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT

In an encyclopedia, a classical dictionary, or some other source look up a story of the origin of the world. Be prepared to give to the class the substance of what you have learned.

COLLATERAL READING

MARDEN, Success; MARDEN, Talks with Great Workers; MARDEN, Winning Out; MARDEN, The Secret of Achievement; MARDEN, The Waking of a Man; MARDEN, How they Succeeded; KELLOR, Out of Work; FOWLER, Starting in Life; FOWLER, How to Get and Keep a Job; FOWLER, How to Get your Pay Raised; BIERBOW, How to Succeed; WAYNE, Building the Young Man; WILLIAMS, Some Successful Americans.

“NEXT YEAR!”

WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Murray Hampton stood near the ticket window in the old, barnlike structure that serves as a station in New London. The somberness of the waiting-room was relieved by a splash of color at the news stand, where, with 5 the businesslike impartiality that New London once a year displays, the blue of Yale and the crimson of Harvard were joined. It was Wednesday morning, but already the town was filling up for Friday's race.

Early arrivals thronged the room: laughing girls in 10 fluffy, summery clothes talked with their escorts—young men who were all much of a type, in blue serge and white flannel that took on here in New London something of the character of a uniform. They were waiting for trains from New York and Boston, each of which now brought 15 its quota of those who would on Friday fill the observation trains.

It was a pleasant sight, an agreeable scene. Yet Hampton, as he stood waiting, scowled, and his brooding stare, his sullen resentment, were enough to draw to him an 20 attention he could hardly otherwise have earned. His distaste for all that he saw was obvious. He was out of sympathy with the blithe and cheerful spirit that pervaded the place, and the sullen challenge of his manner drew a good many eyes to him.

25 Those who looked at him saw a young man, but one still older by several years than the boys who were in a

majority in the waiting-room. There was nothing distinguished about him; nothing, except for his manner, to induce anyone to give him a second look. He held himself badly. His shoulders sagged indifferently, so that their fine breadth, which would have done something to mark him out had he stood erect, was wasted. There was indifference, indeed, in his whole bearing—in the way he leaned against the wall, in the way his feet were set upon the floor, in everything except the concentrated, angry bitterness of his eyes.

10

He was not such a bad-looking chap, but he made it necessary for you to look at him more than once to see that. He had good eyes—the sort of blue eyes that lead you to expect to see in them either a laughing sparkle or that flash of hardness of which blue eyes are capable. His features weren't regular, but just now it was his expression that spoiled them. And he needed a shave.

Besides, his clothes were shabby. The best days they had ever seen had not been so very good; they were the sort of clothes that a man buys ready made in the cheaper sort of department store, and that soon lose their shape. The cheap leather of his brown shoes had begun to crack and peel. His straw hat was stained and weather-beaten, and the straw was chipped off here and there. The touch of a pressing-iron, five cents' worth of oxalic acid for the hat, a shave, a hair-cut, would have transformed the man. And his tie was badly tied. It looked as if he had made a poor job of the tying, and then had not felt it worth while to loosen it and try again.

20

But in the end it was his eyes, if you went back to them, that gave him away. They were sullen eyes now, and they had in them the look that eyes have when they

have seen many things go wrong and their owner has begun to stop caring very much. For the moment, to be sure, Hampton did care; his resentment of the care-free holiday makers showed that. And you would have been 5 puzzled to know why he should be so affected.

A tramp down on his luck, hungry, and a tramp, at that, with socialistic leanings, might have been angered by the thought of the money that would be wasted, frittered away, in connection with this race. But you must 10 have known that Hampton was not a tramp. He lacked the distinctive marks of the man who has become, either from inclination or from choice, an idler.

As a matter of fact, Hampton was not an idler. He had finished, only the day before, a job that had kept him 15 busy for six weeks, in connection with the installation of some machinery in a new factory, and he was waiting now for the man with whom he had worked. They would go back to New York, and in a day or two, or at most a week, some other job would claim them. And he had 20 enough money in his pocket to keep him in comfort even in the altogether improbable event of a month's idleness. He looked at the clock and then turned impatiently toward the door.

In a moment the man for whom he was waiting came 25 hurrying in. He looked a little like Hampton, and yet he didn't. A man of the same general type, he had none of Hampton's sullen indifference and disregard for his appearance.

"Hello!" he said. "Train on time?"

30 "I suppose not," said Hampton, ungraciously. "Never knew a Boston train to pull in here on time in boat-race week. So many fools like these people here coming to see the race!"

"Fools nothing!" said the other, enviously, turning to look with frank admiration at one of the groups of girls and young men that were constantly forming and separating as greetings were exchanged. "Where'd you get the grouch, Hampton? Why shouldn't they have a good 5 time? Wish I'd gone to Yale or Harvard—or some place. I'd give something to be able to come back to a show like this and feel I belonged."

"Huh! You'd think so, wouldn't you? But how do you know you'd belong?" said Hampton. "Look at ¹⁰ me! I fit in well with this bunch, don't I? And I'm a Harvard man!"

He laughed at the other man's bewilderment. "Sure I am!" he went on. "Don't look it, do I? Or act it? I manage to keep it pretty dark! But I haven't quite ¹⁵ lived it down yet, Smithy! When I see something like this it hits me. Why, I nearly came here to New London once with the crew. Looked as if I was a cinch for Number Five in the Varsity that year. Then they looked me up and found that none of my ancestors had ever ²⁰ been a colonial governor of Massachusetts and that I wasn't on the calling list of a single Back Bay family. So it was all off, of course! They wanted me to keep on with the second crew—just to give the real crew practice!" ²⁵

"Uh, I don't get you about all that stuff," said Smith. "Gave you a raw deal, did they? Gee, you can find that anywhere, I guess. But say, if you went to Harvard, how's it come that you're not further along? You ought to have a better job than me. I quit after two years in-³⁰ high school, and all I've had since is what I could get from night school and that correspondence course I'm taking now. But you had a regular start."

"Sure ; that's what I thought too, once," said Hampton. "Smithy, when I went to Harvard—and I went on my own money that I'd worked for—I thought I'd reached out and grabbed a regular future. I thought 5 I'd learn all sorts of things and make friends who'd help me along too. That's bunk, Smithy ! I haven't seen a man I knew in Harvard since I left Cambridge. And you said yourself you were as far along as I am. You can see how much college did for me. Yah !"

10 Smith shook his head rather helplessly. He couldn't quite account for his feeling, but Hampton made him feel rather sick, talking like that. He sensed the bitterness, the futile resentment, that lay behind the sneering words. But he had the feeling that there was something 15 else too ; something he didn't want to hear in the voice of a man he liked.

"Well, I d'know," he said uncomfortably. "Say, I guess that train's coming pretty soon. Buy your ticket yet ?"

20 "No," said Hampton, suddenly. "And I'm not going to. I'm going to stay, Smithy. I'm going to see if I can't get this grouch out of my system. Maybe if I stick around and see this race,—I don't know,—maybe it'll stop bothering me. What do you think ?"

25 "Me ?" said Smith. "Oh, I d'know. How can I tell ? You do as you like. What'll I tell the boss ? No reason why you shouldn't stay. There won't be any new job starting before Monday."

"Tell him I'll be in town Saturday morning," said 30 Hampton, his decision formed. "I'm going to try it."

Five minutes later he waved cheerlessly to Smith, who was looking back at him from the platform of the smoker. Then he turned away and walked out through the

waiting-room into the square outside the station. Half a dozen motors, bright with blue and crimson, were waiting. The same sort of girls and young men who had filled the waiting-room were in them, or coming to them, laden with bags from the train. He heard with a growing bitterness 5 the greetings, the excited questioning.

"Hello, where are you?"

"Griswold; good crowd. How about you?"

"House party up the river. We're coming over to your Griswold dance tomorrow night." 10

"Good; better celebrate while the celebrating's good! You Harvard johnnies won't feel so much like it after the race!"

And so on, ad infinitum. It seemed inexpressibly silly to Hampton. And yet there was enough honesty in him 15 to make him know, and to make him uncomfortable in the knowledge, too, that it was envy, rather than contempt, that he felt. He looked at a tall boy who stood on the running-board of a car, talking confidentially to a girl. The boy's fair hair was tossed about in the wind; 20 in his hand he held his hat, and its band was that of a famous club. No club had ever singled Hampton out for election.

It came to him suddenly that he had mattered as little to Harvard as Harvard had mattered to him. Even now 25 he could walk through the New London streets and have no fear of being recognized by some classmate. No fear? It wasn't exactly the word, he decided, with a wry smile. He walked away quickly, without turning back.

And then, after he had arranged with his surprised 30 landlady, who had supposed that she had seen the last of him, to stay for two more nights, he began to understand what it was that he had let himself in for. He had

two mortal days to kill before the race, and not the slightest notion of how to set about the task. Simply to pass the time he went into a barber shop and surrendered himself to the ministrations of a deft Italian, who conceived it to be his duty to his customer to talk about the race. He glanced at himself in the glass as he left the shop and was a little startled by the improvement in his appearance, since it made him understand how badly he must have looked before. A few doors from the barber's was a hat-cleaning parlor ; he shrugged his shoulders and became the patron of another Italian.

He looked better, but he had not gone far enough yet. The sullen, bitter look was still in his eyes ; his resentment was as keen as ever. Already he regretted his impulse to stay and his surrender ; he was minded to take the next train. But he strangled the desire. He decided, rather grimly, to wait. Perhaps he could get rid of his obsession of injustice.

For an hour he wandered around New London without spirit. New London is a small town. And in some odd fashion, with the influx of boat-race visitors, it seems to contract into even smaller limits than its normal ones. In those feverish days the town consists, practically, of the one street that climbs from the boat landings and the station to the Mohican Hotel, passing the post office and the Thames Club on the way. There everyone gathers ; crowds walk up and down all day long.

Hampton's discontent, his restlessness, grew with his wandering. And then, quite suddenly, he thought of something with which to cap the climax of his ironic communion with the past. Almost briskly he walked down to the station to find out when the next train for Red Top would start. He was just in time ; in less than

a minute he was in the smoker of the futile little two-car train that puffed out of the station, over the bridge, and up the river. He had never seen the Harvard crew's quarters at close range. He wanted to do so now—to see just what he had missed five years before when he had 5 been deprived of his chance to row against Yale.

Few people were on the train. He heard an excited discussion going on behind him between Yale men on their way to Gale's Ferry and some Harvard men, bent, like himself, on a visit to Red Top. Once more he 10 scowled. He told himself he had no interest in the race; that he didn't care which crew won. But he tried to hear what was being said.

At the little apology for a station he hung back and let the men who were sure of their welcome precede him. 15 He stopped, indeed, and watched them making their way toward the wooden buildings, with their fresh coat of crimson paint, at the water's edge. The strains of a phonograph playing some bit of dance music came to him, and he could hear, too, the voices of the men about 20 the quarters. From the river came the "put-put" of a motor boat; occasionally there was an outburst of laughter.

For a moment he thought of walking boldly in and announcing himself as a Harvard man and a former oars- 25 man. He was curious to see what sort of reception he would have. It was just possible that there would be someone about who would remember him, he thought. But then he scowled again and walked straight to the river, edging away a little to avoid quarters. He found 30 a rock that jutted out a little into the stream and allowed him to see the float and the space in front of the big living-shack.

A dozen oarsmen sat and lay about the float—bare feet in sandals or sneakers; short trunks and big white sweaters (some bearing the crimson H) their only clothing. A little chap, almost lost in his sweater, was 5 haranguing them all, talking volubly, but winning only derision. Involuntarily Hampton grinned. He remembered the coxswain of the crew he had so nearly made, little Staines, who had talked so much.

In the water, by the float, two or three men were 10 swimming lazily, their bronzed bodies gleaming through the water. From up the river an eight was swinging down, crimson-tipped oars flashing in the sun. The freshman boat, Hampton guessed. The wind carried to his ears very faintly the hoarse comments of the coach, 15 who stood in the bow of the coaching launch that followed the shell, and again Hampton grinned.

"Wray, I suppose," he said to himself. "Telling them how rotten they are! Gosh! they look good to me!"

And then all at once he couldn't bear it for another 20 second. He caught his breath. He recognized furiously the constriction of the muscles of his throat. And he turned and walked quickly, head down, toward the railway tracks. He wanted to shut the whole sight from his eyes, to close his ears to the snatches of talk, the 25 occasional burst of sound from the phonograph.

He was vaguely conscious of a man who had been walking along the railway track, and who turned toward him now—a man in white flannels and blue serge, hatless, tanned by the sun. He bent his head; he didn't 30 want to be seen. And then he heard his own name pronounced in doubtful, hesitating accents. He looked up at that and saw that the other man had stopped, and was smiling, his hand outstretched.

"Isn't it Hampton?" he asked. "Murray Hampton? By Jove, this is luck! Where did you drop from, Hampton?"

Hampton stared at him bewildered, groping for some clew to his identity. 5

"Forgotten me, haven't you?" said the other, his white teeth flashing as his smile broadened. "But I was a class below you, of course—rowed on the four the year you were with the Varsity. Coburn—remember now? Say, I'm glad to see you!" 10

Mechanically Hampton shook hands. He couldn't understand at all. He did remember Coburn. Why shouldn't he? Even a Hampton could remember without much difficulty a man like Coburn, who had been predestined to every good thing that Harvard and life 15 itself can offer; Coburn, who had captained the crew in his senior year and been a leader in every sort of undergraduate activity; who had had family and money and every other good thing behind him. But why should Coburn remember him and, even if that were explained, 20 why should he greet him so cordially?

"Come along," said Coburn, amazingly. He linked his arm in Hampton's and turned him around, and then began to walk swiftly toward the red buildings that showed through the trees. "By Jove, old man, you've 25 saved us from everlasting disgrace! Do you know what I've been doing. I've been to Gales Ferry to ask them if they'd let us put a Varsity sub in for the race tomorrow! Would they! Tickled to death at the chance! It's the first time we've been short a man in three years!" 30

Before Hampton could frame the questions that were surging in his mind, Coburn had led him, a little dazed, wholly acquiescent, to the float.

"Here we are, you chaps!" he cried. "I ate my slice of humble pie all for nothing! Talk about luck—here's Murray Hampton to fill up the boat for us! We needn't put in a ringer after all!"

5 There was a chorus of rejoicing from the men Coburn addressed. And these were not the Varsity men, but a group, like Coburn himself, in flannels, who sat a little apart. Three or four men whom Hampton remembered dimly got up and shook hands with him.

10 "Good business!" said one. "Good for you, Hampton!" cried another.

"It's a hunch!" said Coburn, solemnly. "We thought we'd written or wired or telephoned to every man east of Chicago yesterday, and then old Hampton drops from 15 the sky to pull us through at the last minute!"

"But look here!" cried Hampton. "What's it all about? You might as well be talking Greek to me."

"Good heavens! Didn't you know?" asked Coburn. "Why, you've turned up just in time to save us in the 20 race with the Yale graduates tomorrow,—mile course,—and God help the man who's been living high! I forgot, though, you haven't been around since you got through, have you? This is fairly new. Started as a bit of a joke, but it's a real race every year now—'gentle-25 men's eights,' some blighter called it! Yale's been at least one man short every year till this, and it looked as if they'd put one over on us this year. You're in shape to row a mile, aren't you?"

"I—I guess so," said Hampton. He found it curiously 30 difficult to swallow. "Say, I'm surprised that you remembered me!"

"Remember you? Well, I should say we did! Come on, let's find you some togs, and we'll go out for a spin,

after the Varsity's gone away for its paddle! The way these infants kid us is something fierce, Hampton!"

Hampton laughed uncertainly. Rather blindly he followed Coburn into the boathouse and waited about, taking deep, long breaths, filling his nostrils with the old, well-remembered smell that hangs about the home of racing-shells. Coburn lifted his voice, calling for an assistant manager, who came presently, loftily smoking a cigarette, and supplied Hampton with shoes, with short rowing-trunks, and a sleeveless shirt. It bore a faded H, and Hampton flushed as he looked at that.

"I—say—I'm not an H man," he said. For a moment the old bitterness welled up in him. He remembered the disappointment of years before—when he had been young enough to think the winning of the Varsity letter 15 among the greatest things of all.

"Oh, never mind that; wear it inside out if you're so particular," said Coburn. "Oh, I remember; someone beat you out the year I was on the four, and you didn't come out in your senior year. Too bad. You'd have 20 made it; beaten me out, I guess. Everyone said I'd have stayed on the four that year too if you'd been out, now that I think of it."

Hampton looked at him sharply. But Coburn was innocent of guile. He wasn't trying to be tactful. For the 25 first time in his years of brooding a faint doubt entered Hampton's mind. The bitterness wasn't wiped out in a moment; the thoughts of years do not succumb so easily. But doubt had entered his mind, and that made a difference. He turned away with a curious feeling that 30 he did not want Coburn to see his eyes just then.

Ten minutes later they were all on the float. Up the river the Varsity shell was gliding smoothly through the

water, the crimson blades flashing in the glorious rhythm of the racing-stroke. The water all around the float was full of the naked bodies of the freshmen, just in from a spin, laughing, skylarking. Little Staines, who had been 5 up at the sleeping quarters, appeared suddenly, crying for haste, and then stopped to pump Hampton's hand up and down in delighted surprise.

"Oh, great!" he said. "This is like old times! You're a life-saver! You haven't changed a bit, either, 10 Hampton; just as big and raw as you ever were. Lord, what have you been doing to keep fit? I've lived in a Turkish bath for two weeks to get enough off to fit into my seat!"

Tenderly they set an old shell afloat—a shell full of 15 glorious memories for some of them, who had sat in it and raised weary eyes at the finish of a race to see those last heartbreaking strokes of a beaten Yale crew. Then gingerly they climbed in.

They pushed off, and through the little megaphone 20 that was strapped about Staines's head there poured the old, familiar stream of picturesque abuse, as he cried his orders and got the shell out into midstream.

"Seven!" he cried tragically, "if you want to set a pace of your own, all right! but remember you're stroking the port side of the boat, and watch Coburn's beat! 25 Four, have you forgotten all you ever knew about how to hold an oar? Bow—oh, teach me a new language, someone, so I can tell Bow what he's doing; it can't be done in English!"

30 Hampton got his share of that unending stream of invective. And it was like the first breath of salt air to a man who loves the sea, after a long exile in the midlands. The sweat that started on his forehead and poured into

his eyes, blinding him; the ebb and flow of swelling muscles in the naked back of the man in the seat ahead of him; the deep bite of his blade in the water; the sweet, smooth rush of the slide; the jump of the boat as the eight blades drove through the water; the sound of the river against the sides of the shell,—all blended into a delight so intoxicating that he wanted to cry out his joy.

A mile they rowed upstream, against the tide; then turned and came lazily home, flayed still by Staines, but full of the knowledge that they had not forgotten how to row. Stiffly they climbed up on the float, and then, at Coburn's word, skied the shell and ran it into the boat-house, while the Varsity cheered them ironically. Back to the water, then—rolling off the float, splashing like children, reveling in the delight of turning on their backs and floating, looking up at the cloudless blue sky above.

"You'll stay here, of course," said Coburn, as they dressed, after the shower. "Lots of room. We'll get out early in the morning for a last spin. We'll row them in the afternoon, after it gets cool."

"I—well, I ought to get back—haven't any things; just ran up for a look at the crew," said Hampton, hesitatingly.

"Forget it," said Coburn. "We'll send a freshman in for a toothbrush, and we can fit you out with everything else. You were going to stay over for the race, weren't you? Of course! We'll all be honored guests on one of the boats. Heroes—all that sort of thing, you know. *If* we beat those lobsters! Lord, I feel the way I did when I was a freshman! Seems to me I'd run away and hide if we let them beat us!"

Hampton lay around the float after he had changed to borrowed flannels, and talked rowing. No one asked the

question he had dreaded ; there was only one topic, save when the Varsity men, showing in their faces the strain of their long training, were about. From them all thought of the race had to be kept. All the talk was of the crew, 5 and of other crews that were remembered now for the victories they had won or the defeats they had suffered. Hampton said little ; he was content to bask in the comfort of it all. But now and again some trace of his bitterness came back to plague him. This was all very well ; 10 but how late it was !

He would row against Yale tomorrow. For a few hours more the good fellowship would last. And then, when the race was over, there would be farewells. He would go back to his petty, uncertain job ; Coburn would 15 return to his desk in one of the offices of one of his father's railroads ; Staines would become again the owner of countless blocks of city real estate that kept his income in the millions. All would be again as it had been when he had let Smith go back to New York alone.

20 But there was little time for him to think of the ultimate results of his attempt to free himself of the obsession that had been with him through the years. The call to supper came, and he ate with such an appetite as he had not known for years. And after dinner there was 25 more talk, and music from the phonograph. For a time a freshman played the piano, and everyone sang. Then came the Yale crew and its camp followers, visiting, and when these had gone it was time for bed.

Even then, sleep came so quickly that Hampton did 30 not think. Two miles of rowing had seemed so little, yet he was tired ; so tired that he slept until he was roused in the morning by the call to breakfast—a breakfast that was preceded by a swift swim that sharpened his appetite

again. Oh, it was good, every minute of it, every bit of talk, every revival of the memories that for years had held nothing for him but bitterness !

And it was after lunch, while he waited about nervously for the time to come when Coburn would call out his 5 crew, that his inspiration came to him. He had studied Coburn and the rest ; he admitted to himself now that he had been wrong. These men were really friendly ; they were not, as he had once or twice suspected, simply making use of him. Sooner or later Coburn or one of the 10 others would ask the inevitable question about what he was doing, about how he was getting along. Then if he told the truth, why, almost any one of them could give him a hand. And would, he was sure of that. He drew a long breath. There might be a chance for him yet ! If 15 he could interest Coburn he could get the money to work out that brake he had worked on for two years after he had left Harvard.

The minutes dragged by with leaden feet. Long before it was time they were ready and waiting. To Hampton— 20 and he was sure that the others felt as he did—this race he was to row was as significant, as vitally important, as the great struggle of the Varsity crews next day. Yale was to be beaten still ; there stirred in him some feeling of the symbolism of the contest that came home to him 25 so directly. For others besides himself this race meant a second chance. There was MacCrae, for instance, who had rowed against Yale in three losing crews. He understood very well the grim look in MacCrae's eyes.

A motor boat came dashing up at last, and the men 30 who, like Coburn, knew the ropes, stood up and shouted a greeting to Billy Meikleham, the referee, standing in the bow,

"Ready, Coburn?" cried Meikleham.

"Ready!" answered Coburn. And he grinned as he turned to Hampton. "What'll they ever do when Billy gets tired of being referee every year?" he asked. "He's part of the scenery!"

Then gingerly, with the scoffing advice of the Varsity ringing in their ears, they got into the shell. Hampton felt his pulses leaping as he bent to adjust his lacing. Then he gripped his sweep and waited for Staines to get them off.

"Come along; let's show them some form!" called Staines.

They dropped down the river easily, and Staines checked them with his sharp cry of "Way enough!" so that they could drift down with the tide, past the stake boat, and give the man who waited, his chance to grasp the slender stem and hold the shell in line against the start. Hampton looked over in the moment before he had to be alert for the coxswain's orders, and the swift glimpse of the Yale shell abolished the years that he had wasted. In an instant he was back in his junior year. But now the dream of that year that had been vain had come to the moment of realization. He could do something for Harvard after all.

"Ready, Harvard? Ready, Yale?"

He saw Staines fling up his hand, but now he could look across at the Yale shell no longer. A pistol cracked. They were off. He felt the shell leap into life beneath him; he drove his own blade deep into the water—too deep. He was conscious of the splash as he recovered, and gritted his teeth. The mad impulse to set his own pace, to row as fast and as hard as he could, was new to him; he had never been in a real race before. In the

first dozen strokes, before they got together, with Staines snapping at them, he was conscious of the wild tumult in the shell. But then, somehow, all was well, and the shell began to slip smoothly through the water.

At last he dared to glance over toward the left, where 5 Yale should have been. And for a moment he saw nothing. Then dimly his eye picked up a tiny brown line, the stem of the Yale shell. Yale was ahead! Once more he had to fight the impulse to throw discipline, the set beat he must take from the man before him, to the winds, and 10 drive his own sweep in as hard and as often as he could. Grimly he settled down to his task.

He tried to guess the stroke. As nearly as he could come to it Coburn was giving them thirty-six strokes to the minute, and he raged, because he knew that they were 15 all good for thirty-eight. But it was not for him to decide; it was his task to put every bit of strength, every effort of the muscles of back and thigh and leg into the drive; to summon up every half-forgotten bit of rowing 20 lore that he had learned on the Charles, and row. . . .

He fought hard against the overpowering desire to turn and look at the Yale crew. But at last he let his eyes wander, and now, where that tiny speck of cedar had been, he saw the Yale coxswain bending forward, the straining back of the stroke. Yale was coming back! 25 And, even as he looked over, Yale's Number Seven seemed to move backward into his range of vision. His shell was gaining.

And then a new thrill shot through the boat, and long before his brain registered the knowledge, he was rowing 30 a higher, faster stroke. He heard Seagrave, his Number Six, grunt; joyfully, once he knew that Coburn had cut loose at last, he flung himself into the work. Work?

Nothing like it! It was play; such glorious play as he had not known in years!

Suddenly a pistol cracked again, and from Staines came the sharp order: "Way enough! Quit, you lobsters; 5 it's all over!"

All over! Every nerve in Hampton's body cried out in revolt. All over!—when they were just beginning to row? Then he heard a laugh behind him; cold water splashed on his back. Mechanically he scooped up a handful of 10 water and flung it over Seagrave, and then he looked over. The Yale shell was still moving; the oars had just been raised. He realized all at once that Yale was beaten! Seagrave turned to grin at him happily.

"Good enough!" he said. "We beat 'em again!"

15 Hampton joined in the cheer for Yale and listened hungrily to the sharp bark of Yale's answering cheer.

"All right!" called Staines. "Let's hit it up going back! We'll show them we're not tired!"

But they loafed until they were only a quarter of a 20 mile from the float, and then Coburn quickened the beat and they dashed magnificently up to the float, crowded with the youngsters whose test would come next day. And now there was nothing ironical about the way the Varsity cheered them. They had done their part, and 25 they had brought home with them an omen of victory for the tired boys who were wondering how they could hope to sleep on this last night, when sleep meant so much.

"You weren't so rotten but what you might have been 30 worse!" conceded Staines, grudgingly, when they were all dressing together. "At that, though, Hampton was the only one who didn't make some fool break in the first minute."

"He was our mascot!" said Coburn, looking over with a grin. "How about next year, old man? Can we count on you?"

"You bet!" said Hampton. "Glory, I wouldn't miss it for a million!"

5

"Fine! Who's for the Griswold tonight? We can break training, and I've got a bid for the whole crowd, if any of you haven't got your own."

Abruptly the spell was broken for Hampton. He drew away silently as the rest gathered to discuss their plans for the night; and it was his own clothes that he donned. Very quietly he slipped out. But Coburn saw him go, and in a moment down on the deserted float he joined him and dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"I say—oh, hang it, Hampton—I don't just know how to put it. How have you been making out? World treating you just the way it should?"

It was the chance that Hampton had looked for, counted on.

"The world's all right, Coburn!" he said. "It's done just that—treated me just the way it should! I'm the one who's been wrong. Some day I'll tell you, if you'll listen to me, the way I intended to answer that question when you asked it. I've been bumming, Coburn. I've messed things up. I've been acting like a spoiled kid that couldn't have the moon. But—ask me again next year, will you? I'll have something different to tell you!"

Coburn stared at him, then reached for his hand impulsively. "I'll bet you will, old man," he said. "I—I came down here to see if I could do anything for you. But I guess I can't, can I?"

"Not a thing!" said Hampton. "You've done it already; you and the whole crowd. Say, I'm not going

to wait for the race. I'm going down to New York to-night. I want to be on the job when the whistle blows tomorrow morning. But—next year—!"

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

A holiday crowd	Meeting an old acquaintance
A careless person	A talkative friend
A "bad-looking" chap	An athlete
A "tramp down on his luck"	The start of a boat race (or any athletic event)
Waiting for a train	The finish of a boat race (or any athletic event)
A barber shop	Early morning on a river
A small town on a holiday	An unexpected situation
An "apology for a station"	Turning over a new leaf
Lively conversation	
A disagreeable task	

OUTLINE

A holiday crowd.

1. Time and place.
2. The occasion for the holiday.
3. Types of people in the crowd.
4. Incidents.
5. General impressions of a crowd.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That a person's position in the world eventually depends as much on chance as on himself.

Resolved, That college athletics is on the whole a waste of time and money.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. (a) Give three reasons why it is important that one should be particular about his personal appearance. (b) Is the fact that Hampton was a mechanic a good reason why he was not so well dressed as the holiday crowd at the boat race?

2. Give a description and character sketch of Hampton. Explain what is indicated by "his tie was badly tied."
3. Was it a disgrace for Hampton, a college man, to be a mechanic? Give reasons for your answer.
4. Contrast and compare Hampton and Smithy as to
 - a. Personal appearance
 - b. Ability
 - c. Education
 - d. Common sense
 - e. Force of character
 - f. Position
5. Is there anything said to show that Smithy was making an effort to get on in the world? Does this statement imply a criticism of Hampton?
6. Give your impression of the men Hampton met about the boathouse. Are they the kind of men you would care to have as friends?
7. At what point in the story does Hampton awake to the fact that his position in the world was largely of his own making?
8. What characteristic was it that prevented Hampton from being a "good fellow" at college?
9. Explain in detail just what you think Hampton planned to do "next year."
10. Explain the following expressions:
 - a. Slice of humble pie
 - b. It's a hunch
 - c. Skied the shell
 - d. Leaden feet
 - e. Work out that brake
 - f. Omen of victory
 - g. Old man
 - h. "But—next year—"
11. If you think that there is a moral to the story, state it as definitely as you can.
12. Give from history, fiction, or from your own personal knowledge instances where men have suddenly determined to "about face" and have been successful in the attempt.

THE BACKWOODSMAN¹

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Backwoods society was simple, and the duties and rights of each member of the family were plain and clear. The man was the armed protector and provider, the breadwinner; the woman was the housewife and child-bearer. They married young and their families were large, for they were strong and healthy, and their success in life depended on their own stout arms and willing hearts. There was everywhere great equality of conditions. Land was plenty and all else scarce; so courage, thrift, and industry were sure of their reward. All had small farms, with the few stock necessary to cultivate them; the farms being generally placed in the hollows, the division lines between them, if they were close together, being the tops of the ridges. The buildings of each farm were usually at its lowest point, as if in the center of an amphitheater.

Each backwoodsman was not only a small farmer but also a hunter, for his wife and children depended for their meat upon the venison and bear's flesh procured by his rifle. His weapon was a long, small-bore, flintlock rifle, clumsy and ill-balanced, but exceedingly accurate. It was very heavy and, when upright, reached to the chin of a tall man; for the barrel of thick, soft iron was four feet in length, while the stock was short, and the butt scooped out. It was almost always fired from a rest, and rarely at long range.

¹From "Winning of the West."

In the backwoods there was very little money; barter was the common form of exchange, and peltries were often used as a circulating medium—a beaver, otter, fisher, dressed buckskin, or large bearskin being reckoned as equal to two foxes or wildcats, four coons, or eight minks. 5 A young man inherited nothing from his father but his strong frame and eager heart; but before him lay a whole continent wherein to pitch his farm, and he felt ready to marry as soon as he became of age, even though he had nothing but his clothes, his horses, his ax, and his rifle. 10 If a girl was well off and had been careful and industrious, she might herself bring a dowry of a cow and a calf, a brood mare, a bed well stocked with blankets, and a chest containing her clothes.

The first lesson the backwoodsmen learned was the 15 necessity of self-help; the next, that such a community could only thrive if all joined in helping one another. Log-rollings, house-raisings, house-warmings, corn-shuckings, quiltings, and the like were occasions when all the neighbors came together to do what the family itself 20 could hardly accomplish alone. Every such meeting was the occasion of a frolic and dance for the young people, whisky and rum being plentiful, and the host exerting his utmost power to spread the table with backwoods delicacies—bear meat and venison, vegetables from the 25 “truck patch” (where squashes, melons, beans, and the like were grown), wild fruits, bowls of milk, and apple pies, which were the acknowledged standard of luxury.

The young men prided themselves on their bodily strength and were always eager to contend against one 30 another in athletic games, such as wrestling, racing, jumping, and lifting flour barrels; and they also sought distinction in vying with one another at their work.

Sometimes they strove against one another singly; sometimes they divided into parties, each bending all its energies to be first in shucking a given heap of corn or cutting (with sickles) an allotted patch of wheat. Among the 5 men the bravos, or bullies, often were dandies also in the backwoods fashions, wearing their hair long and delighting in the rude finery of hunting-shirts embroidered with porcupine quills; they were loud, boastful, and profane, given to coarsely bantering one another. Brutally savage 10 fights were frequent—the combatants, who were surrounded by rings of interested spectators, striking, kicking, biting, and gouging. We first hear of the noted scout and Indian fighter, Simon Kenton, as leaving a rival for dead after one of these ferocious duels, and fleeing from 15 his home in terror of the punishment that might follow the deed. Such fights were specially frequent when the backwoodsmen went into the little frontier towns to see horse races or fairs.

A wedding was always a time of festival. If there was 20 a church anywhere near, the bride rode thither on horseback behind her father, and after the service her pillion was shifted to the bridegroom's steed. If, as generally happened, there was no church, the groom and his friends, all armed, rode to the house of the bride's father, plenty 25 of whisky being drunk, and the men racing recklessly along the narrow bridle paths, for there were few roads or wheeled vehicles in the backwoods. At the bride's house the ceremony was performed, and then a huge dinner was eaten; after which the fiddling and dancing began, and 30 were continued all the afternoon and most of the night as well. The fun was hearty and coarse, and the toasts always included one to the young couple, with the wish that they might have many big children; for as long as

they could remember, the backwoodsmen had lived at war; while looking ahead they saw no chance of its ever stopping, and so each son was regarded as a future warrior, a help to the whole community. The neighbors all joined again in chopping and rolling the logs for the young couple's future house, then in raising the house itself, and finally in feasting and dancing at the house-warming.

Each family did everything that could be done for itself. The father and sons worked with ax, hoe, and sickle. 10 Almost every house contained a loom, and almost every woman was a weaver. Linsey-woolsey, made from flax grown near the cabin and of wool from the backs of the few sheep, was the warmest and most substantial cloth; and when the flax crop failed and the flocks were destroyed by wolves, the children had but scanty covering to hide their nakedness. The man tanned the buckskin; the woman was tailor and shoemaker and made the deer-skin sifters to be used instead of bolting cloths. There were few pewter spoons in use, but the table furniture 20 consisted mainly of handmade trenchers, platters, noggins, and bowls. The cradle was of peeled hickory bark. Plowshares had to be imported, but harrows and sleds were made without difficulty, and the cooper work was well done. Each cabin had a hand mill and a hominy block; 25 the last was borrowed from the Indians, and was only a large block of wood with a hole burned in the top, as a mortar, where the pestle was worked. If there were any sugar maples accessible, they were tapped every year.

But some articles, especially salt and iron, could not 30 be produced in the backwoods. In order to get them each family collected during the year all the furs possible, these being valuable and yet easily carried on pack horses,

the sole means of transport. Then, after seeding time, in the fall, the people of a neighborhood ordinarily joined in sending down a train of poultry-laden pack horses to some large seacoast or tidal-river trading town, where 5 their burdens were bartered for the needed iron and salt.

The life of the backwoodsmen was one long struggle. The forest had to be felled ; droughts, deep snows, freshets, cloudbursts, forest fires, and all the other dangers of a wilderness life faced. Swarms of deer-flies, mosquitoes, 10 and midges rendered life a torment in the weeks of hot weather. Rattlesnakes and copperheads were very plentiful and—the former, especially—constant sources of danger and death. Wolves and bears were incessant and inveterate foes of the live stock, and the cougar or panther 15 occasionally attacked man as well.

These armed hunters, woodchoppers, and farmers were their own soldiers. They built and manned their own forts ; they did their own fighting under their own commanders. There were no regiments of regular troops 20 along the frontier. In the event of an Indian inroad each borderer had to defend himself until there was time for them all to gather together to repel or avenge it. Every man was accustomed to the use of arms from his childhood ; when a boy was twelve years old he was given 25 a rifle and made a fort-soldier, with loophole where he was to stand if the station was attacked. The war was never-ending, for even the times of so-called peace were broken by forays and murders ; a man might grow from babyhood to middle age on the border and yet never 30 remember a year in which some of his neighbors did not fall a victim to the Indians.

Thus the backwoodsmen lived on the clearings they had hewed out of the everlasting forest—a grim, stern

people, strong and simple, powerful for good and evil, swayed by gusts of stormy passion, the love of freedom rooted in their very hearts' core. Their lives were harsh and narrow; they gained their bread by their blood and sweat in the unending struggle with the wild ruggedness 5 of nature. They suffered terrible injuries at the hands of the red men, and on their foes they waged a terrible warfare in return. They were relentless, revengeful, suspicious, knowing neither ruth nor pity; they were also upright, resolute, and fearless, loyal to their friends, and 10 devoted to their country. In spite of their many failings they were of all men the best fitted to conquer the wilderness and hold it against all comers.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

My home duties	A wrestling match
A backwoods settlement	An athletic contest
A backwoods experience	A horseback ride
A small farm	A visit to a sugar orchard
A typical farmhouse	Watching the blacksmith
A hunter	An experience in a drought
A hunting experience	When the snow was deep
An animal story I heard	Caught in a freshet
An example of self-help	A brush fire
When the neighbors helped	A woodchopper
Helping a neighbor	Rifle practice

OUTLINE

My Home Duties.

1. My duties in the home.	2. My duties about the home.
a. Care of my property.	a. Chores.
b. Care of my room.	b. Care of lawn or yard.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That the country offers a boy better opportunities for enjoyment than the city offers.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Explain the meaning of the following :

a. Breadwinner	d. Housewarming
b. Log-rolling	e. Quilting
c. House-raising	f. Corn-shucking
2. Point out the significance of the following expressions :

a. Flintlock (rifle)	d. Regular troops
b. Backwoods delicacies	e. Everlasting forest
c. Sugar maple	f. Handmade trenchers
3. Give examples of the following :

a. Athletic games	c. Community work
b. Barter	d. Love of freedom
4. Explain the use of each of the following articles :

a. Sickle	d. Hand mill
b. Trencher	e. Hominy block
c. Harrow	f. Loom
5. Name the most important articles of food used by the early backwoodsmen.
6. What tools did the frontiersmen find most useful ?
7. Make a list of dishes and utensils used in the home.
8. State the most characteristic qualities developed in the backwoodsmen.
9. Make a list of ten articles now in common use in the home as necessities which were unknown to the early backwoodsmen.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

The following topics are suggested for talks or articles on interesting incidents of early local history. For material consult any available library books, or interview old residents.

1. Our first settlers.
2. How land was cleared.
3. The houses that were built.

4. Hardships of the pioneers.
5. How food and clothing were procured.
6. Early customs.
7. Dealings with Indians.
8. The first schools.
9. Observance of the Sabbath.
10. Interesting fragments of local history.

COLLATERAL READING

ROOSEVELT, Winning of the West; THOMPSON, Alice of Old Vincennes; PARKMAN, The Oregon Trail; STONE and FICKETT, Days and Deeds; DRAKE, Making of the Great West; EGGLESTON, Hoosier Schoolboy; GARLAND, Boy Life on the Prairie; GARLAND, Trail of the Gold Seekers; ROOSEVELT, Stories of the Great West; HOWELLS, A Boy's Town; LODGE and ROOSEVELT, Hero Tales from American History; SPARKS, The Men who made the Nation; STANLEY, The Backwoodsman; TOMLINSON, Three Colonial Boys; EGGLESTON, Life in the Eighteenth Century; GORDY, Colonial Days; CHURCHILL, The Crossing; COFFIN, Building the Nation; COOPER, Leatherstocking Tales; FISKE, Beginnings of New England; LAUT, Pathfinders of the West; BRADY, Northwestern Fights and Fighters; HOSMER, Expedition of Lewis and Clark.

HOEING TURNIPS¹

RALPH CONNOR

It is one of the many limitations of a city-bred boy that he knows nothing of the life history and the culture of the things that grow upon a farm. Apples and potatoes he recognizes when they appear as articles of diet upon the 5 table ; oats and wheat he vaguely associates in some mysterious and remote way with porridge and bread, but whether potatoes grow on trees or oats in pods he has no certain knowledge. Blessed is the country boy for many reasons, but for none more than this, that the world of 10 living and growing things, animate and inanimate, is one which he has explored and which he intimately knows ; and blessed is the city boy for whom his wise parents provide means of acquaintance with this wonder workshop of old mother Nature, God's own open country.

15 Turnip-hoeing is an art, a fine art, demanding all the talents of high genius, a true eye, a sure hand, a sensitive conscience, industry, courage, endurance, and pride in achievement. These and other gifts are necessary to high success. Not to every man is it given to become a turnip- 20 hoer in the truest sense of that word. The art is achieved only after long and patient devotion, and, indeed, many never attain high excellence. Of course, therefore, there are grades of artists in this as in other departments. There are turnip-hoers and turnip-hoers, just as there 25 are painters and painters. It was Tim's ambition to be

¹ From "Corporal Cameron."

the first turnip-hoer of his district, and toward this end he had striven both last season and this with a devotion that deserved, if it did not achieve, success. Quietly he had been patterning himself upon that master artist, Perkins, who for some years had easily held the champion- 5 ship for the district. Keenly Tim had been observing Perkins's excellences and also his defects; secretly he had been developing a style of his own, and, all unnoticed, he had tested his speed by that of Perkins by adopting the method of lazily loafing along and then catching up 10 by a few minutes of whirlwind work. Tim felt in his soul the day of battle could not be delayed past this season; indeed, it might come any day. The very thought of it made his slight body quiver and his heart beat so quickly as almost to choke him. 15

To the turnip field hied Haley's men, Perkins and Webster leading the way, Tim and Cameron bringing up the rear.

"You promised to show me how to do it, Tim," said Cameron. "Remember, I shall be very slow." 20

"Oh, shucks!" replied Tim, "turnip-hoeing is as easy as rollin' off a log if yeh know how to do it."

"Exactly!" cried Cameron, "but that is what I don't. You might give me some pointers."

"Well, you must be able to hit what yeh aim at." 25

"Ah! that means a good eye and steady hand," said Cameron. "Well, I can do billiards some and golf. What else?"

"Well, you mustn't be too careful, slash right in and don't give a rip." 30

"Ah! nerve, eh!" said Cameron. "Well, I have done some Rugby in my day—I know something of that. What else? This sounds good."

"Then you've got to leave only one turnip in one place and not a weed; and you mustn't leave any blanks. Dad gets hot over that."

"Indeed, one turnip in each place and not a weed," 5 echoed Cameron. "Say! this business grows interesting. No blanks! Anything else?" he demanded.

"No, I guess not; only if yeh ever git into a race ye've got to keep goin' after you're clear tuckered out, and never let on. You see the other chap may be feelin' worse 10 than you."

"By Jove, Tim! you're a born general!" exclaimed Cameron. "You will go some distance if you keep on in that line. Now as to racing let me venture a word, for I have done a little in my time. Don't spurt 15 too soon."

"Eh!" said Tim, all eagerness.

"Don't get into your racing stride too early in the day, especially if you are up against a stronger man. Wait till you know you can stay till the end and then put your 20 best licks in at the finish."

Tim pondered.

"By Jimminy! you're right," he cried, a glad light in his eye and a touch of color in his pale cheek, and Cameron knew he was studying war.

25 The turnip field—let it be said for the enlightening of the benighted and unfortunate city-bred folk—is laid out in a series of drills, a drill being a long ridge of earth some six inches in height, some eight inches broad on the top, and twelve at the base. Upon each drill the seed has 30 been sown in one continuous line from end to end of the field. When this seed has grown, each drill will discover a line of delicate green, this line being nothing less than a compact growth of young turnip plants with weeds

more or less thickly interspersed. The operation of hoeing consists in the eliminating of the weeds and the superfluous turnip plants, in order that single plants, free from weeds, may be left some eight inches apart in unbroken line, extending the whole length of the drill. The artistic hoer, however, is not content with this. His artistic soul demands not only that single plants should stand in unbroken row from end to end along the drill top but that the drill itself should be pared down on each side to the likeness of a house roof with a perfectly even ridge.

"Ever hoe turnips?" inquired Perkins.

"Never," said Cameron, "and I am afraid I won't make much of a fist at it."

"Well, you've come to a good place to learn, eh, Tim? 15
We'll show him, won't we?"

Tim made no reply, but simply handed Cameron a hoe and picked up his own.

"Now, show me, Tim," said Cameron in a low voice, as Perkins and Webster set off on their drills.

20

"This is how you do it," replied Tim. "Click-click," forward and back went Tim's sharp, shining instrument, leaving a single plant standing shyly alone where had boldly bunched a score or more a moment before. "Click-click-click," and the flat-topped drill stood free of weeds 25 and superfluous turnip plants and trimmed to its proper rooflike appearance.

"I say!" exclaimed Cameron, "this is high art. I shall never reach your class, though, Tim."

"Oh, shucks!" said Tim, "slash in; don't be afraid." 30 Cameron slashed in. "Click-click, click-click-click," when lo! a long blank space of drill looked up reproachfully at him.

"Oh, Tim ! look at this mess," he said in disgust.

"Never mind !" said Tim, "let her rip. Better stick one in, though. Blanks look bad at the end of the drill." So saying, he made a hole in Cameron's drill and with his 5 hoe dug up a bunch of plants from another drill and patted them firmly into place, and, weeding out the unnecessary plants, left a single turnip in its proper place.

"Oh, come, that isn't so bad," said Cameron. "We can 10 always fill up the blanks."

"Yes, but it takes time," replied Tim, evidently with the racing fever in his blood. Patiently Tim schooled his pupil throughout the forenoon, and before the dinner hour had come Cameron was making what to Tim 15 appeared satisfactory progress. It was greatly in Cameron's favor that he possessed a trained and true eye and a steady hand and that he was quick in all his movements.

"You're doin' splendid," cried Tim, full of admiration.

20 "I say, Scotty !" said Perkins, coming up and casting a critical eye along Cameron's last drill, "you're going to make a turnip-hoer all right."

"I've got a good teacher, you see," cried Cameron.

25 "You bet you have," said Perkins. "I taught Tim myself, and in two or three years he'll be almost as good as I am, eh, Tim ?"

"Huh !" grunted Tim, contemptuously, but let it go at that.

30 "Perhaps you think you're that now, eh, Tim ?" said Perkins, seizing the boy by the back of the neck and rubbing his hand over his hair in a manner perfectly maddening. "Don't you get too perky, young feller, or I'll hang your shirt on the fence before the day's done."

Tim wriggled out of his grasp and kept silent. He was not yet ready with his challenge. All through the afternoon he stayed behind with Cameron, allowing the other two to help them out at the end of each drill, but as the day wore on there was less and less and less need of 5 assistance for Cameron, for he was making rapid progress with his work, and Tim was able to do not only his own drill but almost half of Cameron's as well. By supper time Cameron was thoroughly done out. Never had a day seemed so long ; never had he known that he pos- 10 sessed so many muscles in his back. The continuous stooping and the steady click-click of the hoe, together with the unceasing strain of hand and eye, and all this under the hot, burning rays of a June sun, so exhausted his vitality that when the cowbell rang for supper it 15 seemed to him a sound more delightful than the strains of a Richter orchestra in a Beethoven symphony.

On the way back to the field after supper Cameron observed that Tim was in a state of suppressed excitement, and it dawned upon him that the hour of his 20 challenge of Perkins's supremacy as a turnip-hoer was at hand.

"I say, Tim, boy ! " he said earnestly, "listen to me. You are going to get after Perkins this evening, eh ? "

"How did you know ? " said Tim in surprise. 25

"Never mind ! Now listen to me ; I have raced myself some and I have trained men to race. Are you not too tired with your day's work ? "

"Tired ! Not a bit," said the gallant little soul, scornfully. 30

"Well, all right. It's nice and cool, and you can't hurt yourself much. Now, how many drills do you do after supper as a rule ? "

"Down and up twice," said Tim.

"How many drills can you do at your top speed—
your very top speed, remember?"

"About two drills, I guess," replied Tim, after a moment's thought.

"Now listen to me!" said Cameron, impressively. "Go quietly for two and a half drills, then let yourself out and go your best. And, listen! I have been watching you this afternoon. You have easily done once and a half what Perkins has done, and you are going to lick him out of his boots."

Tim gulped a moment or two, looked at his friend with glistening eyes, but said not a word. For the first two and a half drills Cameron exerted to the highest degree his conversational powers, with the twofold purpose of holding back Perkins and Webster and also of so occupying Tim's mind that he might forget for a time the approaching conflict, the strain of waiting for which he knew would be exhausting for the lad. But when the middle of the second last drill had been reached, Tim began unconsciously to quicken his speed.

"I say, Tim," called Cameron, "come here! Am I getting these spaces too wide?" Tim came over to his side. "Now, Tim," said Cameron in a low voice, "wait a little longer; you can never wear him out. Your only chance is speed. Wait till the last drill."

But Tim was not to be held back. Back he went to his place, and with a rush brought his drill up even with Webster, passed him, and in a few moments, like a whirlwind, passed Perkins and took the lead.

"Hello, Timmy! where are you going?" asked Perkins in surprise.

"Home," said Tim, proudly, "and I'll tell 'em you're comin'."

"All right, Timmy, my son!" replied Perkins, with a laugh; "tell them you won't need no hot bath; I'm after you." 5

"Click-click, click-click-click," was Tim's only answer. It was a distinct challenge, and, while not openly breaking into racing speed, Perkins accepted it.

For some minutes Webster quickened his pace in an attempt to follow the leaders, but soon gave it up and 10 fell back to help Cameron up with his drill, remarking: "I ain't no blamed fool. I ain't going to bust myself for any man. They're racing, not me."

"Will Tim win?" inquired Cameron.

"Naw! Not this year! Why, Perkins is the best 15 man in the whole country at turnips. He took the Agricultural Society's prize two years ago."

"I believe Tim will beat him," said Cameron, confidently, with his eyes upon the two in front.

"Beat nothing!" said Webster. "You just wait a 20 bit; Perkins isn't letting himself out yet."

In a short time Tim finished his drill some distance ahead, and then, though it was quitting time, without a pause he swung into the next.

"Hello, Timmy!" cried Perkins, good-naturedly, "go- 25 ing to work all night, eh? Well, I'll just take a whirl out of you," and for the first time he frankly threw himself into his racing gait.

"Good boy, Tim!" called out Cameron, as Tim bore down upon them, still in the lead and going like a small 30 steam engine. "You're all right and going easy. Don't worry!"

But Perkins, putting on a great spurt, drew up within a hoe-handle length of Tim, and there held his place.

"All right, Tim, my boy, you can hold him," cried Cameron, as the racers came down upon him.

5 "He can, eh?" replied Perkins. "I'll show him and you," and with an accession of speed he drew up on a level with Tim.

"Ah, ha! Timmy, my boy! we've got you where we want you, I guess," he exulted, and with a whoop and 10 still increasing his speed he drew past the boy.

But Cameron, who was narrowly observing the combatants and their work, called out again, "Don't worry, Tim, you're doing nice clean work and doing it easily."

The inference was obvious, and Perkins, who had been 15 slashing wildly and leaving many blanks and weeds behind him where neither blanks nor weeds should be, steadied down somewhat and, taking more pains with his work, began to lose ground, while Tim, whose work was without flaw, moved again to the front place. There re-20 mained half a drill to be done, and the issue was still uncertain. With half the length of a hoe handle between them the two clicked along at a furious pace. Tim's hat had fallen off. His face showed white and his breath was coming fast, but there was no slackening of speed, and 25 the cleanliness and ease with which he was doing his work showed that there was still some reserve in him. They were approaching the last quarter when, with a yell, Perkins threw himself again with a wild recklessness into his work, and again he gained upon Tim and 30 passed him.

"Steady, Tim!" cried Cameron, who, with Webster, had given up their own work—it being, as the latter remarked, "quitting time anyway"—and were following

up the racers. "Don't spoil your work, Tim!" continued Cameron, "don't worry."

His words caught the boy at a critical moment, for Perkins's yell and his fresh exhibition of speed had shaken the lad's nerve. But Cameron's voice steadied him, and, 5 quickly responding, Tim settled down again into his old style, while Perkins was still in the lead, but slashing wildly.

"Fine work, Tim," said Cameron, quietly; "and you can do better yet." For a few paces he walked behind 10 the boy, steadyng him now and then with a quiet word; then, recognizing that the crisis of the struggle was at hand and believing that the boy had still some reserve of speed and strength, he began to call on him.

"Come on, Tim! Quicker, quicker; come on, boy, 15 you can do better!" His words, and his tone more than his words, were like a spur to the boy. From some secret source of supply he called up an unsuspected reserve of strength and speed, and, still keeping up his clean-cutting, finished style, foot by foot he drew away from 20 Perkins, who followed in the rear, slashing more wildly than ever. The race was practically won. Tim was well in the lead and apparently gaining speed with every click of his hoe.

"Here, you fellers, what are yeh hashin' them turnips 25 for?" It was Haley's voice, who, unperceived, had come into the field. Tim's reply was a letting out of his last ounce of strength in a perfect fury of endeavor.

"There — ain't — no — hashin' — on — this — drill — Dad!" he panted.

30

The sudden demand for careful work, however, at once lowered Perkins's rate of speed. He fell rapidly behind, and after a few moments of further struggle threw down

his hoe with a whoop and called out, "Quitting time, I guess," and, striding after Tim, he caught him by the arms and swung him round, clear off the ground.

5 "Here, let me go!" gasped the boy, kicking, squirming, and trying to strike his antagonist with his hoe.

"Let the boy go!" said Cameron. The tone in his voice arrested Perkins's attention.

"What's your business?" he cried with an oath, dropping the boy and turning fiercely upon Cameron.

10 "Oh, nothing very much, except that Tim's my candidate in this race, and he mustn't be interfered with," replied Cameron in a voice still quiet and with a pleasant smile.

15 Perkins was white and panting; in a moment more he would have hurled himself at the man who stood smiling quietly in his face. At this critical moment Haley interposed.

"What's the row, boys?" he inquired, recognizing that something serious was on.

20 "We have been having a little excitement, sir, in the form of a race," replied Cameron, "and I've been backing Tim."

25 "Looks as if you've got him wound up so's he can't stop," replied Haley, pointing to the boy, who was still going at racing pace and was just finishing his drill. "Oh, well, a boy's a boy, and you've got to humor him now and then," continued Haley, making conversation with diplomatic skill. Then turning to Perkins, as if dismissing a trivial subject, he added: "Looks to me as if that hay 30 in the lower meadow is pretty nigh fit to cut. Guess we'd better not wait till next week. You best start Tim on that with the mower in the mornin'." Then, taking a survey of the heavens, he added, "Looks as if it might be a

spell of good weather." His diplomacy was successful, and the moment of danger was past. Meantime Cameron had sauntered to the end of the drill, where Tim stood leaning quietly on his hoe.

"Tim, you are a turnip-hoer!" he said, with warm admiration in his tone; "and what's more, Tim, you're a sport. I'd like to handle you in something big. You will make a man yet."

Tim's whole face flushed a warm red under the coat of freckles. For a time he stood silently contemplating the turnips, then with difficulty he found his voice.

"It was you done it," he said, choking over his words. "I was beat there and was just quittin' when you came along and spoke. My!" he continued, with a sharp intake of his breath, "I was awful near quittin'"; and then, looking straight into Cameron's eyes, "It was you done it, and—I—won't forget." His voice choked again, but, reading his eyes, Cameron knew that he had gained one of life's greatest treasures—a boy's adoring gratitude.

"This has been a great day, Tim," said Cameron. "I have learned to hoe turnips, and," putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe I have made a friend."

Again the hot blood surged into Tim's face. He stood voiceless, but he needed no words. Cameron knew well the passionate emotion that thrilled his soul and shook the slight body trembling under his hand. For Tim too it had been a notable day. He had achieved the greatest ambition of his life in beating the best turnip-hoer on the line, and he too had found what to a boy is a priceless treasure—a man upon whom he could lavish the hero worship of his soul.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

A friend in need	The county fair
My ambition	The cheering section
A close race	Rooting for the team
Digging potatoes	A good sport
Getting in hay	Planting corn
Husking corn	Our kitchen garden
Our school garden	Weeding the garden
A good instructor	A window plant
A day's work	Some weeds I know
A challenge	Visiting a farm
Badly beaten	Fancy farming
A hard-won victory	Selling my crop
A good coach (trainer)	Cutworms
A good captain	A poor loser
Tucker'd out	A good loser
A lesson in farming	A hard day's work
An early spurt	A good backer
An artist at gardening	A farmer I know

A WINDOW PLANT

Describe in a general way the various indoor or window plants at your house. Tell in what rooms they are and by whom they are cared for. Select your favorite or the one you know most about for a minute description. State where it came from and how long you have had it. Describe its present appearance and condition. The care under which it thrives best should be gone into fully. If you have learned any lessons or derived any pleasure from watching and caring for this plant be sure to tell about it.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That work upon a farm is preferable to work in a store.

Resolved, That the ignorance of a city person in the country is as ludicrous as that of a country person in the city.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Do you know how the following grow? Test yourself and report results.

a. Sweet potatoes	c. Bananas	e. Barley	g. Asparagus	i. Rice
b. Peanuts	d. Dates	f. Melons	h. Cranberries	j. Celery

2. Explain these expressions:

a. There are turnip-hoers and turnip-hoers	e. Spurt too soon
b. Whirlwind work	f. Lick him out of his boots
c. Easy as rolling off a log	g. The strain of waiting
	d. Your best licks

3. What have you learned about Cameron?

4. What qualities must a "good sport" possess? Be definite in your reply.

5. Is this story more or less interesting than others you may have read of a similar nature. In your answer consider the following:

- a. Does the subject appeal to you?
- b. Are the characters as natural?
- c. Is the thought as clear?
- d. Does the style please you as well?
- e. Has it any serious faults?

6. Make a report on

- a. The Olympic games (1) of Greece; (2) of today
- b. The origin of Marathon races

7. State instances when you have competed in work and add instances that you have observed.

COLLATERAL READING

WARNER, My Summer in a Garden; SANBORN, Adopting an Abandoned Farm; BRYCE, The Story of a Ploughboy; CONNOR, The Sky Pilot; ABBOTT, A Boy on a Farm; HALL, The Young Farmer; ANDERSON, The Farm of Tomorrow.

THE FISHERMEN

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
 Run up the sail again!
5 Leave to the lubber landsmen
 The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hilltop looks the steeple,
 And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
 Their farewell from the land.
10 One glance, my lads, behind us,
 For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
 Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
 Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
 Along the low, black shore!
20 Where like snow the gannet's feathers
 On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
 Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
 And the sharp reef lurks below,
 And the white squall smites in summer,
 And the autumn tempests blow ;
 Where, through gray and rolling vapor, 5
 From evening unto morn,
 A thousand boats are hailing,
 Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah ! for the Red Island,
 With the white cross on its crown ! 10
 Hurrah ! for Meccatina,
 And its mountains bare and brown !
 Where the caribou's tall antlers
 O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
 And the footstep of the Mickmack 15
 Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines and gather
 Old Ocean's treasures in,
 Where'er the mottled mackerel
 Turns up a steel-dark fin. 20
 The sea's our field of harvest,
 Its scaly tribes our grain ;
 We'll reap the teeming waters
 As at home they reap the plain !

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
 And light the hearth of home ;
 From our fish, as in the old time,
 The silver coin shall come. 25

As the demon fled the chamber
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,
 So ours from all our dwellings
 Shall frighten Want away.

5

Though the mist upon our jackets
 In the bitter air congeals,
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly
 From off the frozen reels ;
 Though the fog be dark around us,
 And the storm blow high and loud,
 We will whistle down the wild wind,
 And laugh beneath the cloud !

10

15

20

In the darkness as in daylight,
 On the water as on land,
 God's eye is looking on us,
 And beneath us is his hand !
 Death will find us soon or later,
 On the deck or in the cot ;
 And we cannot meet him better
 Than in working out our lot.

25

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the west wind
 Comes freshening down the bay,
 The rising sails are filling ;
 Give way, my lads, give way !
 Leave the coward landsman clinging
 To the dull earth, like a weed ;
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed !

BORDER WARFARE

FREDERICK G. GETCHELL

"They're getting together in the old tollhouse," cried Ned Brackett.

This youthful Paul Revere was dashing furiously up River Street, stopping at each house where there was a boy, in order to give the alarm. However, he did not dare 5 to go very far for fear of being away when the invasion began. So he soon turned back, followed by the few boys whom he had been able to arouse. When they reached the end of the bridge and looked across to the New Brunswick side, it became quite clear that Ned was 10 right. A raid was surely on foot. Boys were pouring out of the old tollhouse and getting rapidly into line. They were very silent about it too. A moment later, with the Union Jack flying above their heads, they came dashing across the bridge. Midway they set up a big shout, and 15 their stamping feet made a formidable rattle and rumble on the wooden planks.

On the Maine side all was consternation.

"There are too many of them. We can't do anything," said Sam Waters, quietly enough, but his hands were 20 clenched, and there was fight in his eyes.

"Oh! come on! Let's give them a go," shouted Ned, excitedly.

"What's the use?" answered Sam, still quietly. "There are twelve of us and more than thirty of them." 25

"You're a coward!" retorted Ned.

Sam turned slowly white under his coat of tan, but kept his temper.

"Ned," said he, "you and I will meet that bunch alone and let the rest of these fellows go home," and he started 5 forward.

But this time it was Ned who held back. If anything was to be done it had to be done quickly, for the King's Corner boys were now nearly across the bridge and coming straight at the little group with all the confidence that 10 superior numbers give. The problem was quickly solved. Three or four of the youngest started for their homes with what little show of deliberation they could maintain. A moment later and the rest had followed. By the time 15 the invaders stamped their way off the bridge onto American soil not a Slabtown boy was in sight.

The following hour was a bitter one for the boys of Slabtown. Their old enemies were in full possession. Up and down the streets they went, shouting and jeering before each house where they had reason to believe a Yankee lad might be hiding. If one of the latter so much as 20 set foot out of doors, there was a mad rush, and a scramble to catch him before he could get out of reach. To capture and carry off one of the enemy had always been regarded as a most signal victory in this long war 25 between the youths of the two border villages.

To add still further to their discomfort and misery each of the besieged would have to hear again the wonderful deeds of an earlier day. Their big brothers would tell them how for a whole year not a single Bluenose boy had 30 set foot on the American side without special permission. This was in the time of the great "Bingy" James. Then their fathers and uncles would relate at length how in their day the youths had organized a big raid which

resulted in the capture of the Bluenose leader and two of his best men. These they had held captive in McLeod's lumber camp at the Point. Uncle Jim Waters, who had later fought in the Civil War and now stumped around on one leg, would sometimes, if coaxed hard enough, bring 5 out a faded piece of paper bearing the signature of five Bluenoses. This paper had at some time or another been read by every boy in Slabtown since the time when Uncle Jim himself was a boy. It promised on honor: "First, that no boy from King's Corner will cross the river without 10 permission from the Slabtown captain; second, that all Yankee pigeons taken in Bluenose pigeon houses shall be promptly restored to their owners; third, that any Yankee lad may set traps or fishlines upon the Canadian side at any time or place; fourth, that Yankees have sole 15 right to take driftwood above the dam." Besides these stern provisions there were others of less importance; but all this went to show how deep, in those good old days, must have been the humiliation of King's Corner, New Brunswick. 20

Ordinarily the youth of Slabtown hugely enjoyed these tales of former prowess, but not now. They were in deep disgrace. Things had gone badly for them ever since the new bridge had been built. The old bridge had been narrow and for foot passengers only, and there was a toll 25 keeper on the Canadian side who collected two cents from each person who crossed. The new bridge, on the other hand, was wide enough for two wagons to pass, and there was no toll keeper. So the tollhouse had been promptly taken possession of by the King's Corner boys and was of 30 untold value. One never knew just how many of the enemy were hidden behind its walls. It was an unknown quantity, a dangerous thing to have in time of war.

That night all Slabtown youth got together for a council of war down in the dry-house. There big Jim Phinney, the night fireman, was throwing huge shovelfuls of sawdust into the open door of the furnace. It burned fiercely 5 and with a powerful draft that kept the floor in front swept clean for several feet back. Big square lanterns with tin reflectors behind them threw a flickering light on the group. Two or three were sitting upon upturned blocks of wood, a few more were on the big beam 10 which ran around the base of the furnace room, and the rest were lying comfortably back in the sawdust. Most of them had their caps pulled low to shut out the glare and the heat of the furnace. It was a quiet lot 15 of boys. The disgrace of the morning was still heavy upon them.

Big Jim was a favorite with them and was, moreover, a fund of information on the past history of this long struggle.

"Boys," said he, pausing a moment in his task, "it 20 don't make no difference who wins, long as you play fair. Up one day and down the next is the way it's always been, but I tell yer there's been mighty few mean tricks played. If you are always on the square, them fellers will be among yer best friends when you git too old 25 to fight any more. Wish you good luck," he concluded, turning to the fire, which had burned low as he talked.

"Why not make a rush and capture that old tollhouse of theirs?" asked Ned Bracket.

30 The proposal met with instant favor.

"We could certainly hold it against them," continued Ned.

35 "Sure we could," several agreed.

"We could h'ist our flag over it, too," suggested Nick Jones, who had carried the banner on several such occasions in the past.

"How many say 'yes'?" resumed Ned, catching the enthusiasm at its height. 5

There was a general shout of "yes," and most of the boys were on their feet and all talking at once.

"What's the matter, Sam? Won't it work?" asked several, noticing that the cautious Sam was not joining in the general excitement. 10

"He didn't think of it himself. That's all the trouble," blurted Ned.

"It will work all right enough," replied Sam, ignoring Ned's thrust; "what I mean is we could get the tollhouse easy as fallin' off a log, and we could hold it, too, I guess; 15 but what about gettin' away again? Nick and me counted up this afternoon, and we don't stand a ghost of a chance in an open fight."

"That's so," groaned Nick; "an' we couldn't stay in the tollhouse all night could we, Ned?" 20

Ned was silent, and gloom settled down on the little group.

"I've got it," cried Ned, a moment later, leaping to his feet. "We'll capture the boom house instead an' come away in boats when we get good and ready. Is there 25 anything the matter with that, Sam?"

There was a long silence. Sam clasped his hands behind his head and gazed up among the smoky rafters of the furnace room.

"No, there isn't," he said at length; "not if it is 30 worked out right," he added. "Any two of us could hold the boom house against the whole of King's Corner, and we could come away in boats when we got ready," he

continued, repeating Ned's argument in a thoughtful sort of way. "That's a good scheme, Ned! What about Saturday? Every fellow bring something to eat, and we will have a good feed right under their blue noses."

5 "Who's going to be yer captain, now that Barley Wilson is through?" asked big Jim, coming forward and leaning on his shovel handle. "I heard Barley was seventeen last week."

There was no reply. The boys were looking from Sam 10 to Ned, and from Ned back to Sam again.

"I see," continued big Jim, "you can't make up your minds yet."

"It's Ned this time," answered Sam. "It's his idea, and a good one."

15 Saturday morning saw another fierce dash across the International bridge, only this time it was in the opposite direction and under another flag. Everything worked well. The King's Corner scouts could not get their forces together in time to offer any resistance. However, Tookey 20 Williams had had them well drilled for just such an occasion as this. Instead of rallying at the scene of trouble they collected on a back street, away from the bridge and the river. In a quarter of an hour they appeared in force, and then came the surprise that Yankee village had 25 worked out.

Instead of retreating across the bridge or risking a fight with superior numbers, they fled up the river bank toward the Canadian boom. On came King's Corner with a shout. They had counted noses and were fairly spoiling 30 for a fight. Slabtown had cut off its only chance of escape. Even the long-headed Tookey Williams was surprised when one by one the fugitives dropped down out of sight over the river bank. Out over the long narrow

plank they streamed, and when again they came into view from the shore they were well on their way to the boom house and rounding the first pier, which rose out of the river like a fortress. Around they went, and twenty yards more of the same planking running from stringer to 5 stringer brought them to the boom float. They could not have been safer behind stone walls. Just at this moment three boats came swiftly around Peak's Point, about four hundred yards upstream on the American side. Amid shouts of glee from the boom house and yells of rage from 10 the shore, they made their way downstream and soon landed at the boom-house float. Out came boxes and bags to be piled on the landing. It was a complete success. Three or four of the newcomers filed back and climbed on top of the pier to jeer at the discomfiture of King's 15 Corner. They got little by way of reply except a few stones which fell short. As Tookey Williams stood upon the bank in earnest talk with a few of his trusty followers, there came a sudden splash in the water by the boom house. A moment later there was another splash, and in 20 five minutes the water was bubbling and boiling about the slim, white bodies of twenty American boys diving and tumbling about in Canadian water.

"Come on in! The water's fine!" they shouted over to the bank. But gloomy silence prevailed on shore. 25

"Dinner at twelve; don't fail to come," they added. This too brought no reply from Tookey's downcast band. They were beginning to go away now. In bunches of two or three they went dejectedly over the bank and disappeared from sight. Soon the last one was gone. The jubilation of Slabtown had been too much for them. 30

It was, indeed, a great day for the lads of the border town. They ran over the logs about the boom and

picked enough gum to last for weeks. They caught perch and pickerel to their hearts' content. Like lumbermen on the Fourth of July they held log-rolling contests and cheered the winner of each struggle lustily when his rival 5 went reeling into the water. There were boat races too, with picked crews. Above their heads at the gable end of the boom house waved the old flag under which so many Slabtown boys had grown up. Never before had it been so firmly on the English side, and each of the invaders 10 thrilled with pride as he beheld it. The day, too, was just the kind to gladden the heart of a down-east boy. Big fleecy clouds went chasing each other across the sun, and it was pure joy to watch their dark shadows come drifting across the ruffled waters of the eddy and 15 to feel their cooling caress on burning cheek and forehead.

Henceforth Ned Brackett would be undisputed leader. There could be no doubt of that now. There was a new feeling toward him already. Ned himself was not slow 20 to see it, and was soon issuing orders in a way that would have raised a rebellion earlier.

"Get a fire goin' in the stove, Nick," he shouted ; "it's time to get dinner. And you, Welshy, wash the potatoes and get them on. Clean a half a dozen of those pickerel, 25 will you, Sam," he added a little more deferentially, for he was not quite sure of his position even now. But Sam was docile enough and went quickly to work on the fish. A table of boards was soon rigged up, the boxes and bags were emptied of their contents, which were quickly if not 30 artistically ranged upon it. Soon everything was in readiness but the potatoes.

"Just look up there, will you?" cried Sam, who had been keeping a sharp eye out all the morning.

They followed his outstretched arm, and on Peak's Point, where they had loaded their boats in the morning, they spied a small group of Bluenoses. They too were evidently making preparations for a dinner.

"Just look at the 'Canucks,' will you," jeered Ned. 5 "Do we stand for that, fellows? All aboard!" and most of them were in the boats at the word.

"Hold on, boys," objected Sam; "you know Tookey Williams! It may be a trick."

"Trick your grandmother!" screamed Ned; "they are 10 doing that just to keep square. That's all there is to that game."

"Better go slow, Ned," persisted Sam; but Ned was in the saddle now, and there was no resisting him.

"I say, Ned," this time appealingly, "leave a good 15 guard here, anyway, and one boat."

"I'll stay alone and without any boat," answered Ned in a burst of bravery. "There won't be any fighting up there, anyway," he continued. "Those fellows will run like rabbits, and I can hold this float against all Canada." 20

Accordingly the boats started off upstream against the little group on Peak's Point, and Ned, selecting a good club from the driftwood, prepared for his lone watch.

The three boats quickly drew near the Point, but the "Canucks" did not run as Ned had predicted. Instead 25 they held their ground and made ready to dispute the landing of the assailants. It would be easy to separate the boats and thus make a landing, or they could all go on together to the next point and land before the enemy could get there to stop them. Sam, sitting in the bow of 30 one of the boats, was taking no part in the discussion, but his quick eye was everywhere. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a cry of alarm. Out from the Canadian eddy

a big skiff driven by six oars was making straight for the boom house. It was well under way when it hove in sight. A great race followed—a race which none of those present will ever forget. The distance was about the same.

5 The six sturdy oarsmen in the skiff just about made up for its great size and weight, and they had got a good start while the three Slabtown boats were recovering from their surprise and getting down to work. On the Point the half-dozen Bluenoses danced about like mad, and on

10 the shore back of the boom house two or three more suddenly appeared, cutting off Ned's escape in that direction. They too danced and screamed like wild Indians. The occupants of the boats were shouting themselves hoarse in their eagerness to cheer their oarsmen on to

15 greater efforts. To the very finish no one could have picked the winner, but the big skiff nosed in by a length and shut the three boats away from the landing. Out swarmed the crew and made a mad dash for Ned, who promptly leaped into the water to avoid capture. In the

20 rush the kettle of boiled potatoes which Ned had brought from the stove in the boom house was knocked over. Tookey Williams saw their value in a flash.

"Grab 'em," he shouted, "and watch where he comes up."

25 As Ned's head cleared the water, not fifteen feet away, it was the easy target for no less than a dozen potatoes at the first volley. The King's Corner boys maintain to this day that not one missed its mark. Ned seemed to be swimming in soup. While the boats were getting around

30 to pick him up, the delighted Kip's Corner lads had swooped down on the table and returned to the attack with a couple of dozen eggs. They used these on the occupants of the boats with telling effect. Ned's head

and face were a mess when they pulled him out of the water, and his pretensions to the captaincy of Slabtown were dead forever.

Meantime Sam had quietly slipped over the opposite side of the boat and into the water. No one had seen him. For thirty feet under water he swam swiftly downstream until he saw a dark shadow above him at the surface. It was a line of stringers which ran from shore out to the rear of the boom-house float. Sam was glad to see it, for he could not have held out much longer. Reaching up he caught hold and pulled his face to the surface on the side which was hidden from the victorious enemy. With his nose barely out of water he worked himself along slowly with his hands towards the float. It was slow, tedious work, but Sam stuck to it. An occasional click of the boat locks told him that his friends were getting farther and farther away with each moment. They had not missed him yet, and for that he was very thankful. After what seemed an age his hand touched the float. He pulled himself up cautiously and looked about. Again he was fortunate, for the flag was still flying from the gable end nearest the shore, while King's Corner had settled down at the front, out of sight, to eat what was left of the dinner. At this very moment Nick, who was in the slowest of the Slabtown boats, wailed, "Boys, we've left our flag back there." All eyes turned in time to see an odd-looking figure with tight-clinging clothes creep slowly up the gently sloping roof of the boom house. Thinking him one of Tooley's followers, there was a general groan from the boats as he quickly tore the flag from the gable end. Then a strange thing happened. King's Corner rose as one and swarmed about the four sides of the house. The figure above turned and, waving the flag,

shouting, ran swiftly along the ridgepole to the opposite gable end. Then it turned again and, running still more swiftly, leaped clear of the boom house, disappearing in the water twenty feet below.

5 "Great guns! It's Sam!" cried a dozen voices at once, as the meaning of it all flashed upon them. Again there was a race. It was one-sided, however. By the time the clumsy King's Corner skiff had been got under way and around the float, Sam, with the flag in his teeth, was 10 being pulled aboard one of the Slabtown fleet amid rousing cheers.

It comforted the Slabtown hearts beyond expression to see the wet folds of their flag and to know that it had not remained in the hands of their enemy, after all. That 15 would have been disgrace unimaginable. How they would have dared to face their older brothers, to say nothing of Uncle Jim Waters, the hero of the great war, was something not one of them wished even to think about. It was like waking from an awful nightmare. Sam was surely 20 a hero to rank with those of the past. The best of it was that he was saying nothing and acting very modest about it all. "Just the sort of fellow to take Barley's place," thought each to himself.

That night there was another meeting at the dry-house, 25 and, in spite of the double humiliation of the past few days, there was a decided conviction that the worst was over and that the tide of victory was about to turn.

"Boys," said Ned Brackett, when they were all together, "I've got something to say to you, and I don't 30 know any better time to say it than right now. I always wanted to take Barley's place when he got through, and today you gave me the chance. I know as well as any

of you that I didn't make good. If I'd taken Sam's advice things wouldn't have happened as they did. Now I want to be the first one to do what I know you all want to do. I vote for Sam Waters for captain."

As he finished he went over and slapped Sam heartily 5 on the back amid whole-hearted shouts of approval and cries of "Good work, Ned!" One by one the others followed his example, for that was the way Slabtown had made captains for over a hundred years. Sam's shoulders must have ached, for the slaps were all generous ones. 10

"Speech! speech!" came the cry when the last slap had been given. "Give us a speech, Sam!"

"I can't make any speech," faltered Sam, resisting all efforts to pull him to his feet.

Big Jim the fireman had been listening all this time 15 with interest. He now came forward and stood facing the group.

"Boys," he began, "Sam Waters can't make no speech. He ain't built that way. Neither could his father nor his uncle. They couldn't hardly vote 'Aye' in town meetin'. 20 But they both came home from the war with shoulder straps on. I've watched Sam here since he was knee high, and he's just like 'em. You ain't made no mistake."

A little later the group broke up, and each went his way home. They were not jubilant, but they were look- 25 ing to the future with confidence. The day could not be called lost, for it had given them a leader whom they could trust.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

Our gang	A boat race
My chums	My biggest fish
The boys (girls) of my neighborhood	A log drive
A leader among boys (girls)	A log jam
A defeat	A town character
A victory	Rival gangs
Saving the day	Cooking the camp dinner
Overconfident	A mill pond
An old bridge	A sluiceway
Boundary marks	Digging gum
An out-of-door picnic	A ducking
A veteran of the Civil War	Diving
A swimming contest	Our scout patrol
A friend of boys	A hike
	Our clubroom

CLASS EXERCISES

1. (a) Make a list of the characters in the story ; (b) describe each character in a sentence or two.
2. Contrast and compare Sam and Ned. In your theme you may use as many of the following words as seem appropriate: enthusiastic, timid, resolute, self-controlled, quiet, frank, fickle, reckless, fearless, malicious, deceitful.
3. (a) Make an outline of the story ; (b) summarize the plot in a few sentences.
4. Point out incidents in the story which show that the boys of the rival towns "played the game square." What qualities are essential in wholesome, sportsmanlike rivalry?
5. What were the traditions of Slabtown in which every boy of the village was interested? Name some traditions or customs of interest to the boys of your neighborhood.
6. (a) Bring to class a brief summary of the best short story (not a book) that you have read or heard ; (b) be ready to state why you like it. You may, for example, comment on (1) the subject, (2) characters, (3) descriptions, (4) style.

7. Explain the following expressions:

a. Tollhouse	e. Log-rolling contests
b. Youthful Paul Revere	f. In the saddle
c. Ghost of a chance	g. Didn't make good
d. Boom house	h. Toll bridge

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. The northern boundary line of Maine and the Aroostook War.
2. How the boundary lines of our state were fixed.
3. The founding of our city (town, village).
4. The lumber industry of our state.
5. Toll bridges.
6. The Webster-Ashburton Treaty.
7. Celebration of the Hundred Years of Peace between Canada and the United States.
8. How paper is made.
9. Give an account of the processes by which a standing tree is made into shingles, planks, or other similar things.
10. Make a list of the common trees in our state which are used for lumber.

JOHN GILLEY

CHARLES W. ELIOT

John Gilley was the tenth child and also the youngest son, and when he was born the family had already been ten years on the island and had transformed it into a tolerable farm. When he began to look about him his father 5 was keeping six cows, a yoke of oxen, two or three young cattle, about fifty sheep, and three or four hogs. Several of the children were already contributing by their labor to the support of the family. The girls, by the time they were twelve years old, were real helpers for the mother. 10 They tended the poultry, made butter, and spun wool. The boys naturally helped in the work of the father. He, unaided except by his boys, had cleared a considerable portion of the island, burning up in so doing a fine growth of trees—spruce, fir, birch, and beech. With his oxen he 15 had broken up the cleared land, hauled off part of the stones and piled them on the protruding ledges, and gradually made fields for grass and other crops. In the earlier years, before flour began to be cheap at the Mount Desert “stores,” he had even raised a little wheat on the island; 20 but the main crops besides hay were potatoes and other vegetables for the use of the family and cattle. The son is still living who carried a boatload of wheat to Somesville, had it ground and sifted into three grades, and carried all three back to the island for winter use. The 25 potato bug and potato rot were then unknown, and the island yielded any wished-for amount of potatoes.

The family often dug from two to three hundred bushels of potatoes in a season, and fed what they did not want to their cattle and hogs.

Food at the island was habitually abundant. It was no trouble to get lobsters. No traps were needed; they could be picked up in the shallow water along the rocky shore. Fresh fish were always to be easily procured, except in stormy weather and in cold and windy February and March. A lamb could be killed at any time in the summer. In the fall, in sorting the flock of sheep, the family killed from ten to fifteen sheep, and what they could not use as fresh mutton they salted. Later in the season, when the weather turned cold, they killed a "beef critter," and sometimes two when the family grew large. Part of this beef was salted, but part was kept frozen throughout the winter to be used fresh. Sea birds added to their store of food. Shooting them made sport for the boys. Ducks and other sea fowl were so abundant in the fall that the gunners had to throw away the bodies of the birds, after picking off all the feathers. The family never bought any salt pork, but every winter made a year's supply. Although codfish were easily accessible, the family made no use of salt cod. They preferred mackerel, which were to be taken in the near waters in some month of every year. They had a few nets, but they also caught mackerel on the hook. During the summer and early autumn the family had plenty of fresh vegetables.

For clothing the family depended mostly on wool from their own sheep. They used very little cotton. There were spinning wheels and looms in the house, and the mother both spun and wove. Flax they raised on the island, and from it made a coarse kind of linen, chiefly for towels. They did, however, buy a cotton warp, and

filled it with wool, thus making a comfortable sort of sheet for winter use or light blanket for summer. The wool of at least fifty sheep was used every year in the household when the family had grown large. The children all went barefoot the greater part of the year, but in the winter they wore shoes or boots, the eldest brother having learned enough of the shoemaker's art to keep the family supplied with footwear in winter. At that time there were no such things as rubber boots, and the family did not expect to have dry feet.

Their uses for money were few; but some essentials to comfort they must procure at the store, seven miles away, at Southwest Harbor, in return for money or its equivalent. Their available resources for procuring money were very much like those of similar families today in the same neighborhood. They could sell or exchange butter and eggs at the store, and they could sell in Boston dried fish and feathers. One of John's elder brothers shot birds enough in a single year to yield over a hundredweight of feathers, worth fifty cents a pound in Boston. The family shipped their feathers to Boston every year by a coasting vessel; and this product represented men's labor, whereas the butter and eggs represented chiefly the women's labor. The butter was far the best of the cash resources, and so it remains to this day in these islands. It sold in the vicinity at twelve and a half cents a pound. There was one other source of money; namely, herring. Herring abound in these waters but had at that time no value for bait; but smoked herring could be sold in New York (which was the best market for them) at from seventy-five cents to one dollar and ten cents a box, each box holding half a bushel. The herring were caught, for the most part, in gill nets, for there were then no weirs and no

seines. The family had their own smokehouse and made the boxes themselves from lumber which was sawed for them at the Somesville or the Duck Brook sawmill. Each of these sawmills was at least nine miles distant from Baker's Island; so that it was a serious undertaking, requiring favorable weather, to boat the lumber from the mill and land it safely at the rough home beach. The family nailed the boxes together out of the sawed lumber in the early fall, and packed them with the fragrant fish; and then some coasting vessel, usually a schooner owned in a neighboring island, carried the finished product to distant New York and brought back, after a month or two, clear cash to pay for the winter's stores.

In this large and united family the boys stayed at home and worked for their parents until they were twenty-one years of age, and the girls stayed at home until they were married and had homes of their own or had come of age. All the boys and three of the girls were ultimately married. The three girls who did not marry went away from home to earn money by household labor, factory work, nursing, or sewing. It was not all work for the children on the island or, indeed, for the father and mother. In the long winter evenings they played checkers and fox and geese, and the mother read to the family until the children grew old enough to take their share in reading aloud. Out of doors they played ball, and in winter coasted on the snow. The boys, as soon as they were ten or twelve years of age, were in and out of boats much of the time and so attained that quick, instinctive use of oar, sail, and tiller in which lies safety. When they grew older they had the sport of gunning, with the added interest of profit from the feathers. Their domestic animals were a great interest as well as a great care. Then, they always had before them

some of the most splendid aspects of nature. From their seagirt dwelling they could see the entire hemisphere of the sky; and to the north lay the grand hills of Mount Desert, with the outline clear and sharp when the north-
5 west wind blew, but dim and soft when southerly winds prevailed. In every storm a magnificent surf dashed up on the rockbound isle. In winter the low sun made the sea toward the south a sheet of shimmering silver; and all the year an endless variety of colors, shades, and textures
10 played over the surfaces of hills and sea. The delight in such visions is often but half conscious in persons who have not the habit of reflection; but it is, nevertheless, a real source of happiness, which is soon missed when one brought up amid such pure and noble scenes is set down
15 among the straitened, squalid, ugly sights of a city. On the whole, the survivors of that isolated family look back on their childhood as a happy one, and they feel a strong sense of obligation to the father and mother—particularly to the mother, because she was a person of excellent
20 faculties and an intellectual outlook.

It is obvious that this family on its island domain was much more self-contained and independent than any ordinary family is today, even under similar circumstances. They got their fuel, food, and clothing as products of their
25 own skill and labor—their supplies and resources being almost all derived from the sea and from their own fields and woods. In these days of one crop on a farm, one trade for a man, and factory labor for whole families, it is not probable that there exists a single American family
30 which is so little dependent on exchange of products or on supplies resulting from the labor of others as was the family of William and Hannah Gilley from 1812 to 1842. It should also be observed that seashore people have a

considerable advantage in bringing up boys, because boys who become good boatmen must have had an admirable training in alertness, prompt decision, resources in emergencies, and courageous steadiness in difficulties and dangers. The shore fisherman or lobsterman on the coast of 5 Maine, often going miles to sea alone in a half-decked boat, is liable to all sorts of vexatious or formidable weather changes—in summer to fog, calms, and squalls; in winter to low-lying icy vapor, blinding snow, and the sudden northwester at zero, against which he must beat 10 homeward with the flying spray freezing fast to the hull, sails, and rigging. The youth who learns to wring safety and success out of such adverse conditions has been taught by these struggles with nature to be vigilant, patient, self-reliant, and brave. In these temperate regions the adverse 15 forces of nature are not, as they sometimes are in the tropics, irresistible and overwhelming. They can be resisted and overcome by man; and so they develop in successive generations some of the best human qualities.

It resulted from the principles in which the children 20 had been brought up that no one of the boys began to save much of anything for himself until he was twenty-one years of age. It was therefore 1843 before John Gilley began to earn money on his own account. Good health, a strong body, skill as a sailor, and some knowledge 25 of farming, stock-raising, and fishing he had acquired. In what way should he now begin to use these acquisitions for his own advantage? A fortunate change in his father's occupation fifteen years before probably facilitated John's entrance on a career of his own. William Gilley had been appointed light keeper in 1812, with 30 a compensation of three hundred and fifty dollars a year in money, the free occupation of a house, and all the

sperm oil he could use in his household. He held this place until the year 1849, when, on the coming into power of the Whig party, he was turned out, and a Whig was appointed in his place. Perhaps in recognition of his long 5 service, it was considerably suggested to him that he might retain his position if he should see fit to join the dominant party; but to this overture he replied, with some expletives, that he would not change his political connection for all the lighthouses in the United States.

10 Now, three hundred and fifty dollars a year in cash, besides house and light, was a fortune to any coast-of-Maine family seventy years ago,—indeed, it still is,—and William Gilley undoubtedly was able to lay up some portion of it, besides improving his buildings, live stock, boats, 15 tools, and household furniture. From these savings the father was able to furnish a little money to start his sons each in his own career. This father was himself an irrepressible pioneer, always ready for a new enterprise. In 1837, long before he was turned out of the lighthouse, he 20 bought for three hundred dollars Great Duck Island—an uninhabited island about five miles southwest of Baker's Island, and even more difficult of access, his project being to raise live stock there. Shortly after he ceased to be light keeper, when he was about sixty-three 25 years old and his youngest children were grown up, he went to live on Great Duck, and there remained almost alone until he was nearly eighty years of age. His wife, Hannah, had become somewhat infirm and was unable to do more than make him occasional visits on Duck Island.

30 She died at sixty-nine, but he lived to be ninety-two. Each lived in their declining years with one of their married sons—Hannah on Little Cranberry and William on Baker's. Such is the natural mode of taking care of

old parents in a community where savings are necessarily small and only the able-bodied can really earn their livelihood.

John Gilley's first venture was the purchase of a part of a small coasting schooner called the *Preference*, 5 which could carry about one hundred tons, and cost between eight and nine hundred dollars. He became responsible for one third of her value, paying down one or two hundred dollars, which his father probably lent him. For the rest of the third he obtained credit for a short 10 time from the seller of the vessel. The other two owners were men who belonged on Great Cranberry Island. The owners proceeded to use their purchase during all the mild weather—perhaps six months of each year—in carrying paving stones to Boston. These stones—unlike 15 the present rectangular granite blocks—were smooth cobblestones picked up on the outside beaches of the neighboring islands. They of course were not found on any inland or smooth-water beaches, but only where heavy waves rolled the beach stones up and down. The 20 crew of the *Preference* must therefore anchor her off an exposed beach and then, with a large dory, boat off to her the stones which they picked up by hand. When the dory was loaded, it had to be lifted off the beach by the men standing in the water, and rowed out to the vessel; 25 and there every single stone had to be picked up by hand and thrown onto the vessel. A hundred tons having been thus got aboard by sheer hard work of human muscle, the old craft, which was not too seaworthy, was sailed to Boston, to be discharged at what was then called the 30 "Stone Wharf," in Charlestown. There the crew threw the stones out of her hold onto the wharf by hand. They therefore lifted and threw these hundred tons of

stone three times at least before they were deposited on the city's wharf. The cobblestones were the main freight of the vessel, but she also carried dried fish to Boston and fetched back goods to the island stores of the vicinity. Some of the island people bought their flour, sugar, dry goods, and other family stores in Boston through the captain of the schooner. John Gilley soon began to go as captain, being sometimes accompanied by the other owners and sometimes by men on wages.

10 He was noted among his neighbors for the care and good judgment with which he executed their various commissions, and he knew himself to be trusted by them. This business he followed for several years, paid off his debt to the seller of the schooner, and began to lay up money.

15 It was an immense satisfaction to him to feel himself thus established in an honest business which he understood and in which he was making his way. There are few solider satisfactions to be won in this world by anybody, in any condition of life. The scale of the business—

20 large or small—makes little difference in the measure of content.

At that time—about 1843 to 1850—there were very few guides to navigation between Mount Desert and Boston compared with the numerous marks that the government now maintains. Charts were lacking, and the government had issued no coast pilot. Blount's "Coast Pilot" was the only book in use among the coastwise navigators, and its description of the coast of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts was very incomplete,

25 though tolerably accurate in the few most important regions. It was often anxious business for the young owners of an old, uninsured vessel to encounter the various weather of the New England coast between the first of

April and the first of December. Their all and sometimes their lives were at stake on their own prudence, knowledge, and skill. None of them had knowledge of navigation in the technical sense ; they were coasting sailors only, who found their way from point to point along the 5 shore by practice, keen observation, and good memory for objects once seen and courses once safely steered. The young man who can do this work successfully has some good grounds for self-respect. At this business John Gilley laid up several hundred dollars. In a few years he 10 was able to sell the *Preference* and buy half of a much better vessel called the *Express*. She was larger, younger, and a better sailer, and cost her purchasers between fifteen and sixteen hundred dollars. He followed the same business in the *Express* for several years more, laying her 15 up in the late autumn and fitting her out again every spring.

The winters he generally spent with his father and mother or with one of his married brothers, but even in such periods of comparative repose he kept busy and 20 was always trying to make a little money. He was fond of gunning, and liked it all the better because it yielded feathers for sale. In December, 1853, he was staying with his brother Samuel Gilley on Little Cranberry Island, and gunning as usual ; but his brother observed that he did 25 not sell the feathers which he assiduously collected. That winter there was a school-teacher from Sullivan on Little Cranberry, who seemed to be an intelligent and pleasing girl. He made no remarks on the subject to his brother ; but that brother decided that John was looking for a 30 wife, or, as this brother expressed it at the age of eighty-two, "John was thinking of looking out for the woman ; he saved his feathers—and actions speak louder than

words." Moreover, he sold his vessel at Rockland and found himself in possession of nine or ten hundred dollars in money—the product of patient industry, and not the result of drawing a prize or two in the fishing lottery. In 5 the following spring he went with six or seven other men, in a low-priced fishing vessel of about thirty-five tons which his brother Samuel and he had bought, up the Bay of Fundy and to the banks between Mount Desert and Cape Sable, fishing for cod and haddock. Every fortnight 10 or three weeks the brothers came home to land their fish and get supplies, but the schoolmistress had gone home to Sullivan. During that spring John Gilley crossed more than once to Sutton's Island—an island about a mile long, which lies between the Cranberry Islands and 15 the island of Mount Desert, with its long axis lying nearly east and west. On this island he bought that season a rough, neglected farm of about fifty acres, on which stood a house and barn. It was a great undertaking to put the buildings into habitable condition and clear up and im- 20 prove the few arable fields, but John Gilley looked forward to the task with keen interest and a good hope, and he had the definite purpose of providing here a permanent home for himself and a wife.

When cold weather put an end to the fishing season, 25 John Gilley, having provided all necessary articles for his house, sailed over to Sullivan (distant about eighteen miles) in his fishing vessel and brought back to the home on Sutton's Island Harriet Bickford Wilkinson, the schoolmistress from Sullivan. The grandfather of Harriet 30 Wilkinson came to Sullivan from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1769, and her mother's family came from York, Maine. The marriage took place on December 25, 1854, when John was thirty-two and Harriet was twenty-five;

and both entered with joy upon married life at their own island farm. She was a pretty woman, but delicate, belonging to a family which was thought to have a tendency to consumption. In the summer of 1855 he spent about half his time on that same vessel which had brought home 5 his wife, and made a fair profit on the fishing ; and the next year he sometimes went on short trips of shore fishing, but that was the last of his going away from the farm. Whatever fishing he did afterward he did in an open boat not far from home, and he went coasting no 10 more. A son was born to them, but lived only seven months ; and soon the wife's health began to fail. A wife's sickness in the vast majority of families means, first, the loss of her labor in the care and support of the household and, secondly, the necessity of hiring some woman to do 15 the work which the wife cannot do. This necessity of hiring is a heavy burden in a family where little money is earned, although there may be great comfort so far as food, fire, and clothing are concerned. His young wife continuing to grow worse, John Gilley tried all means that 20 were possible to him to restore her health. He consulted the neighboring physicians, bought quantities of medicine in great variety, and tried in every way that love or duty could suggest to avert the threatening blow. It was all in vain. Harriet Gilley lived only two years and a half 25 after her marriage, dying in June, 1857. At this period, his expenses being large and his earning power reduced, John Gilley was forced to borrow a little money. The farm and the household equipment had absorbed his whole capital.

On April 27, 1857, there came from Sullivan, to take care of Harriet, Mary Jane Wilkinson, her cousin. This cousin was only twenty-one years of age ; but her 30

father was dead, and her mother had married again. She had helped her mother till she was almost twenty-one years of age, but now she felt free. Until this cousin came, ⁵ nieces and a sister of John Gilley had helped him to take care of his dying wife. The women relatives must always come to the aid of a family thus distressed. To help in taking care of the farm and in fishing, John Gilley habitually hired a man all through the season, and this season of 1857 the hired man was his wife's brother. When ¹⁰ Harriet Gilley died, there was still the utmost need of a woman on the farm; so Mary Jane Wilkinson stayed during the summer and through the next winter, and before the end of that winter she had promised to marry John Gilley. There were at that time eight houses on ¹⁵ Sutton's Island and more permanent residents than there are now.

Mary Jane Wilkinson was fond of the care of animals and of farm duties in general. She found at the farm only twelve hens, a cow, and a calf, and she set to ²⁰ work at once to increase the quantity of live stock; but in April, 1858, she returned to her mother's house at West Gouldsboro that she might prepare her wardrobe and some articles of household linen. When, later in the season, John Gilley came after Jane Wilkinson at Jones's Cove ²⁵ he had to transport to Sutton's Island, besides Mary Jane's personal possessions, a pair of young steers, a pig, and a cat. They were married at Northeast Harbor by Squire Kimball, in the old tavern on the west side of the harbor, in July, 1858; and then these two set about ³⁰ improving their condition by unremitting industry and frugality and an intelligent use of every resource the place afforded. The new wife gave her attention to the poultry and made butter whenever the milk could not be sold as

such. The price of butter had greatly improved since John Gilley was a boy on Baker's Island. It could now be sold at from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. In summer Squire Kimball, at the tavern, bought their milk. All summer eggs could be sold at the stores on the neighboring islands, but in the fall it was necessary to send them to Boston. During the fishing season the husband frequently went for fish in an open boat with one sail, but he no longer absented himself from home for weeks at a time. His labor on the farm was incessant. On the crest of the island a small field had been cleared by the former occupant of the house. With the help of a yoke of oxen John Gilley proceeded to add to this field on the east and on the west. The piles of stones which he heaped up on the bare ledges remain to this day to testify to his industry. One of them is twenty-four feet long, fifteen feet wide, and five feet high. In after years he was proud of these piles, regarding them as monuments to his patient industry and perseverance in the redemption, or rather creation, of this precious mowing field.

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The farm, like most farms on the Maine shore, not sufficienting for the comfortable support of his family, John Gilley was always looking for another industry by which he could add to his annual income. He found such an industry in the manufacture of smoked herring. This was at that time practiced in two ways among the island people: fresh herring were caught near home and were immediately corned and smoked; and salted herring brought from the Magdalen Islands were bought by the vessel load, soaked in fresh water to remove a part of the salt, and then smoked. John Gilley built a large smokehouse on his shore, close to a safe and convenient anchorage, and there pursued the herring business in

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both forms, whenever supplies of herring could be obtained. This is an industry in which women can bear a part. They can pull out the gills and string the wet fish on the sticks by which they are hung up in the smoke-
5 house, and they can pack the dried fish into the boxes in which they are marketed. So the wife and the eldest daughter, as time went on, took a hand in this herring work. The sawed lumber for the boxes was all brought from the sawmill at the head of Somes Sound, eight
10 miles away. The men did the transportation and nailed the boxes together. It was characteristic of John Gilley that he always took pains to have his things better than anybody else's. He was careful and particular about all his work, and thoroughly believed in the good results
15 of this painstaking care. He was always confident that his milk, butter, eggs, fowls, porgy oil, and herring were better than the common and were worth a higher price, and he could often induce purchasers to think so, too.

Of the second marriage there came three girls, who all
20 grew to maturity and two of whom were married in due season; but when John Gilley was seventy-four years old he had but two grandchildren, of whom the elder was only eight years old—his fate in this respect being far less fortunate than that of his father. Late marriage
25 caused him to miss some of the most exquisite of natural human delights. He could not witness the coming of grandchildren to maturity. He had the natural, animal fondness—so to speak—for children, the economic liking for them as affectionate comrades and friends.
30 The daughters were disposed to help in the support of the family and the care of the farm. The eldest went through the whole course of the Normal School at Castine and became a teacher. The youngest was best at

household and farm work, having her father's head for business. The other daughter was married early, but had already gone from her father's house to Little Cranberry Island as a helper in the family of the principal store-keeper on that island. Since the household needed the 5 assistance of another male, it was their custom to hire a well-grown boy or a man during the better part of the year, the wages for such services being not more than from fifteen to twenty dollars a month in addition to board and lodging. ¹⁰

Although the island lay much nearer to the shores of Mount Desert than Baker's Island did, the family had hardly more intercourse with the main island than John Gilley's family on Baker's Island had had a generation before. They found their pleasures chiefly at home. In ¹⁵ the winter evenings they read aloud to one another, thus carrying down to another generation the habit which Hannah Lurvey Gilley had established in her family. The same good habit has been transmitted to the family of one of John Gilley's married daughters, where it is now in ²⁰ force.

In the early autumn of 1874 a serious disaster befell this industrious and thriving family. One evening Mr. and Mrs. Gilley were walking along the southern shore of the island toward a neighbor's house, when ²⁵ John suggested that it was time for Mary Jane to get the supper and for him to attend to the fire in the smokehouse, which was full of herring hung up to smoke, and also contained on the floor a large quantity of packed herring — the fruit of the entire summer's work on herring. The ³⁰ smokehouse was large, and at one end there stood a carpenter's bench with a good many tools. It was also used as a place of storage for rigging, anchors, blocks, and

other seamen's gear. Mrs. Gilley went home and made ready the supper. John Gilley arranged the fire as usual in the smokehouse and went up to the house from the shore. As the family were sitting at supper a neighbor 5 who had been calling there and had gone out rushed back, exclaiming, "Your smokehouse is all afire!" So, indeed, it was; and in a few minutes John Gilley's chief investment and all his summer's work went up in flames. The whole family ran to the scene, but it was too late to do 10 more than save the fish house, which stood near. John opened the door of the smokehouse and succeeded in rescuing a pair of oiled trousers and his precious compass, which stood on a shelf by the door. Everything else was burned up clean. John said but little at the moment, and 15 looked calmly on at the quick destruction; but when he went to bed that night he broke down and bewailed his loss with tears and sobs. He had lost not only a sum of money which was large for him—perhaps five hundred dollars—but, what was more, he had lost an object 20 of interest and affection and a means of livelihood which represented years of patient labor. It was as if a mill owner had lost his mill without insurance, or the owner of a noble vessel had seen her go down within sight of home. This was the only time in all their married life 25 that his wife saw him overcome by such emotion.

In consequence of this disaster it was necessary for John Gilley, in order to buy stores enough for the ensuing winter, to sell part of the live stock off his farm. This fact shows how close may be the margin of livelihood for a 30 family on the New England coast which really owns a good deal of property and is justly held by its neighbors to be well off. If the cash proceeds of a season's work are lost or destroyed, extraordinary and undesirable means

have to be taken to carry over the family to another season. This may happen to a healthy, industrious, frugal household. Much worse, of course, may happen in consequence of sudden disaster in an unthrifty or sickly family. The investments of poor men are apt to be very hazardous. 5 They put their all into farming tools or live stock; they risk everything they have on an old vessel or on a single crop, and therefore on the weather of a single season; with their small savings they build a barn or a smoke-house, which may be reduced to ashes with all its contents in fifteen minutes. Insurance they can seldom afford. If the investments of the rich were as hazardous as are those of the poor, theirs would be a lot even more worrisome than it is now.

The smokehouse was never rebuilt. At first the money 15 to rebuild was lacking, and later a new prospect opened before the family. After the fire John Gilley went more into cows and less into fat oxen. Hitherto he had always kept a good yoke of oxen and some steers, and he had been accustomed to do their hauling and plowing for all 20 the families on the island. He always trained his oxen himself, and had pleasure in the company of these patient and serviceable creatures.

In 1880 the Gilleys on Sutton's Island heard that three "Westerners," or "rusticators," had bought land at 25 Northeast Harbor. One was said to be a bishop, another the president of a college, and the third and earliest buyer a landscape gardener—whatever that might be. It was even reported that one of these pioneers had landed on the western end of Sutton's Island and walked the 30 length of the island. The news was intensely interesting to all the inhabitants. They had heard of the fabulous prices of land at Bar Harbor, and their imaginations

began to play over their own pastures and wood lots. John Gilley went steadily on his laborious and thrifty way. He served the town in various capacities, such as selectman and collector of taxes. He was one of the school committee for several years, and later one of the board of health. He was also road surveyor on the island—there being but one road and that grass-grown. As a town officer John Gilley exhibited the same uprightness and frugality which he showed in all his private dealings.

10 To be chosen to responsible office by his fellow townsmen—every one of whom knew him personally—was to him a source of rational gratification, and in each of his offices he had occasion to enlarge his knowledge and undertake new responsibilities.

15 In 1884 the extreme western point of Sutton's Island was sold to a "Westerner," a professor in Harvard College, and shortly after a second sale in the same neighborhood was effected; but it was not until 1886 that John Gilley made his first sale of land for summering

20 purposes. In the next year he made another sale, and in 1894 a third. The prices he obtained, though moderate compared with the prices charged at Bar Harbor or Northeast Harbor, were forty or fifty times any price which had ever been put on his farm by the acre. Being

25 thus provided with what was for him a considerable amount of ready money, he did what all his like do when they come into the possession of ready money—he first gave himself and his family the pleasure of enlarging and improving his house and other buildings, and then lent

30 the balance on small mortgages on village real estate. Suddenly he became a prosperous man, at ease, and a leader in the world. Up to this time he had merely earned a comfortable livelihood by means of diversified industry;

since his second marriage he had secured capital, in addition to his farm and its buildings. Now at last he was highly content, but nevertheless ready as ever for new undertakings. His mind was active and his eye was steady.

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When three cottages had stood for several years on the eastern foreshore of Northeast Harbor,—the nearest point of the shore of Mount Desert to Sutton's Island,—John Gilley, at the age of seventy-one, undertook to deliver at these houses milk, eggs, and fresh vegetables every day, 10 and chickens and fowls when they were wanted. This undertaking involved his rowing in all weathers nearly two miles from his cove to the landings of these houses, and back again, across the bay waters, which are protected, indeed, from the heavy ocean swells, but are 15 still able to produce what the natives call "a big chop." Every morning he arrived with the utmost punctuality, in rain or shine, calm or blow, and alone, unless it blew heavily from the northwest (a head wind from Sutton's), or his little grandson—his mate, as he called the boy— 20 wanted to accompany him on a fine, still morning. Soon he extended his trips to the western side of Northeast Harbor, where he found a much larger market for his goods than he had found thirty-five years before, when he first delivered milk at Squire Kimball's tavern. This 25 business involved what was new work for John Gilley; namely, the raising of fresh vegetables in much larger variety and quantity than he was accustomed to. He entered on this new work with interest and intelligence, but was of course sometimes defeated in his plans by 30 wet weather in spring, a drought in summer, or by worms and insects which unexpectedly attacked his crops. On the whole he was decidedly successful in this enterprise

undertaken at seventy-one. Those who bought of him liked to deal with him, and he found in the business fresh interest and pleasure. Not many men take up a new out-of-door business at seventy and carry it on successfully by their own brains and muscles. It was one of the sources of his satisfaction that he thus supplied the two daughters, who still lived at his house, with a profitable outlet for their energies. One of these, the school-teacher, was an excellent laundress, and the other was devoted to the work of the house and the farm and was helpful in her father's new business. John Gilley transported the washes from Northeast Harbor and back again in his rowboat, and under the new conditions of the place washing and ironing proved to be more profitable than school-keeping.

In the fall of 1896 the family which had occupied that summer one of the houses John Gilley was in the habit of supplying with milk, eggs, and vegetables, and which had a young child dependent on the milk, lingered after the other households had departed. He consented to continue his daily trips a few days in October in order that the child's milk might not be changed, although it was perfectly clear that his labor could not be adequately compensated. On the last morning but one that he was to come across from the island to the harbor a strong northeast wind was blowing, and some sea was running through the deep passage between Sutton's Island and Bear Island, which he had to cross on his way to and fro. He took with him in his boat the young man who had been working for him on the farm the few weeks past. They delivered the milk, crossed to the western side of Northeast Harbor, did some errands there, and started cheerfully for home, as John Gilley had done from that shore hundreds of times

before. The boy rowed from a seat near the bow, and the old man sat on the thwart near the stern, facing the bow, and pushing his oars from him. They had no thought of danger; but to ease the rowing they kept to windward under Bear Island and then pushed across the deep channel, 5 south by west, for the western point of Sutton's Island. They were more than halfway across when, through some inattention or lack of skill on the part of the young man in the bow, a sea higher or swifter than the rest threw a good deal of water into the boat. John Gilley immediately 10 began to bail, and told the rower to keep her head to the waves. The overweighted boat was less manageable than before, and in a moment another roller turned her completely over. Both men clung to the boat and climbed on her bottom. She drifted away before the wind and sea 15 toward Southwest Harbor. The oversetting of the boat had been seen from both Bear Island and Sutton's Island; but it was nearly three quarters of an hour before the rescuers could reach the floating boat, and then the young man, though unconscious, was still clinging to the boat's 20 keel, but the old man, chilled by the cold water and stunned by the waves which beat about his head, had lost his hold and sunk into the sea. In half an hour John Gilley had passed from a hearty and successful old age in this world, full of its legitimate interests and satisfactions, into the voiceless mystery of death. No trace of his body was ever found. It disappeared into the waters on which he had played and worked as boy and man all his long and fortunate life. He left his family well provided for and full of gratitude and praise for his honorable career and his sterling character. 25 30

That is the life of one of the forgotten millions. It contains no material for distinction, fame, or long

remembrance; but it does contain the material and present the scene for a normal human development through mingled joy and sorrow, labor and rest, adversity and success, and through the tender loves of childhood, maturity, and age. We cannot but believe that it is just for countless, quiet, simple lives like this that God made and upholds this earth.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

An island I know	Caught in the storm
My grandfather (grandmother)	A tradition in my family
My family's early history	A farmer I know
The oldest man I know	A fisherman I know
The first dollar I earned	My business venture
A day in a boat	A family misfortune
A day on a farm	An office I held
A day at the seashore	An office I should like
The fire	Catching a fish
How I helped my father (mother)	A hard job
A shooting trip	My way of saving money
	A life worth while

OUTLINE

A LIFE WORTH WHILE

1. My acquaintance with the person.
2. Personal characteristics.
 - a. Appearance.
 - b. Habits.
 - c. Admirable qualities.
3. Activities.
 - a. Daily work.
 - b. Interests outside his occupation.
 - c. Value to the community.
4. Illustrative anecdotes.
5. Lessons learned from such a life.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That a boy brought up in the country has a better chance to succeed in life than a boy brought up in the city.

CLASS EXERCISES

1. Give reasons why John Gilley's life was worth while. Put each in a single sentence.
2. (a) From memory make a list of the different things John Gilley did; (b) glance over the pages quickly and add what you can; (c) review the selection with care and make the list complete.
3. Come to the class prepared to answer the following questions:
 - a. What do you know about the author?
 - b. Is it an autobiography or a biography that he has written?
 - c. Can you name others?
 - d. Are they about famous or obscure men?
 - e. Why did Dr. Eliot write about John Gilley?
 - f. Does it interest you? Why?
 - g. What purpose does the detail serve?
 - h. Have you learned anything that could not be learned from the lives of famous men?
 - i. Should we all try to become famous?
 - j. What should we all try to become?
 - k. Can you name men in ordinary life whose lives are worth while?

COLLATERAL READING

THOREAU, The Maine Woods; FRANKLIN, Autobiography; SMITH, Colonial Days and Ways; HART (Ed.), How our Grandfathers Lived; True American Types Series (in addition to "John Gilley" are "Captain Scott, Master Diver" by SMITH, "David Libbey" by ECKSTROM, and others); STEWART, Letters of a Homesteader; GREENE, Cape Cod Folks; GRAY, Elegy in a Country Churchyard; GARLAND, Main-Traveled Roads.

COWBOYS OF THE SKIES

ERNEST POOLE

He was standing out on a steel girder, with a blue-print map in his hands. He wore brown canvas trousers tucked into his boots, a grimy jumper, a shirt wide open at the throat, buckskin gloves frayed by hard use, and an old 5 slouch hat on the back of his head. His lean, tanned face was set in a puzzled scowl as he glanced now at the map and now downward at the steel frame of the building. I came cautiously nearer, looked over, and drew quickly back, for there was a sheer drop of five hundred feet be- 10 tween him and the pavement. A gust of wind blew the map up into his face. With an ejaculation, he leaned slightly out to brace himself and impatiently struck the map open. Then he jammed his hat over his eyes and continued his looking and scowling.

15 This was on the thirty-fifth floor. The building—the Metropolitan Life—was to rise fifty “tiers” in all (seven hundred feet), the highest of all the skyscraper cluster. Other Manhattan giants towered around us. To the north the Times building rose slender and white, the roof 20 of the famous Flatiron lay close below us, and down in the Wall Street group loomed the Singer (forty-seven stories), the Hudson Terminal, the City Investing, and a score of others, the largest office buildings in the world.

From our perch the eye swept a circle some sixty miles 25 across, with Greater New York sprawled in the center. Northward over Harlem, the Bronx, and far up the

Hudson ; to the west across Jersey City and Hoboken out to the Ramapo Hills, Orange Mountain, and Newark Bay ; southward down into the harbor crowded with vessels and tugs ; and eastward over the end of Long Island out to the misty gray ocean, black here and there with the 5 smoke of the ships endlessly coming and going.

Even through the noise of the wind and the steel you could hear the hum of the city below. And looking straight down through the brisk little puffs of smoke and steam, the whole mighty tangle of Manhattan Island drew close 10 into one vivid picture : Fifth Avenue, crowded with carriages, motors, and cabs, was apparently only a few yards away from the tenement roofs, which were dotted with clothes out to dry. Police courts, churches, schools, sober old convents hedged close round with strips of green, the 15 Wall Street region, the Ghetto, the teeming Italian hive, lay all in a merry squeeze below ; a flat, bewildering mass, streets blackened with human ants, elevated trains rushing through with a muffled roar. And from the North River a deep, shaking bellow rose from the ocean liner 20 that just at this moment was swinging out into the stream.

Down there humanity hurried and hummed. Up here the wind blew fresh and clean and the details of life dropped off into space, and above me on the open steel 25 beams that bristled up into the heavens some two hundred grimy men clambered about—silent men in the roar of the steel, seemingly careless and unconcerned, in this everyday job of theirs up in the skies.

Between their work and the world below are two connecting links, the blue-print map and the beam of steel. 30

The maps represents long months of arduous labor by scores of engineers. First conceived as a whole by the

architect, they are elaborated, enriched by his draftsmen; turned over to the building contractor, to be drawn over and over in ever-increasing detail, first floor by floor, next room by room, and finally beam by beam. There are hundreds of maps, and they bear a staggering mass of figures—intricate calculations as to the stress and strain upon every beam and rod according to "dead weight," "live weight," "impact," and "wind pressure." Here is careful figuring, checked and rechecked by many vigilant eyes. For human lives depend upon its exactness.

Meanwhile the iron ore has been dug from the Lake Superior mines; in the Pittsburgh mills it has been blasted; the white-hot ingots have been rolled out into beams and plates, and, with the blue prints as patterns, the beams and the plates have been shaped and trimmed into columns and girders and trusses, the rivet holes punched, and the rivets welded in tight—all but those connecting the joints. And when at last the maps and the beams, the brains and the matter, come together up to the skies, the maps show exactly where each mass of steel is to be fitted and riveted into the frame.

"All we do is to put 'em together," said the man with the blue print. "Easy as rolling off a log; only rolling off wouldn't be pleasant. Look here," he added; "here's one of the girders just starting up."

There was a creaking and straining over our heads as the ponderous derrick swung round. Its "mast" of steel was lashed by cable guys to the center of the building's frame. Every week or two, as the building rose, it had been moved farther up. From the base of the mast the steel "boom" reached upward and outward, extending some twenty feet over the cañon below; and from the boom's upper end two cables, looking like mere silken

threads, but in reality one-inch ropes of woven steel, dropped five hundred feet to the pavement. Slowly the boom swung out to position; the cables grew taut and began to move. The journey had begun.

Looking over the edge I could see the girder leave the street, a twenty-ton beam that looked like a straw. Slowly, moment by moment, its size increased. Now you could see it swing slightly and tilt. It was steadied by a guy rope that curved out into the wind like a colossal kite string, and far down in the street a tiny man lay on his back with the rope wrapped under his armpits. A crowd stood round with upturned faces. The journey took five minutes in all. At last the beam rose to the rough concrete floor on which we stood. There were no walls around us.

A man beside me gave a sharp jerk to the bell rope. This rope ran thirty-five stories deep into the bowels of the building. In his closet down there the engineer jerked a lever; his engine stopped. Up here the great girder stopped and hung motionless before us. An hour before I had been down with the engineer; I had been surprised at the strained look on his face as he listened for the stroke of the gong. But I understood now. Up here we could do nothing, powerless as so many monkeys. He had to do all the moving from his closet below. And lives hung on his promptness.

Another jerk on the bell rope, an instant's pause, then the boom swung in and the girder came toward us. Another sharp jerk and it stopped in mid-air. A man leaned forward, took a tight grip on the cable, and stepped out onto the tilting mass. It swung out over the street. Still another jerk on the rope and it started on up with its puny rider. He stood with feet planted firmly in the

chains that wound it round, his hands on the cable, his body swaying in easy poise. Once he glanced at his feet and the void below, then gave me a humorous wink and spat off into the universe.

5 For the floor two tiers above us the upright columns had already been placed, pointing straight up, silhouetted against the blue vault above. Near their tops were the "beam seats," supports into which the girder was to be fitted. More and more slowly it rose and moved into 10 position. The signals came now in rapid succession, till at last it hung just between the two columns.

Its rider crept out to one end. He might have been a fly, for all the effect his weight had on the balance. With his left hand clinging tightly to the steel, his eyes fixed 15 steadily straight ahead, suddenly with his right hand he reached out, seized the column, and as the girder slipped into its seat he snatched the long, tapered "spud wrench" from his belt and jammed it through two rivet holes. The mass was safely anchored. Back he crept to the other 20 end, and there the job was repeated.

The new floor, or "tier," was now started. Later, when the columns and girders were fitted together on all four sides of the building, the flimsy wooden scaffolds would go up and the riveters would begin.

25 These riveters were already at work on the floor just above us. Up there on a platform three feet wide was a stout, fiery little forge where the rivets were being heated white-hot. The forge tender plunged in his long, slender tongs, pulled them out with a flaming rivet clinched in 30 their jaws, whirled them round in two sweeping circles, let go, and the rivet went sailing a hundred feet, to be caught in a keg by a man who stood poised on a beam to receive it.

It looked easy enough. But had the catcher dodged back from the flaming thing flying into his hands, he would have dodged all the way to the curb below. Nobody misses up here, though,—at least, only once in a very long time,—and between misses nobody thinks. If 5 men stopped to think, the accident rate would be doubled. So all is done in an easy, matter-of-fact sort of way.

Once, just as the man with the tongs had started to whirl them to toss off his missile, the man with the keg threw up his hand as a signal that he was not ready. And 10 then, as if doing just what he had intended, the man with the tongs let the rivet fly straight up into the air with a throw so precise that a moment later it dropped toward his upturned face. Like a ball player catching a "fly," he watched it come, made a quick step aside, caught it 15 adroitly in the jaws of his tongs, and plunged it back into the forge, just as a bit of byplay.

On the outer side of the girder to be riveted, a narrow scaffold was hung by ropes from above. On this scaffold stood a man who received with his tongs the rivet, still 20 flaming, from the man who had caught it in the keg. A moment later he jammed it into its hole, connecting the girder with a huge column. On the inner side a third man lifted a tool called a "gun"—a ponderous pneumatic hammer, the compressed air that drives it coming through 25 a five-hundred-foot hose from the world below. He held the tube firmly against his stomach, while with a deafening rat-a-tat-tat the hammer began its fierce pounding, welding the red-hot end of the rivet flat against the steel. Meanwhile, looking over the beam, I could see the man on 30 the scaffold outside with a "dolly bar," one end pressed on the rivet head, the other end tight against his waist. So he held the rivet in place, taking the rapid succession

of shocks from the stroke of the "gun" inside, his feet braced firmly on the planks, his body bent forward to meet the blows that were bucking him off into space. This is called "bucking up with the dolly bar." On a three-
5 foot scaffold out in the air!

5 Cowboys they are in job and in soul, these men who work on the pinnacles. Like the men on the plains, they come from all over the world—Americans, English, Irish, French Canadians, Swedes, now and then an Italian. And
10 in the New York gangs this year two full-blooded Indians are at work: cool-headed and sure, a stolid pair who have little to say, climbing about on the dizzy heights, with only a glance now and then down into the tangle of civilization, into the land that once was theirs.

15 Some have been sailors in the past, in the days of the old sailing vessels. That was splendid training, but not half so exciting a job as this, for out on the sea a man climbs only a hundred feet or so into the rigging, and if he drops there is always the chance of falling into the waves,
20 which are so much softer than curbstones.

"Better recruits than the sailors," said an engineer on the Singer building, "are the boys from American farms. Here is how we get 'em: A big railroad bridge is being built over a river. The boy from the farm comes
25 to watch it. He sees the men climbing out over the water, using ropes for staircases, taking all kinds of dare-devil risks. And pretty soon his jaws fall open, and he says to himself, that this here game beats the circus all hollow.

30 "He ends by getting a job, an easy job at first, inshore, carrying the water pail or shoveling sand. All this time he's watching the circus out over the river. He watches his chance; he gets out there himself, learns how to tie

ropes, and to sit on air. In a few months he is one of the gang. And then good-by to the farm. It's a roving life after that, from Maine to the Rockies. High pay, a free hand, and excitement every minute. It's rarely you'll find a man on the steel who isn't glued for life to his work. 5 It's a kind of a passion.

"Some of our boys, bridge builders and skyscraper workers alike, are forever moving all the way from 'Frisco to New York. Often a bridge builder goes on a skyscraper job, and again it's the other way round. But 10 the skyscraper work is the hardest, and it's getting to be more and more a trade by itself."

Later I had a long talk with one of the men who directed the work on the Singer.

"Cowboys," he said, "is about the right word. The 15 more you see and hear, the better you like 'em. There's not a job from Broadway to the moon they wouldn't jump at. The higher it is, the windier, the more ticklish, the better. The only trouble is, they take too many chances. In our firm we check 'em up as much as we can. When 20 the Singer building was halfway up I called in the foreman.

"'Look here,' I said, 'you've made a record job so far. Keep it up, finish it without killing a man, and it's worth a hundred dollars. We'll call it pay for good luck.' 25

"He got the money."

The danger comes not only at the spectacular moments. It is there all the time. The girders, before they are riveted tight, have a way of vibrating in a strong wind; the men walk along them as on a sidewalk, and more than 30 one has been snapped into space. Here is a story I heard from a man on the Whitehall building, down at the tip of Manhattan:

"It happened like this: Mac had picked up a coil of rope an' t'rowed it over his shoulders an' was startin' out on a girder. This was eighteen stories up, an' the wind was blowin' guns straight in from the harbor, an' 5 the girder wa'n't extra steady. So I yelled over to him: 'Heigh, Mac! Why don't you coon it?' To 'coon it' is to get down on your honkeys an' straddle. But that wa'n't fast enough for Mac. He laughed kind of easy.

"'Well,' he said, 'if I go down I'll go down straight, 10 anyhow.' An' out he walked.

"When he had about reached the middle, there come a gust of wind that hadn't stopped since leavin' England. An' Mac he was top-heavy because of the rope, an' when 15 the gust caught him he leaned 'way out into the wind to balance. So far, so good. But you see he was leanin' on the wind, an' the wind let up so unexpected he hadn't time to straighten up an' not a blamed thing to lean on.

"Poor old Mac! He went down straight all right, you 20 bet."

In the same easy spirit of unconcern a man often jumps on a girder down in the street, when the foreman's back is turned, and rides on up with the load. And cables sometimes snap. In the airy regions above, when you want to 25 come down or go up a few "tiers," it is far easier to grab a rope and slide or go up hand over hand than it is to go round by the ladders. Only now and then the rope is not securely tied. Up on the thirtieth floor of the Metropolitan Life I saw a man walk out on a plank that protruded 30 some feet, the first plank of a scaffold to be built. He seized a rope that dangled from two floors above him, gripped it with only one hand, and then jumped up and down on the plank to make sure it was solid.

On the pinnacle of the Singer building a lofty steel pole was erected with a brass ball on the top. The foreman, who wanted that "hundred dollars for luck," used all the powerful words he knew to keep men from climbing up. But in vain. He could not be in all places at 5 once, and time and again on returning he would find some delighted man-monkey high up by the big brass ball, taking a look out to sea.

But this is only half the story. As you watch them at work on the girders, clinging to massive steel corners, 10 perched on the tops of columns, or leaning out over the street far below, it is not the recklessness, but the cool, steady nerve that you notice most. Under all the apparent unconcern you can feel the endless strain. It shows in the look of their eyes, in the lines of their faces, in 15 the quick, sudden motions, in the slow, catlike movements. Endlessly facing death, they are quiet and cool by long training.

Up on the Metropolitan Life, some twenty-five tiers above the street, an enormous circle of stone was being 20 built in as a frame for the clock. A dozen men were at work on the scaffold that hung outside, and projecting from overhead was the boom of the derrick that hoisted the massive stone blocks. Suddenly the cable caught, and the full power from the engine below was brought to 25 bear on the derrick. All this in an instant, but in that instant somebody saw what was going to happen. With a quick, warning cry he made a leap from the planks to the solid steel beams of the building. There was a rending and tearing above, and just as the last man leaped in 30 to safety the derrick crashed down, bearing with it the scaffold and part of the stone. One empty, breathless moment, then a roar from far below, and a cloud of gray

dust came slowly drifting upward to the group of tiny men still clinging to the girders. For a moment longer nobody moved. Then someone broke the spell with a husky laugh, another gave an explosive halloo, and the 5 gang set about repairing the damage.

Down in the city the evening papers ran front-page stories describing it all in vivid detail, with eloquent praise for the "hero" who, by seeing one instant ahead, had saved a dozen lives. But some days later when I went up 10 to the scene, hero hunting, I was met with expressions of deep disgust.

"Naw," said a workman; "nothin' at all but a derrick an' a few planks an' maybe a little stone. Them fool reporters said there was 'giant blocks of it thunderin' 15 down to the street.'" One of his eyes showed the ghost of a twinkle. "Jest to prove what liars they are, I saw that stone on the street below, an' there wasn't one chunk as big as your fist—nothin' but little pieces. Hero? Shucks! Was anyone killed? Naw. Then leave 20 it alone. We don't want any heroes or hairbreadth escapes in our business. What's the use of these yarns that get men to thinkin'? That's what smashes their nerve!"

"Queer what nerves can do," said a man I met in a 25 steel plant. "I used to work on skyscrapers. I fell forty feet one day and broke a rib, but I got up and went back to the job because I knew if I didn't tackle it then I'd likely lose my nerve for good. It's the same in the circus with the boys up on the trapezes.

30 "That time it worked all right. But another time, in October, when night was coming on, I stepped into the air by mistake. I only fell about twenty feet then,—down a shaft,—but I broke a leg, so I couldn't go back up. And

besides, the way it happened, unexpected like, in the dark, kind of got me. Anyhow, when at last the hospital let me out and I came back to the job, they had got to the fifteenth floor, and I was worse than a baby. I had no head at all. Twice I came within an ace of getting killed. At 5 last I just missed killing one of the gang. And then I quit. Nerves is a mighty queer thing. You can shut yer teeth as tight as you please. No use. Nerves, you can feel 'em by hundreds from head to toe, all pulling tight. And then it's time to knock off fer good." 10

"Here's one thing you want to remember," said a foreman I talked with. "You climb up to the thirtieth tier, and it strikes you all in a heap. You feel kind of worried over your health, and you forget that these boys have been rising tier by tier, getting used to it week by 15 week. The thing that I hate worse'n poison is to take on a new man when we're near the top.

"Speaking of new men," he went on, with a twinkle, "comical things happen even up here, the same as in a theayter. Sometimes in rush seasons there ain't enough 20 hands to go round, and we have to take 'em green as the hills. I had one once, a kid from Vermont, a whale of a kid, with bones like a horse and eyes awful anxious to please—eyes that made you like him. He's one of the best men I've got now, but then he was green as God made 25 him." The foreman stopped to chuckle.

"'Go up to the eighteenth floor,' I told him one day, 'and bring down an old man.' I was busy at the time, and when I saw the kid stare I said kind of sharp that if that old man wasn't here in five minutes the whole blamed 30 building would probably go to smash. This was just my way of making him hustle, but he thought I meant it word for word. He went up on the run, and in a few

minutes he came down with a sputtering, clawing old feller held like a vise in his arms.

“ ‘He was the only old man on the floor,’ said the kid. ‘And he wanted to stop and argue about it, but from what 5 you said I knew what it meant, so I just grabbed him and came.’”

“ You see,” the foreman added kindly, noting my puzzled expression, “ an old man happens to be the name of a tool we use.”

10 These airy crews are a generous crowd. They earn high pay, and, like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons, when they line up at the pay window, the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and 15 dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate Fate all you can. For Fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding, no power on earth can stop 20 them. The “Rule of Three” is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps, and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

While I was up on the Metropolitan Life, twenty-five 25 stories below us the offices were already completed, the business firms were moving in. In the floors between worked over a thousand men of a score of trades. But the men on the top looked down on these others as cattlemen out on the plains might look upon butchers and tanners. 30 For only on top were the “real jobs,” the jobs in the world’s open places: riveting tight the mighty trusses and girders and beams, the whole “backbone” of the building, which reaches down unseen, seven hundred feet to

the ground below, and far under the ground to the concrete base and the anchor rods that hold it firm to the solid rock of Manhattan.

Rough pioneers are these men of the steel, pushing each year their frontier line up towards the clouds. Wanderers, living for their jobs alone. Reckless, generous, cool-headed, brave, shaken only by that grim power of Fate, living their lives out fast and free—the cowboys of the skies.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

A dangerous climb	A visit to New York (any large city)
A lofty perch	The tallest buildings in our town
The bravest man I know	A dare-devil deed
A ride in an aëroplane (imagine native)	A thrilling "movie"
A brave policeman	How a boy lost his nerve
Our fire fighters	Our gang
A timely warning	

OUTLINE

A THRILLING "MOVIE"

1. Brief description of the hero.
 - a. His personal appearance.
 - b. His character.
2. Description of the heroine, if there was one.
 - a. How she looked.
 - b. What admirable qualities she possessed.
3. The other principal characters.
4. Plot of the story.
5. Lessons taught by the play.

DISCUSSION

Resolved, That it is better to learn a trade than a profession.

CLASS EXERCISES

Explain the meaning of

The Ghetto
 The teeming Italian hive
 Lay in a merry squeeze below
 Blackened with human ants
 The details of life dropped
 off into space
 The cañon below
 Like a colossal kite string
 Its puny rider
 The void
 The accident rate would be
 doubled
 A bit of byplay
 Bucking him off into space

The tangle of civilization
 Cowboys in job and in soul
 Dare-devil risks
 Blowin' guns
 Leanin' on the wind
 An explosive halloo
 Smashes their nerve
 Nerves pulling tight
 Strikes you all in a heap
 Take 'em green as the hills
 Their rough brothers
 The Rule of Three
 The world's open places
 Grim power of Fate

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

1. Explain the title of this story.
2. Make a list of the technical words in this story used in building; for example, girder, tier, derrick, etc.
3. Name ten dangerous occupations.
4. Name (a) the tallest buildings you have seen; (b) tall buildings you have read about or seen pictures of.
5. How are blue prints made?
6. Name some famous architects.
7. The Assuan dam.
8. The East River bridge.

THE NORTH POLE

ROBERT E. PEARY

There is a lesson in all this—a lesson so obvious that it is perhaps superfluous to point it out. The plan, so carefully made and executed with such faithfulness to detail, was composed of a number of elements, the absence of any one of which might have been fatal to success. 5 We could scarcely have succeeded without the help of our faithful Eskimos; nor even with them, had it not been for our knowledge of their capacities for work and endurance and for the confidence which years of acquaintance had taught them to repose in me. We could certainly not 10 have succeeded without the Eskimo dogs which furnished the traction power for our sledges, and so enabled us to carry our supplies where no other power on earth could have moved them with the requisite speed and certainty. It may be that we could not have succeeded without the 15 improved form of sledge which I was able to construct and which, combining in its construction strength, lightness, and ease of traction, made the heavy task of the dogs far easier than it would otherwise have been. It may even be that we should have failed had it not been 20 for so simple a thing as an improved form of water boiler which I was fortunate enough to have hit upon. By its aid we were able to melt ice and make tea in ten minutes. On our previous journeys this process had taken an hour. Tea is an imperative necessity on such a driving journey, 25 and this little invention saved one and one-half hours in

each day while we were struggling toward the pole on that journey when time was the very essence of success.

Success crowned the work, it is true ; but, for all that, it is a genuine pleasure to reflect that even had we failed

5 I should have had nothing to reproach myself with in the way of neglect. Every possible contingency that years of experience had taught me to expect was provided for, every weak spot guarded, every precaution taken. I had spent a quarter of a century playing the arctic game. I was

10 fifty-three years old, an age beyond which, perhaps, with the one exception of Sir John Franklin, no man had ever attempted to prosecute work in the arctic regions. I was a little past the zenith of my strength, a little lacking, perhaps, in the exuberant elasticity and *élan* of more

15 youthful years, a little past the time when most men begin to leave the strenuous things to the younger generation ; but these drawbacks were fully balanced perhaps by a trained and hardened endurance, a perfect knowledge of myself and of how to conserve my strength. I

20 knew it was my last game upon the great arctic chess-board. It was win this time or be forever defeated.

The lure of the North ! It is a strange and a powerful thing. More than once I have come back from the great frozen spaces, battered and worn and baffled, sometimes

25 maimed, telling myself that I had made my last journey thither, eager for the society of my kind, the comforts of civilization, and the peace and serenity of home. But somehow, it was never many months before the old restless feeling came over me. Civilization began to lose its

30 zest for me. I began to long for the great white desolation, the battles with the ice and the gales, the long, long arctic night, the long, long arctic day, the handful of odd but faithful Eskimos who had been my friends for

years, the silence and the vastness of the great, white, lonely North. And back I went accordingly, time after time, until, at last, my dream of years came true.

The last march northward ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April 6. I had now made the five marches planned from the point at which Bartlett turned back, and my reckoning showed that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the goal of all our striving. After the usual arrangements for going into camp, at approximate local noon, of the Columbia meridian, I made the first ⁵ observation at our polar camp. It indicated our position as $89^{\circ} 57'$.

We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet with the pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated ¹⁵ weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved. As soon as our igloos had been completed and ²⁰ we had eaten our dinner and double-rationed the dogs, I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep, Henson and the Eskimos having unloaded the sledges and got them in readiness for such repairs as were necessary. But, weary though I was, I could not sleep long. ²⁵ It was therefore only a few hours later when I woke. The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary: "The pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It ³⁰ seems all so simple and commonplace."

Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P.M., Columbia meridian time, in case the sky should

be clear, but at that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it would clear before long, two of the Eskimos and myself made ready a light sledge carrying only the instruments, a tin 5 of pemmican, and one or two skins; and drawn by a double team of dogs, we pushed on an estimated distance of ten miles. While we traveled, the sky cleared, and at the end of the journey I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbia meridian midnight.
10 These observations indicated that our position was then beyond the pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; but one of the strangest of those circumstances 15 seemed to me to be the fact that in a march of only a few hours I had passed from the Western to the Eastern Hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that in the first miles of this brief march we had been traveling due north, 20 while on the last few miles of the same march we had been traveling south, although we had all the time been traveling precisely in the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again, please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our 25 camp, it now became necessary to turn and go north again for a few miles and then to go directly south, all the time traveling in the same direction.

As we passed back along that trail which none had 30 ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which, I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained, and that was south.

Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights constituted a century. Had we stood in that spot during the six months of the 5 arctic winter night, we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon, with *Polaris* (the North Star) practically in the zenith.

All during our march back to camp the sun was swing- 10 ing around in its ever-moving circle. At six o'clock on the morning of April 7, having again arrived at Camp Jesup, I took another series of observations. These indicated our position as being four or five miles from the pole, towards Bering Strait. Therefore, with a double team 15 of dogs and a light sledge, I traveled directly towards the sun an estimated distance of eight miles. Again I returned to the camp in time for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7 at noon, Columbia meridian time. These observations gave re- 20 sults essentially the same as those made at the same spot twenty-four hours before.

I had now taken in all thirteen single, or six and one-half double, altitudes of the sun, at two different stations, in three different directions, at four different times. 25 All were under satisfactory conditions, except for the first single altitude on the sixth. The temperature during these observations had been from minus 11° Fahrenheit to minus 30° Fahrenheit, with clear sky and calm weather.

In traversing the ice in these various directions as I had done, I had allowed approximately ten miles for possible errors in my observations, and at some moment

during these marches and countermarches I had passed over or very near the point where north and south and east and west blend into one.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character. We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more traveling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my successive "farthest norths": Cape Morris K. Jesup, the northernmost point of land in the known world; Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost known point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and my farthest north in 1906, latitude $87^{\circ} 6'$ in the ice of the polar sea. By the time it actually reached the pole, therefore, it was somewhat worn and discolored.

A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

It was also considered appropriate to raise the colors of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, in which I was initiated a member while an undergraduate student at Bowdoin College; the "World's Ensign of Liberty and Peace," with its red, white, and blue in a field of white; the Navy League flag; and the Red Cross flag.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing cheers,

which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, 5 they did not realize its importance fully or its world-wide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged for many years.

Then, in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure 10 ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records of which the following is a copy:

90 N. Lat., North Pole

April 6, 1909

15

Arrived here today, 27 marches from C. Columbia.

I have with me 5 men: Matthew Henson (colored), Ootah, Egingwah, Seegloo, and Ookeah (Eskimos); 5 sledges; and 38 dogs. My ship, the S.S. *Roosevelt*, is in winter quarters at C. Sheridan, 90 miles east of Columbia. 20

The expedition under my command which has succeeded in reaching the pole is under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York City, and has been fitted out and sent north by the members and friends of the club for the purpose of securing this geographical prize, if possible, for the honor 25 and prestige of the United States of America.

The officers of the club are Thomas H. Hubbard of New York, president; Zenas Crane of Massachusetts, vice president; Herbert L. Bridgman of New York, secretary and treasurer.

I start back for Cape Columbia tomorrow. 30

Robert E. Peary
United States Navy

90 N. Lat., North Pole
April 6, 1909

I have today hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be 5 the north polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

10

Robert E. Peary
United States Navy

COLLATERAL READING

STANLEY, In Darkest Africa ; NANSEN, Farthest North ; SHACKLETON, Heart of Antarctic ; SHACKLETON, Crossing the South Pole ; BARTLETT and HALE, Last Voyage of the *Karluk* ; COOK, Voyages round the World ; HARRIOT, Voyages of Hakluyt.

BUILDING UP A PAPER ROUTE¹

A. D. MEISTER, '16

One afternoon about five years ago I was standing on the corner of my street when a Jewish fellow carrying papers passed by. He suddenly turned around and called me. After I got to talking to him he asked me if I would like to earn \$1.50 a week by delivering papers to people 5 of the surrounding district. I told him I was willing to do it. When I think of it now, it probably was the movies which caused me to get to work. By working I could attend them more regularly.

For a week, starting the following morning, my friend, 10 whose name was Max Cohan, taught me the route. I carried papers, and he showed me the different doors at which to leave them. Of course I made some mistakes at first, but at the end of the week I knew the morning and evening route to perfection. Max wrote out the Sunday 15 route and the amount to be collected from the different

¹This narrative was written by a senior in a Boston high school and was published in the school paper. It is given here exactly as the boy wrote it and presents in a boy's way his persistency in doing something worth while. Any student may ask himself if he has done something that has meant as much to him as did the paper route to Meister. A student who by persistent training has become captain of his football team, who has brought himself from the foot of his class well toward the top, who has found a way to keep himself in pocket money while in school, or who has done anything that has made him able to feel that he has used his ability for something worth while has a theme upon which he can write just as effectually as Meister has written about his paper route.

customers. On Sunday, the last day of the week, I did all the delivering and collecting, while Max looked on. Then I delivered about 50 papers in the mornings and about 60 in the evenings and on Sunday. I would start 5 out about 7 A.M. and be through by 8. I spent an hour delivering in the evening, and on Sunday was through for the day at 9 o'clock, having collected about \$6 or \$7 for the week's papers. I might say that the money collected on the Sunday represented about all the papers which had 10 been delivered during the week.

At this time (1911) I delivered about half the papers to the Roxbury district and the other half to the Back Bay. I have a number of the customers of the Roxbury district yet, but have none from the Back Bay. The houses to 15 which I delivered in the Back Bay were only two- and three-family houses, and they were few and far apart. The main building to which I delivered in the Back Bay at that time was the Conservatory dormitories.

I had been delivering papers for Max about four 20 months when, one Sunday after turning in my money, he told me that he had sold his store; that is, his brother had sold it to a man named Tucker. Max said that he was sorry that he was going to leave me, but thought it was for the best. I afterward found that he went to work for a 25 big insurance company. I was sorry he was going away because he had used me very well.

The following Monday morning I was at the store as usual at 6.30, and the new owner came and opened up. After he had opened the store I asked him if he intended 30 to carry out the delivery of papers to his route, and he answered in the negative. He immediately asked me if I would buy the route. I replied no. Tucker said the route was not worth bothering with, because it only netted

him about \$1.50 a week. After talking awhile Tucker repeated that he did not care about it.

I left the store, almost crying, and went home. While on the way home I thought I would tell the paper man to deliver the papers to my house, continue to deliver the same as usual, and pay out \$10 or \$15 from my own money, which I had saved up. I would not have taken this move if I had thought Tucker had any intention of keeping the route. I could tell by his talk, however, that if he could have gotten a couple of dollars from me for the route, well and good; but if not he was going to let it go.

The following week I got my papers from the wagon as usual. Some of the customers I had lost because the papers had not been delivered for a few days. The following Sunday I collected approximately \$6. I kept \$2 and started the next week with the other \$4. I might say that I had to devote my spare time to the making of a truck capable of carrying about 60 Sunday papers. For the following six months I made \$2 or \$2.50 a week. Although this was not much, it made me independent, and, secondly, caused me to begin to appreciate the value of money.

During the next year and a half apartment houses were being built on Hemenway Street and its by-streets. I saw the janitors of some of these buildings, and by giving a free paper or two every day to them I received the privilege of being the news agent of the buildings, which contain about twenty-five suites. I secured about four or five of these buildings, and my business began to boom. Soon I was making, first, \$3, then \$4, and then \$5 a week. Of course you must bear in mind that as the amount of papers increased, the expressage increased

proportionally. Where at first I was paying 75 cents a week expressage, it was now \$1.25; and then, besides, I had a fellow help me on Sunday. This cost me 50 or 75 cents.

As my route increased I began to do business with a
5 different class of people. I had to keep after them con-
stantly for my money. If I did not they would run up a
large bill and then move before I heard of it. I was helped
out a great deal by the janitors of these large buildings,
who are in most cases hard-working men who would like
10 to see what is due a man paid him. On the whole, I soon
knew a lot I had not known heretofore about the ways
of men. I certainly met a great variety of people whom
I probably would have to meet sooner or later when I
got out in the world. It's just as well to meet them while
15 young as when I'm old.

During the next year I kept on building up my trade,
and finally got a subscription order from the *Monitor*.
This order was for the delivering of the *Monitor* to the
office of the Wentworth Institute, which had just been
20 completed on the corner of Ruggles Street and Hunting-
ton Avenue, Roxbury. I delivered the paper to the office
of the secretary. I soon began to sell some more papers
to instructors in the school and to the office help. After
a month or two the school opened, and students began to
25 attend their respective courses. I immediately asked the
secretary for permission to stand at the main entrance
and sell papers to the students as they left the building.
He gave me permission, and I began to sell about 25 more
papers in five or ten minutes every evening except Satur-
30 day, on which night I had the order cut down. By get-
ting a few more apartment houses I soon began to make
\$7 a week, but I had to get up earlier in the morning, and
I did not get through until 7 at night.

Up to this time (1914) I had lived on Dempster Street, Roxbury, which was in my delivery section. My mother would get me up in the morning when the papers got to the house, but toward the latter part of September of the same year my mother and sisters deemed it wise to leave 5 this section and moved to Upham's Corner, Dorchester. I was against their moving, but the majority ruled, and I lost. My mother told me to drop or sell my route, but I had worked hard on the route, liked the exercise and work, and therefore could not see why I should give it up. The 10 result was I kept up delivering papers morning, evening, and Sunday in Roxbury.

My living in Dorchester made it necessary for me to get up at half past five in the morning, get my breakfast, and go to Roxbury. My mother, of course, had to get up 15 also, but it was nothing new to her. I soon got used to my new regulations and did not mind them. I had my papers delivered to the house of a friend of mine, and started delivery from his house. At this time (1915) I was delivering about 115 papers in the morning and evening, 20 with 300 papers on Sunday, collecting about \$16 a week.

Toward the early part of this year an annex to the Wentworth Institute resulted in increasing my sales to about 60. I have begun to be recognized by the circulation departments of the different Boston newspapers to the extent 25 that I receive subscription orders from most of them. These orders call for the delivery of a certain paper to a person for a limited time. You are allowed to collect for the month or two that you deliver the paper. You are sure of your money at the office if the delivery has been 30 made.

About four months ago, one Saturday, after getting through delivering papers, I went into one of the

apartment houses for a drink of water. While getting my drink I noticed the janitor putting all kinds of papers, including daily and Sunday papers, in a big pile. I asked him if he would let me sort them out. He was willing. I sorted 5 them out and got returns to the value of about \$1.50. Every Saturday since then I have devoted an hour or two on Saturday morning to the sorting of his papers, and in return give him a couple of cigars or extra papers.

This brings me up to the present time. I now deliver 10 or sell 160 papers in the morning and get through about 8.20. At night I deliver 150 papers and get through about 6.30. On Sunday I deliver or sell 300 papers, employ two fellows to help me, and use three trucks in the carrying of the papers. I take in on an average of \$20 on Sunday, but 15 if I collected for the papers sold at the Wentworth Institute and other places would collect close to \$30. Nine dollars of this is sure, clean profit, the rest being used for the following week. My expressage now amounts to \$2.35.

In ending my story my advice to a newsboy is to keep 20 an account in a book of all the money that is owed you. Secondly, keep right after them for your money, reminding them, if necessary, that the papers cost you money. Ever since I have been in the newspaper business I have tried to keep bills in my head. I have done fairly well, 25 but will admit that not a few people have gotten away with money of mine. I lay the blame of this deficiency to the time I use in studying the lessons I have from school. If I did not have to study I could spend time in keeping track of the money owed me. I might say that the one 30 great thing that I have learned since I began to sell papers is the value of money—something that every young man should know.

OUTLINES

The outlines given in the following pages were prepared by high-school students and have been used in preparing written themes and giving oral presentations before classes. They are not submitted as models, but are printed as typical examples of what may reasonably be required of high-school students.

WORKING IN A STORE

- I. Introduction.
 1. How I got the job.
 2. What the store was like.
- II. The first three days.
 1. The difficulty in finding the groceries.
 2. The change in prices.
- III. Breakage of different articles.
 1. My first broken article.
 2. My last broken article.
- IV. The orders.
 1. Never to touch the cash register.
 2. Always to count the change.
- V. The benefit of work.
 1. Improves arithmetic.
 2. Helps the memory.
 3. Improves accuracy.

A TRIP TO LEXINGTON PARK

- I. The car ride.
- II. The park.
 1. The monkeys.
 2. The other animals.

- III. The theater.
 - 1. The pictures.
 - 2. The play.
- IV. Amusements.
 - 1. The playground.
 - 2. The merry-go-round.
 - 3. The shoot-the-chute.
- V. The car ride home.

MY ACCIDENT

- I. Introduction.
 - 1. Place.
 - 2. Cause.
 - 3. Assistance.
- II. The doctor's arrival.
 - 1. My story.
 - 2. Treatment.
- III. Further moves.
 - 1. X ray.
 - 2. Results.
- IV. Months in bed.
 - 1. Recreation.
 - 2. The doctor's calls.
 - 3. Visitors.
- V. Crutches.
 - 1. My first walk.
 - 2. Happiness.

MY CANOE

- I. Construction.
 - 1. Bottom board.
 - 2. Ends.
 - 3. Framework of the sides.
 - 4. Covering.
 - 5. Painting.
- II. Launching.
 - 1. Place.
 - 2. First test.
 - 3. First ride.

III. The accident.

1. How I went overboard.
2. How I was rescued.

MAKING HAY**I. Place.****II. Cutting.**

1. Scythes.
2. Mowing machines.

III. Curing.

1. Kickers.
2. Stacks.
3. Opening and turning.

IV. Carrying.

1. Hayrack.
2. Hay loader.

V. Unloading.

1. Hay fork.
2. Storing.

MY CLUB**I. The building.**

1. Basement.
2. First floor.
3. Second floor.

II. Management.

1. Executive committee.
2. A woman's auxiliary.
3. Superintendent.

III. Members.

1. Homes.
2. Localities.
3. Nationalities.

IV. Support.

1. Fees.
2. Women's Auxiliary.
3. Contributions.

AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP

- I. Introduction.
- II. The start.
 - 1. The blow-out.
 - 2. Repair.
- III. Our destination.
 - 1. Description.
 - 2. Location.
 - 3. Business.
- IV. The return trip.
 - 1. Speeding.
 - 2. The fright.
- V. Home.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

- I. Introduction.
 - 1. Scenery on the way.
 - 2. Arrival.
- II. The farm.
 - 1. The house and barn.
 - 2. The garden.
 - 3. The animals.
 - 4. The fields.
- III. Sports.
 - 1. The horseback ride.
 - 2. The swim.
 - 3. The accident.
- IV. The return.
 - 1. The ride.
 - 2. The storm.
 - 3. The drenching.

A HUNTING DAY

- I. Morning.
 - 1. Breakfast.
 - 2. Work.

- II. The meeting of the "gang."
 - 1. The decision.
 - 2. The start.
- III. The game.
 - 1. Owl.
 - 2. Hawks.
 - 3. Runaway rabbit.
 - 4. Frogs.
 - 5. Snake.
- IV. The return.
 - 1. Disposal of the game.
 - 2. Proceeds.

A FISHING TRIP

- I. Invitation.
 - 1. Person.
 - 2. Place.
- II. The trip out.
 - 1. Scenery.
 - a. Islands.
 - b. Ships.
 - 2. Arrival at fishing grounds.
- III. Happenings while fishing.
 - 1. Fog and its result.
 - 2. Kinds of fish.
 - 3. The catch.
 - 4. My appetite.
- IV. The trip home.
 - 1. My catch.
 - 2. Our arrival.
 - 3. Fears for our safety.
 - a. Reason.

A FISHING TRIP

- I. Introduction.
 - 1. Party.
 - 2. Preparations.
 - 3. Route.

II. The camp.

1. Location.
2. Description.

III. Night in camp.

1. Arrival.
2. Getting supper.
3. Preparations for night.

IV. Next day.

1. Games.
2. The "trek" cart.
3. Visitors.
4. Explorations.

V. The return.

1. Breaking camp.
2. Homeward bound.

WORD STUDY

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

1. perihelion	9. miracle	17. impervious
2. insurgent	10. incapacity	18. rapacious
3. fastness	11. infirmity	19. missive
4. coöperation	12. socialism	20. idiotic
5. traverse	13. accountant	21. civilization
6. concentrate	14. maudlin	22. <i>per se</i>
7. appall	15. denizen	23. ingratitude
8. imbecility	16. incompetent	24. enterprise

1. Look up the pronunciation of 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 14.
2. Divide into syllables 4, 7, 8, 11, 16, 18.
3. Study the spelling of 2, 4, 7, 8, 10, 16, 18, 21, 24.
4. Find synonyms for 1, 5, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 22, 24.
5. Find antonyms for 3, 6, 10, 12, 14, 16, 21.
6. Use in sentences 1, 3, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23.

THE CITIZEN

1. audience	8. jeer	15. harried
2. patriotism	9. combers	16. aroma
3. citizenship	10. <i>Wanderlust</i>	17. sullen
4. pride	11. lilting	18. miracle
5. awe	12. slouched	19. resplendent
6. ideal	13. steerage	20. immigrant
7. rostrum	14. emigrant	21. intently

1. Look up the pronunciation of 7, 9, 10, 14, 16.
2. Divide into syllables 1, 7, 13, 14.
3. Study the spelling of 2, 7, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20.
4. Define 2, 3, 5, 7, 10, 14, 15, 17, 19, 21.
5. Find antonyms for 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 14.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

1. tissue	6. cocoons	11. brogans
2. perplexity	7. superintendent	12. wainscoting
3. sandwiches	8. mathematics	13. lavender
4. proprietor	9. tuition	14. antennæ
5. caterpillars	10. auditorium	15. memorandum

1. Look up the pronunciation of 5, 8, 11, 12, 14.
2. Explain the derivation of 1, 2, 3, 10, 13, 15.
3. Study the spelling of 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14.

THE EMANCIPATOR OF THE FARMER

1. bondage	7. daunted	13. embryo
2. meager	8. embodied	14. defects
3. secular	9. contemptuous	15. experimentation
4. inherited	10. contraption	16. integrity
5. revolutionize	11. boisterous	17. primitive
6. discarded	12. unattainable	18. consignment

1. Look up the pronunciation of 1, 13, 15, 18.
2. Divide into syllables 2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 15, 17.
3. Study the spelling of 2, 5, 7, 11, 13, 15, 18.
4. Find synonyms for 1, 4, 6, 7, 17.
5. Use in sentences 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 14, 16, 18.

READY FOR ANYTHING

1. progressive	4. predicament	7. established
2. possibilities	5. inconspicuous	8. hospitality
3. contested	6. diligently	9. elocution

1. Look up the pronunciation of 4, 5, 6.
2. Divide into syllables 2, 4, 5, 8.
3. Study the spelling of 2, 4, 5, 6.
4. Define 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
5. Find synonyms for 1, 4, 5, 6, 7.
6. Use in sentences 1, 2, 3, 4, 8.

YOU AND YOUR BOSS

1. ultimo	8. budge	15. bankruptcy
2. fundamental	9. symptom	16. benediction
3. crabbed	10. prehensile	17. self-sufficiency
4. criticism	11. affable	18. snide
5. apology	12. bunco	19. mortality
6. vicious	13. elusive	20. condescension
7. fauna	14. bipeds	21. progressive

1. Look up the pronunciation of 3, 6, 13, 17.
2. Study the spelling of 4, 5, 6, 9, 13, 15, 16, 20.
3. Explain the derivation of 1, 7, 10, 11, 16, 19, 21.
4. Define 2, 12, 14, 18, 21.
5. Find synonyms for 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 18, 19.

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT, MASTER DIVER

1. prismatic	7. matador	13. sloop
2. shimmering	8. hampered	14. hawser
3. megaphone	9. sun dog	15. drum
4. incredulous	10. tether line	16. fathom
5. tactics	11. spar buoy	17. enroachment
6. diminutive	12. yawl	18. snatch block

1. Look up the pronunciation of 4, 7.
2. Study the spelling of 1, 3, 4, 5.
3. Explain the derivation of 3, 4, 8, 14.
4. Define 1, 2, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.
5. Find synonyms for 2, 4, 6, 8.
6. Use in sentences 1, 4, 6, 11.

FINANCING A PANIC

1. financial	7. stringency	13. ennui
2. preamble	8. indispensable	14. intricate
3. cavernous	9. annuity	15. spectacular
4. analytical	10. maneuvers	16. disheveled
5. criterion	11. bankruptcy	17. patella
6. astute	12. equipages	18. ingenuity

1. Look up the pronunciation of 1, 5, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16.
2. Study the spelling of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 18.
3. Explain the derivation of 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, 11, 15.
4. Define 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18.
5. Explain the prefixes of 2, 8.
6. Use in sentences 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 18.

WHY I BELIEVE IN POVERTY

1. periodical	7. theorist	13. sparse
2. logically	8. pivot	14. wares
3. proverbial	9. heritage	15. competition
4. theoretical	10. edit	16. direst
5. handicap	11. conviction	17. pangs
6. futile	12. economy	18. essential

1. Look up the pronunciation of 10, 12, 13, 18.
2. Study the spelling of 1, 3, 4, 7, 11, 15, 18.
3. Define 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 13, 16.
4. Find antonyms for 2, 4, 7, 12, 18.
5. Explain the prefixes of 3, 10, 11, 15, 18.
6. Use in sentences 1, 7, 8, 14, 15, 17.

BILLY TOPSAIL

1. lowering	8. characteristic	15. replenished
2. zenith	9. offshore	16. veered
3. horizon	10. amazement	17. upheaval
4. optimistic	11. floe	18. viciously
5. ideal	12. visible	19. gaff
6. ominous	13. perceived	20. intermittently
7. rodney	14. prodigally	21. significant

1. Look up the pronunciation of 1, 6, 15.
2. Study the spelling of 2, 8, 10, 12, 13, 17.
3. Define 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 16, 19, 20.
4. Give antonyms for 2, 4, 12, 20.
5. Explain the prefixes of 9, 13, 15, 17.
6. Use in sentences 8, 13, 14, 18, 21.

BRICKLEY'S KICKS

1. chunky	12. colossal	23. tremendous
2. delirious	13. colosseum	24. unraveled
3. gridiron	14. pandemonium	25. uncanny
4. stadium	15. disk	26. irrepressible
5. tenacity	16. rancor	27. fundamentals
6. turmoil	17. undeniable	28. resplendent
7. irrepressible	18. intensity	29. wrangle
8. aggressiveness	19. Herculean	30. wonderful
9. incident	20. turbulent	31. cohorts
10. picturesque	21. revelry	32. frenzied
11. amphitheater	22. wobbling	33. obliterated

1. Look up the pronunciation of 4, 13, 16, 19.
2. Study the spelling of 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 12, 19, 21, 24, 26, 28, 30.
3. Define 5, 6, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 23, 25, 27, 28, 31, 33.
4. Explain the prefixes of 7, 8, 11, 14, 33.
5. Build word groups from the stem of 7, 8, 17, 18, 28, 30.
6. Use in sentences 1, 5, 10, 17, 20, 22, 29, 32, 33.

THE KINGFISHER'S KINDERGARTEN

1. ancestors	11. manifest	21. immoderately
2. refraction	12. bogan	22. enforce
3. impression	13. irate	23. interval
4. forage	14. assure	24. regulation
5. twilight	15. convenient	25. contemplation
6. discover	16. tantalizing	26. resolution
7. ruse	17. projecting	27. encourage
8. devotion	18. respective	28. knack
9. rigorously	19. dejectedly	29. expert
10. poaching	20. solitary	30. profitable

1. Look up the pronunciation of 4, 7, 13.
2. Study the spelling of 1, 5, 9, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 27, 30.
3. Define 4, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 20, 21, 24, 25, 29.
4. Explain the prefixes of 2, 3, 5, 6, 14, 17, 19, 22, 23.
5. Build word groups from the stems of 2, 14, 18.
6. Use in sentences 8, 9, 16, 26, 28.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

1. characteristics	8. raceway	15. homestead
2. weird	9. coal oil	16. mineralogy
3. irritate	10. commendable	17. susceptible
4. Buddhist	11. primitive	18. predecessors
5. awfully	12. geologist	19. carboniferous
6. magnificent	13. adept	20. common sense
7. ranch	14. proviso	21. principle

1. Look up the pronunciation of 4, 13, 14, 16.
2. Study the spelling of 1, 2, 3, 11, 17, 18, 21.
3. Define 7, 8, 9, 15, 20.
4. Explain the prefixes of 3, 17, 18.
5. Build word groups from the stems of 6, 12, 19.
6. Use in sentences 5, 10, 11, 15, 17, 21.

"NEXT YEAR!"

1. somberness	6. futile	11. haranguing
2. quota	7. envy	12. coxswain
3. obvious	8. mortal (days)	13. acquiescent
4. socialistic	9. obsession	14. picturesque
5. tramp	10. volubly	15. symbolism

1. Look up the pronunciation of 3, 6, 10, 12, 14.
2. Divide into syllables 1, 2, 11, 15.
3. Study the spelling of 1, 4, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15.
4. Define 2, 4, 7, 9, 14, 15.
5. Find synonyms for 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 14.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

1. amphitheater	6. pewter	11. incessant
2. venison	7. plowshare	12. inveterate
3. dowry	8. hominy	13. foray
4. billion	9. drought	14. cooper
5. linsey-woolsey	10. festival	15. relentless

1. Look up the pronunciation of 1, 2, 5, 9.
2. Study the spelling of 1, 2, 3, 4, 12.

3. Define 2, 6, 7, 8, 10, 14, 15.
4. Explain the prefixes of 1, 11, 12.
5. Build word groups from the stems of 10, 11.
6. Use in sentences 1, 10, 11.

HOEING TURNIPS

1. limitation	12. eliminate	23. reserve
2. vaguely	13. superfluous	24. recklessness
3. mysterious	14. evidently	25. crisis
4. remote	15. critical	26. practically
5. inanimate	16. contemptuously	27. apparently
6. intimate	17. vitality	28. antagonist
7. talent	18. supremacy	29. trivial
8. genius	19. conflict	30. emotion
9. defects	20. combatants	31. lavish
10. benighted	21. inference	32. diplomatic
11. compact	22. obvious	33. gratitude

1. Look up the pronunciation of 13, 20, 21, 22, 28.
2. Study the spelling of 1, 2, 3, 12, 16, 18, 27, 29.
3. Define 5, 7, 8, 11, 15, 23, 25, 31, 32.
4. Explain the prefixes of 5, 13, 18, 28.
5. Build word groups from the stems of 9, 19, 26, 30.
6. Use in sentences 4, 7, 8, 10, 13, 24, 31, 33.

BORDER WARFARE

1. invasion	7. blurted	13. deferentially
2. formidable	8. international	14. docile
3. consternation	9. discomfiture	15. captaincy
4. Yankee	10. dejectedly	16. ridgepole
5. Bluenose	11. jubilation	17. gable end
6. Canucks	12. lustily	18. humiliation

1. Look up the pronunciation of 2, 13, 14.
2. Study the spelling of 2, 3, 9, 11.
3. Define 1, 4, 5, 6, 12, 16, 17, 18.
4. Explain the prefixes of 1, 3, 8, 9, 10, 13.
5. Explain the suffixes of 2, 3, 8, 10, 13, 15.
6. Use in sentences 4, 7, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17.

JOHN GILLEY

1. tolerable	18. overture	35. frugality
2. accessible	19. irrepressible	36. incessant
3. equivalent	20. enterprise	37. redemption
4. vicinity	21. occasional	38. maturity
5. ultimately	22. responsible	39. exquisite
6. domestic	23. moderate	40. economic
7. conscious	24. accurate	41. unthrifty
8. reflection	25. technical	42. hazardous
9. squalid	26. observation	43. prospect
10. irresistible	27. comparative	44. fabulous
11. compensation	28. assiduously	45. rational
12. recognition	29. arable	46. gratification
13. obvious	30. definite	47. diversified
14. independent	31. permanent	48. punctuality
15. formidable	32. tendency	49. adequately
16. vigilant	33. avert	50. legitimate
17. dominant	34. unremitting	51. adversity

1. Look up the pronunciation of 1, 3, 13, 15, 18, 29, 39, 44, 50.
2. Study the spelling of 2, 3, 5, 10, 14, 19, 21, 24, 28, 36, 42, 48, 49.
3. Define 5, 6, 9, 13, 18, 25, 28, 29, 33, 35, 44, 49, 51.
4. Explain the suffixes of 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 14, 23, 41.
5. Build word groups from the stems of 3, 6, 8, 12, 15, 17, 40, 50.
6. Use in sentences 3, 10, 11, 16, 19, 24, 30, 36, 42, 45, 51.

COWBOYS OF THE SKIES

1. arduous	8. puny	15. Ghetto
2. elaborate	9. silhouette	16. missile
3. intricate	10. pneumatic	17. precise
4. vigilant	11. pinnacles	18. stolid
5. ingot	12. spectacular	19. vibrating
6. ponderous	13. superstitious	20. pioneers
7. colossal	14. propitiate	21. reckless

1. Look up the pronunciation of 9, 10, 14, 15, 17, 18.
2. Divide into syllables 2, 4, 7, 11, 13.
3. Study the spelling of 1, 4, 7, 9, 12, 15.
4. Find synonyms for 5, 6, 8, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21.
5. Explain the prefixes of 2, 3, 13, 14, 17.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES AND TALKS

SCHOOL

Our best indoor game
A picture in my schoolroom
My excuse for being late
Our victrola
My most interesting study
Why I was tardy
An amusing mishap
Our last holiday exercises
Why I stay in school
In our assembly hall
An interesting exercise
When a visitor comes
My most useful study
Why the teacher laughed
My best work in sloyd

SPORTS

A swimming lesson
A trick I taught my dog
Making a snow man
A hot afternoon
An exciting swim
My first experience on skates
A Boy Scout hike
Celebrating our victory
A dangerous moment
What the audience laughed at
How to lay out a baseball diamond
The first baseman (each position a subject)
A thrilling moment
The play that won the game

Being a Boy Scout
Being a Camp Fire girl
A game that trains me to be quick
"A man on third and two gone"
Making a raft
A true fish story
Playing squash ball
A triple play
A failure in the game
The play that won
The third baseman on the Braves
(any well-known player)
Feeding the squirrels
An unexpected ducking
An automobile ride
Watching the Marathon
At the merry-go-round
Signals we used
A sleigh ride
Skating in the arena
A game of hockey
In a snowdrift
Our best game
A race
A good skate
A boxing match
A horseback ride
A bicycle ride
Sailing a boat
In a rowboat
On a yacht

VACATION

The best time I ever had
What I did on Saturday
My first night in a tent
A rainy day
A day's outing

An interesting walk
My best holiday
My fishing trip
Picking berries
Planting the garden
My flower garden
Our picnic
My visit in the country
Going after nuts
Working on a farm
In the hayfield
The trout brook
Watching the looms
Finding a rabbit
Ways of the woodchuck
Startled by a snake
A strange animal
Finding a nest
Getting the cows
In the woods
Camping out
Taking pictures
Fighting mosquitoes
Picking apples
Digging clams
My first fish
When I went hunting
Climbing a tree
Learning to cook
Getting dinner
A shore dinner
An accident in the woods
A night in the woods
A night in a tent
Making fire without matches
With a shepherd dog
A queer nest
A good game of tennis
Life on the farm

At the beach
When the motor boat stopped
After water lilies
Gathering flowers

EXPOSITION

How a bird builds a nest
How to build a fire
How to help to keep the city clean
How to observe "Safety first"
How to make fudge
How our city is governed
How the governor of the state is elected
How the president is elected
Explain the heating system used in our building
How to make a fireless cooker
How to make bread
How to make maple sugar
How a ship passes through the Panama Canal
Explain the trade winds
How the Weather Bureau predicts storms

MISCELLANEOUS

A find
A busy corner
My collection of stamps (coins)
When the city awakes
Our garden toad
The newsboys on election night
A dog I like
The best time I ever had
The story I like best
When the fire alarm rings
On an ocean steamer
What I saw on my way to school
A fireman I know
A fire I saw

The boy choir
A frightened animal
A picture in our house
An experience as a newsboy
My most interesting neighbor
A scene from my window
My favorite animal
What I did Labor Day
An interruption
Sunset over the mountains
An exciting alarm
My best trip by rail
My best trip by boat
Watching an ant (a spider)
Target practice
At the fair
A historic spot
The soldiers' monument
Turning the tables
A midnight adventure
What we saw after the fire
A friend in need
A motorman's job
A troublesome neighbor
Afraid of a mouse
Making friends
Waiting for the mail
An important telegram
The band concert
Watching the fireworks
Making ice cream
An accident on the water
A May party
Banishing the fly
What I saw at the athletic field
On the lookout tower
How I get money
In the hospital
When I was sick

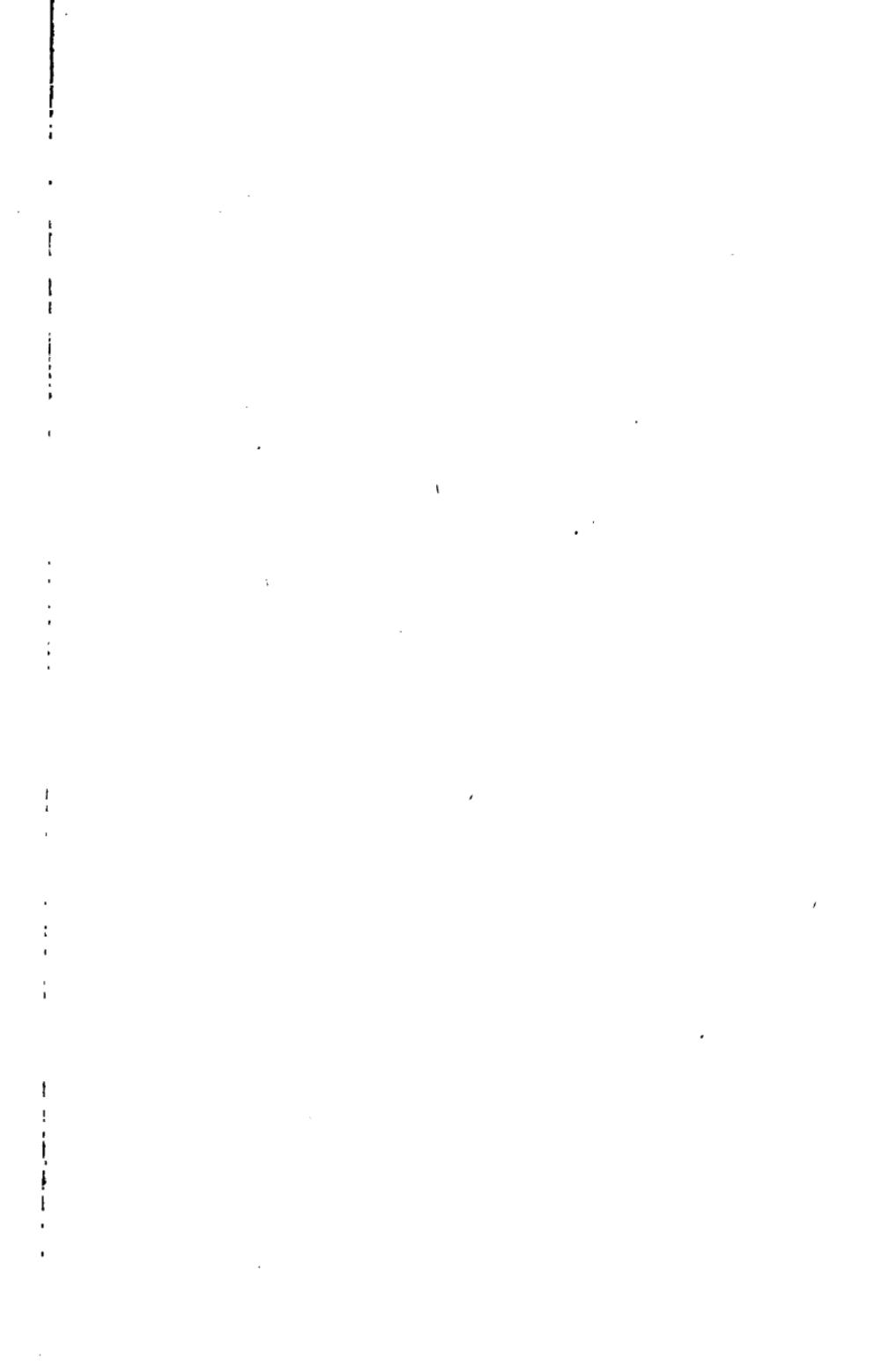
Signs of spring
A winter day
Waiting for the parade
The clown
A car ride
A shopping trip
My dog
A horse I like
A car wreck
My visit to a battleship
In the statehouse
A collision
Raising flowers

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WIGGIN, Timothy's Quest.
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